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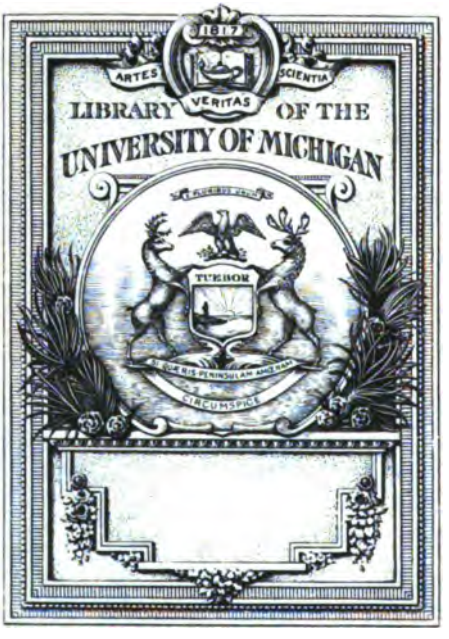
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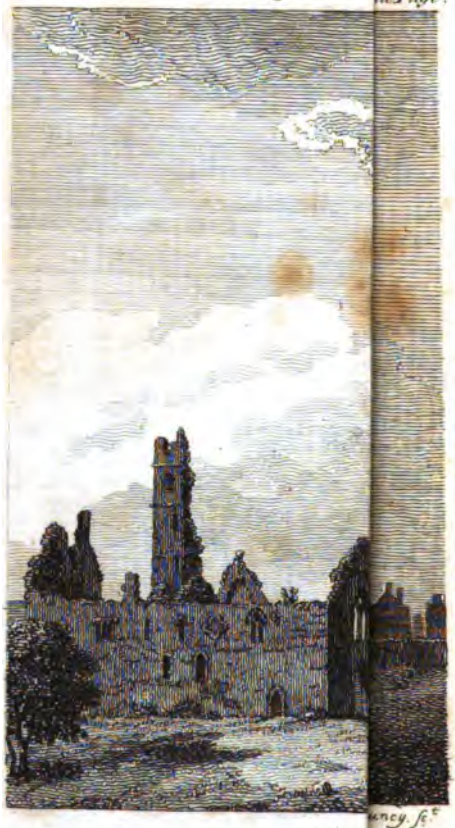

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A

Philoſophical Survey

OF THE

SOUTH

OF

IRELAND,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

TO

JOHN WATKINSON, M. D.

Thomas Campbell

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN; AND
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is, perhaps, no country dependent on the Britiſh Crown, which Engliſhmen know leſs of than Ireland; and yet it may ſafely be affirmed, there is none which has a fairer and a ſtronger claim to their attention.

If civilization has not there been carried to that degree of perfection, which it has attained in England;—if commerce does not flouriſh;—if manufactures do not thrive;—if agriculture be yet in a rude ſtate;—if a ſpirit of diſcontent and emigration prevails;—in a word, if the connection between the two iſlands has

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not been productive of the greateſt mutual advantages, it can only be imputed to a general want of information, and to thoſe miſtaken politics, which have, in conſequence, influenced the councils of this nation.

But the time ſeems to be approaching, when the value of Ireland will be better underſtood, and when the maxims, on which it is now governed, will be found to be too narrow, if not illiberal. To haſten that period is the deſign of the following letters, and the favourite political wiſh of the Writer.

London,
May 14, 1779.

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86, l. 6, *for* tour, *read* journey.
153, l. 8, *for* the proportion, *read* in the proportion.
160, l. 13, *for* Merſeilles, *read* Marſeilles.
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181, l. 12, *for* Muſicia, *read* Muſician.
190, *dele* and.
319, l. 22, *for* deponents ſets, *read* the deponents ſet.
359, l. 5, *for* in, *read* into.
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LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Dublin, July 17th, 1775.

ON the 2d inſtant, I landed on George's Quay in Dublin, after a paſſage of near thirty hours, which is ſometimes made in eight, and generally in leſs than twelve. The ſea was ſo calm, that though we went aboard at ſeven in the morning, darkneſs only made us loſe ſight of the Head. Before night I grew ſickiſh, and therefore retired to my bed; but for the laſt ſeven or eight hours, I was free from every complaint except hunger, which I felt more keenly than I had done for ſome years before. This I conſidered as a good omen; and my health, I truſt, is verging towards a re-eſtabliſhment, by following your judicious advice.

The ſun ſhone bright as we entered the bay of Dublin; which was beyond compariſon the fineſt view I had ever ſeen. It

is a ſpacious amphitheatre, bounded moſtly by a high ſhore. The country all round is ſpangled with white villas, which being then highly burniſhed by the ſun, had a glorious effect. The city is not ſeen to advantage from the water, yet the landſkip was upon the whole highly pictureſque; being horizoned in ſome places by mountains, exactly conical, called the Sugar-loaf Hills. I am perſuaded you would not grudge a journey hither for this ſingle proſpect. It muſt, however, be owned, that the full enjoyment of it is precarious, ſince it depends on a number of circumſtances, which can ſeldom concur, as the ſeaſon of the year, the time of the day, and the clearneſs of the ſky, when you enter the bay; and above all, a freedom from pain.

The magnitude of this city is much greater than I imagined; I conclude it to be nearer a fourth, than a fifth of that of London. Viewing it from any of its towers, it ſeems to be more; but from walking the ſtreets, I ſhould take it to be leſs. To correct theſe contrary impreſſions of ſenſe, ſome certain ſtandard is neceſſary. I have reduced Sayer's pocket-map of London, and a map of Dublin,

Dublin, prefixed to its directory, to the ſame ſcale, and from thence it appears, that Dublin is half as long as London; if therefore their figures were ſimilar, the latter would be exactly four times larger than the former; but London is more protended in length, Dublin being nearly circular. On the other hand, to compenſate for the diſſimilarity of figures, there is a larger proportion of ground unoccupied by houſes in the map of Dublin, than in that of London.

In the year 1754, the return of houſes in this city was 12,857; and in 1766, it was 13,194: ſo that however rapidly it may have increaſed ſince, we cannot ſuppoſe it to have above 13,500 houſes at this day, which falls far ſhort of one-fourth of the number of houſes in London. Yet I ſhould think there is not ſuch a diſproportion in the number of inhabitants, ſince, according to Dr. Price, "651,580 are very probably much *greater*, but cannot be *leſs*, than the true number of inhabitants in London."

In the year 1731, the numbers of each houſe were carefully taken by Dr. Tiſdal, in two pariſhes within the city, and two in

the ſuburbs of Dublin; from which he computed, at a medium, 12 $\frac{1}{12}$ to each houſe; adding, that ſeventy perſons have been known to live in one houſe. In this reſpect, the preſent ſtate of Dublin reſembles the antient ſtate of London. For you know that the annual chriſtenings and burials, in the ninety-ſeven pariſhes within the walls, have been reduced at leaſt to one half within a century; formerly, ſeveral families were crowded together, and thoſe claſſes of men, who contented themſelves with one houſe, muſt now have two.

We may then ſuppoſe that the number of families is near double the number of houſes, and reckoning ſix to a family, or twelve to a houſe, there will be above 160,000 ſouls in Dublin; but ſay five to a family, and the number will be 135,000. The general computation here, is 150,000; but they, who allow but four and a half to a houſe, will ſay, that, inſtead of being under, I am far above the truth. Let it however be conſidered, that I go not upon mere technical calculation; I have one grand *datum*, the actual numbers in four pariſhes.

Though

Though the bills of mortality kept here are not without their uſes, yet from them alone, we can form no juſt eſtimate of the numbers at large. A vaſt majority of the inhabitants are papiſts; and of the proteſtants, the diſſenters are not the leaſt numerous; conſequently, the children of all, except thoſe of the eſtabliſhment, being baptiſed privately, the chriſtenings cannot be ſuppoſed to be regiſtered regularly; and the Roman catholics burying in old cemeteries without the city, their numbers cannot be aſcertained in the bills.

Dublin is ſeen to great advantage from any of its ſteeples, the blue ſlating having a finer effect than you can imagine. The beſt view of it that I have had from its environs, was from the Phœnix Park. This is the Hyde Park of Dublin, but much more extenſive than that of London; and would be exquiſitely beautiful, if dreſſed and planted; but, except ſome thorns, and the clumps of elm planted by lord Cheſterfield in 1745, there are very few trees upon it. Whence it got the name of Phœnix I cannot learn; however, his lordſhip, in conformity to the

name, raiſed in one part of it a handſome column of free ſtone, fluted, with a phœnix at top, expiring in a blaze. The inſcription on the die informs you that he erected the column, and embelliſhed the park, at his own expence, for the recreation of the citizens of Dublin. His name is ſtill held in veneration among them.

The bulk of this city is like the worſt part of St. Giles's; but the new ſtreets are juſt as good as ours. They have finiſhed one ſide of a ſquare, called Merryon's Square, in a very elegant ſtyle. Near it is a ſquare called Stephen's Green, round which is a gravel walk of near a mile: here, genteel company walk in the evenings, and on Sundays, after two o'clock, as with us in St. James's Park. This ſquare has ſome grand houſes, and is in general well built. The great inequality of the houſes, inſtead of diminiſhing, does, in my opinion, add to its beauty. The ſituation is cheerful, and the buildings around it multiply very faſt.

Almoſt all the tolerable houſes, and ſtreets, have been built within forty years. Since the year 1685, the increaſe has been amazing. Sir William Petty relates, that there

there were then but 6,400 houſes; it muſt, however, be obſerved, that Sir William varies prodigiouſly in his accounts: "Memorandum, ſays he, that in Dublin, where there are but four thouſand families, there are 1,271 alehouſes and brewhouſes;" near a third of the whole: yet, in other places, he ſays, there are near 7000 families.

The quays of Dublin are its principal beauty; they lie on each ſide the river, which is banked, and walled in, the whole length of the city; and at the breadth of a wide ſtreet from the river on each ſide, the houſes are built fronting each other, which has a grand effect. When theſe quays are paved like the ſtreets of London, we ſhall have nothing to compare with them.

The Liffy runs for about two miles almoſt ſtraight through the city, and over it are thrown five bridges; two of which, Eſſex and Queen's Bridges, are newly built. The former, has raiſed foot-paths, alcoves, and baluſtrades, like Weſtminſter; the latter, is exceedingly neat, and like the other, of a white ſtone, coarſe but hard, which is

found near the city. The remaining three are as poor ſtructures as you can conceive.

Eſſex Bridge fronts Capel-ſtreet, one of the largeſt in town, to the north, and Parliament-ſtreet, a new and exceedingly neat trading ſtreet, to the ſouth: at the end of which, is almoſt finiſhed an Exchange, a moſt elegant ſtructure, which does the merchants who conducted the building of it great honour; the expence being moſtly defrayed by lotteries. The whole is of white ſtone, richly embelliſhed with ſemicolumns of the Corinthian order, a cupola, and other ornaments.

Near this, on a little eminence, ſtands his Majeſty's caſtle, the reſidence of the chief governor; conſiſting of two large courts, called the upper and lower caſtle-yard: In the lower is the treaſury, and ſome other public offices. Though there is little grandeur in the appearance of either, yet, upon the whole, this caſtle is far ſuperior to the palace of St. James's, in the exterior, as well as in the ſize, and elegance of the rooms within. Over the gates, leading to the upper yard, are two handſome ſtatues, one of Juſtice, the other of Fortitude; theſe, with

with an equeſtrian ſtatue of William III. in College Green, another of George II. in the centre of Stephen's Green, and a third of George I. in the Mayoralty Garden, make up the ſum total of the ſtatuary I could either ſee or hear of in Dublin; unleſs we reckon the two upon the Tholſel (the Guildhall of Dublin) which I don't know whether to call monarchs or lord mayors.

But to expect many works of the fine arts in a country, but juſt recovering from an almoſt uninterrupted warfare of near ſix hundred years, would be to look for the ripe fruits of autumn in the lap of ſpring. Even London cannot boaſt of many, conſidering its mighty opulence. A ſingle church, on the continent, is ſometimes decorated with more ſtatues, than are to be ſeen in the greateſt city of Europe.

There are but few public buildings here of any note; ſome, however, there are. The parliament-houſe is truly a moſt auguſt pile, and admirably conſtructed in all its parts. The houſe of lords is beautiful; the houſe of commons capacious and convenient. The front is a grand portico,

in form of the Greek Π, ſupported by lofty columns of Portland ſtone; behind this, and over the houſe of commons, is raiſed an oblate dome, which not appearing from the ſtreet, gives a heavineſs to the perſpective, and the want of ſtatues over the portico increaſes it; but, could it be viewed in its geometrical elevation, it would appear a very light ſtructure.

Near the parliament-houſe ſtands the univerſity, conſiſting of two ſquares; in the whole of which are thirty-three buildings, of eight rooms each. Three ſides of the farther ſquare are of brick, the fourth is a moſt ſuperb library, which, being built of very bad ſtone, is unfortunately mouldering away. The inſide is, at once, beautiful, commodious, and magnificent; embelliſhed with the buſts of ſeveral antient and modern worthies. A great part of the books on one ſide were collected by archbiſhop Uſher, who was one of the original members of this body, and without compariſon the moſt learned man it ever produced. The remainder on the ſame ſide were the bequeſt of a Dr. Gilbert, who, it is ſaid, collected them for the purpoſe to which they are now applied,

plied. Since his time, which is above forty years, their number has not been much increaſed, though there are many vacant ſhelves on the other ſide. Of courſe the modern publications in this library are very few; yet I am told there is a ſufficient fund for purchaſing every thing that comes out.

If this be true, there is ſome ground for the ſeverity of the following little epigram, written upon the rebuilding the front of the college:

Our Alma mater, like a whore,
  Worn out with age and ſin,
Paints, and adorns herſelf the more,
  The more ſhe rots within.

The new ſquare, three ſides of which have been built within theſe twenty years, by parliamentary bounty, and from thence, called Parliament Square, is of hewn ſtone, of a coarſe grain, but ſo hard, that it may bid defiance to the corroding tooth of Time. The front of it next the city, is ornamented with pilaſters, feſtoons, &c. but upon the whole there is nothing very ſtriking in its appearance.

The

The provoſt's houſe, in the ſame line, has an elegant little front, entirely of Portland ſtone; yet altogether I cannot ſay that it produces an agreeable effect. It is a cloſe copy of a houſe in London, one ſide of which looks into Cork Street, and the other into Burlington Street; but the architect, like other ſervile imitators, not knowing how to avail himſelf of his original, nor conſidering that its depth, which exceeded its length, was ſcreened at both ends by the contiguous houſes, left the end of this naked and unadorned, without even a range of windows to interrupt the deformity; ſo that, ſeen diagonally from College Green, it produces a moſt aukward effect; for the façade and gable, though joined together, are evidently not of a piece.

The chapel is as mean a ſtructure as you can conceive; deſtitute of monumental decoration within, it is no better than a Welſh church without. The old hall, where college exerciſes are performed, is in the ſame range, and built in the ſame ſtyle. The new hall, indeed, where they dine, is a fair and large room.

In their muſeum are but few objects which could long detain your curioſity, ex-

cept a ſet of figures in wax, repreſenting females in every ſtate of pregnancy. They are done upon real ſkeletons, and are the labours of almoſt the whole life of a French artiſt. You may remember they were exhibited ſeveral years ago in London. My Lord Shelburne purchaſed them, and made a preſent of them to this univerſity.

The number of ſtudents is very variable; it is ſaid to fluctuate upon the tide of peace and war. About forty years ago, the numbers were pretty nearly the ſame they are now, that is about 400. At the cloſe of the laſt war, the numbers upon their books were leſs than 300. And ſo few went into the miniſtry at that period, that curates were wanting for the ſervice of country pariſhes. It was therefore judged expedient to ordain upon Scotch degrees, which are obtained for the attendance of as many months, as years in England or Ireland. At preſent, few gentlemen of fortune who have not either the advowſon of a living in their family, or ſome peculiar epiſcopal or parliamentary connection, chuſe to dedicate their ſons to the church; as the education is too expenſive for a curacy of fifty

pounds a year. Yet, they tell you, theſe few years of peace have produced ſuch a redundancy of candidates for orders, that a nomination is not procured without ſome difficulty.

As this ſeminary was founded and endowed by Queen Elizabeth, you will be aſtoniſhed to hear that they have neither ſtatue, buſt, nor picture of their benefactreſs. The original foundation conſiſted of a provoſt, three fellows, and three ſcholars; which has from time to time been augmented to twenty-two fellows, ſeventy ſcholars, and thirty ſizers. Of the fellows, ſeven are called ſeniors, and in them is lodged the government of the whole body, ſubject nevertheleſs to the provoſt's controul, without whoſe conſent, as ſovereign, no act of theirs is valid. The other fifteen are of courſe called juniors. By their ſtanding they become ſeniors, and conſequently there is no incentive to emulation among them: the inſtruction of the youth, both in humanity and the arts, falls within their province.

The ſcholars are elected at three years ſtanding, according to their proficiency in

in the claſſics, by a majority of the ſeven ſeniors, and hold their ſcholarſhips only for four years; that is, till the ſtanding of maſter of arts. The fellows are eligible, at the beginning of any Trinity term, after they have obtained a batchelor's degree, by the majority of ſeniors alſo, for their proficiency in the learned languages, hiſtory, logic, and the ſciences. But though all the ſeven ſhould agree in the choice of both ſcholars and fellows, the provoſt can chuſe whatever candidate he will, without a concurring voice: this mode of election, they call *nomination*. The prerogative, however, is but rarely exerciſed.

The fellows hold their places, while they chuſe to live unmarried; the income of a ſenior fellow is ſuppoſed to be, *communibus annis*, above ſeven hundred pounds; but, as it depends upon the renewal of leaſes, it is uncertain. The emoluments of the junior fellows are their commons, and forty pounds a year, beſides lectureſhips, which together amount to a hundred: and if they be induſtrious and popular, they get ſo many pupils, that ſome of them have very large incomes. The provoſtſhip is ſuppoſed

poſed to be worth three thouſand pounds a year.

Among the ſtudents are three diſtinct ranks, fellow-commoners, penſioners, and ſizers. The firſt are ſo called from dining with the fellows; for which privilege, however, they pay little more than the penſioners, who dine by themſelves, according to their claſſes. The great difference is in the rate of tuition; yet, as they get degrees a year ſooner than penſioners, there is, upon the whole, little difference in the expence. The ſizers, or ſervitors, pay nothing for their board; they carry up the diſhes to the fellows table, which they attend, and afterwards dine upon what comes from it. Theſe wear black gowns, of coarſe ſtuff, without ſleeves. Penſioners wear gowns of the ſame form, but of fine ſtuff, with hanging ſleeves and taſſels. Commoners wear gowns of the ſame ſhape and ſtuff, but with ſleeves and velvet collars. Noblemen, knights, and ſons of noblemen, wear gowns of the ſame ſhape with commoners, but with gold and ſilver taſſels.

Though I have a deal more to ſay of this great town, I ſhall at preſent lay down the

the pen out of pure mercy to you; for though you like travelling over ſuch grounds as I have carried you, yet I imagine you would rather go by ſhort ſtages. Adieu.

LETTER II.

Dublin.

AFTER the ſtate of population given in my laſt, you may, perhaps, be ſurpriſed to hear, that there are but twenty pariſhes in the city of Dublin; but conſider how few there are in the city and liberties of Weſtminſter; and that the inhabitants of the ſeventeen pariſhes without the walls of the city of London, outnumber thoſe of the ninety-ſeven within, almoſt in the proportion of three to one. The number of pariſhes is no certain index of the number of people, either here or there. A very obvious reaſon preſents itſelf, why churches ſhould be comparatively few, where the majority of the people are Roman catholics, and near half the proteſtants are diſſenters.

People are much divided about the proportion which proteſtants bear to papiſts in Dublin. According to ſome inaccurate returns, the number of houſes belonging to each denomination is nearly equal; yet it is generally thought, that there are two papiſts for one proteſtant; moſt of the poorer ſort, and all the ſervants, being of the former claſs; and among them chiefly it is, that ſo many families are crowded into one houſe.

Over and above the pariſh churches, are two cathedrals, Chriſt Church and St. Patrick's; both of them mean Gothic buildings. There is, indeed, more elegance in any one of the ſix churches in the little borough of Stamford, than in all the churches of this great city put together. For except in the front of three or four of their ſteeples, external embelliſhment has been little ſtudied; all that ſeems to have been aimed at, was neatneſs and convenience within. But they are generally deſtitute of all monumental decorations; and, what may ſeem extraordinary, is very true, they have but one ſet of choiriſters in the whole city; which ſerves in the morning

morning at one cathedral, and in the evening at the other.

In the cathedrals is to be ſeen, whatever of the monumental kind is worthy obſervation. On the north ſide of the choir, in Chriſt Church, is a very ſuperb monument, of the Kildare family, executed in white marble. The late Earl, afterwards Duke of Leinſter, and his ſiſter, are repreſented, mourning over the body of their father.

In the nave is a monument of lord Bowes, late high chancellor of Ireland. It repreſents Juſtice, large as life, in a penſive attitude, looking at a medallion, with his lordſhip's head in relief, which ſhe holds in her hand, weeping over it. The thought is a good one, and well expreſſed.

Near to this is another, every way elegant, erected to the memory of the founder of the Dublin Society. Under his buſt ſtand two boys, one pointing to a *baſſo relievo* of Induſtry and Agriculture, the other to a repreſentation of Minerva, leading the arts towards Hibernia. Beneath, on a ſemicircular tablet, is the following inſcrip-

tion, written by Berkeley, the famous biſhop of Cloyne:

Memoriæ Sacra
THOMÆ PRIOR,
Viri ſiquis unquam alius de Patria
Optime meriti;
Qui, cum prodeſſe mallet quam conſpici,
Nec in ſenatum cooptatus,
Nec conſiliorum aulæ particeps,
Nec ullo publico munere inſignitus,
Rem tamen publicam
Mirifice auxit et ornavit
Auſpiciis, conſiliis, labore indefeſſo.
Vir innocuus, probus, pius;
Partium ſtudiis minime addictus,
De re familiari parum ſolicitus,
Cum civium commoda unice ſpectaret.
Quicquid vel ad inopiæ levamen,
Vel ad vitæ elegantiam, facit,
Quicquid ad deſidiam populi vincendam,
Aut ad bonas artes excitandas, pertinet,
Id omne pro virili excoluit.
SOCIETATIS DUBLINIENSIS
Auctor, Inſtitutor, Curator.
Quæ fecerit
Pluribus dicere haud refert;

Quorſum

Quorſum narraret marmor
Illa quæ omnes norunt?
Illa quæ civium animis inſculpta
Nulla dies delebit.

In St. Patrick's the monuments are more in number, but none of ſuch curious workmanſhip; for, though executed by the ſame hand with the two laſt, I cannot admire thoſe maſſy columns of Italian marble, reared to the memory of the late archbiſhop of Dublin; brother to a doctor Smyth, who has been long at the head of your profeſſion here. The epitaph, you may ſuppoſe, is very claſſical, when I tell you it was written by Dr. Lowth, biſhop of Oxford.

Oppoſite to it is a plain mnnument of Dr. Marſh, a quondam archbiſhop of this ſee, who left a nobler memorial of himſelf than ſtone, a valuable library; which, together with part of his eſtate, for the maintenance of a librarian, he bequeathed to the public. This library, which contains ſome curious manuſcripts, and many rare books, is always open to the ſtudious.

In the ſame nave are three inſcriptional ſlabs of black marble, one to the memory

of a faithful ſervant of Swift; another lately erected to that of Mrs. Johnſon, his Stella; and the third over himſelf, with an epitaph very expreſſive of that habit of mind, which his own diſappointments, and the oppreſſions of his country, had produced. It concludes with theſe words, *ubi ſæva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit.*

In the choir are ſeveral monuments of an older date; the principal is that of the family of Boyle. In the chapter room, is a black ſlab over the duke of Schomberg, who fell at the battle of the Boyne, with an inſcription by Swift; concluding with a ſevere ſtricture upon his relations, who refuſed to raiſe any ſepulchral monument to his name, *plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam ſanguinis proximitas apud ſuos.*

Weſt of the town, ſtands the hoſpital of Kilmainham, anſwering to our Chelſea. In the building there is nothing remarkable, but the ſituation is charming, and affords a comfortable retreat for time-worn veterans. No wonder it was choſen for the ſeat of their priory, by the knights templars of St. John of Jeruſalem.

As

As the winds on this coaſt are moſtly weſterly, they are but little annoyed by ſmoke from the city, or fogs from the ſea; the air is ſo pure, that one would have thought it might have invited the gentry to extend the town this way, inſtead of intercepting the merchants from the ſea. The hoſpital is ſaid to furniſh many inſtances of longevity; at preſent there are three men in it above 100, one of whom is 112.

On the oppoſite ſide of the river ſtands the Barrack, the largeſt building in the Britiſh dominions. It is capable of containing 3000 foot, and 1000 horſe. The whole is of rough ſtone, ornamented with cornices, and window caſes of cut ſtone. Some additions lately made, are not without ſufficient elegance of architecture. Indeed the new houſes of Dublin are exceedingly neat, and in general highly finiſhed in the inſide.

You may conceive what the ſtyle of building was here formerly, when I tell you, that the manſion-houſe of the Lord Mayor is a brick houſe of two ſtories, with five windows of but two panes breadth in

each. There are, however, ſome magnificent ſtructures of modern date; the duke of Leinſter's is a very auguſt pile, not unworthy the premier peer of any country. By the way, the family of Kildare has been longer ennobled, than any other now in his Majeſty's dominions.

Lord Charlemont's cannot be called a great houſe, but nothing can be more elegant, and the ſituation is moſt delightful; it ſtands upon a little eminence, exactly fronting Moſſe's Hoſpital, and between them lie thoſe beautiful gardens, where the genteel company walk in ſummer evenings, and have concerts of vocal and inſtrumental muſic thrice a week. His lordſhip is not only a patron of the arts, but alſo a great proficient in them; his houſe is of his own planning. And I have ſeen, at his beautiful gardens at Marino, near town, a temple of his deſign; of which a print has been lately ſtruck off in London.

There are two or three houſes more of hewn ſtone in Dublin, but thoſe I have mentioned, are moſt worthy notice; and, upon reflection, it is amazing how few of that ſort we have even in London. Farewell,

LETTER III.

Dublin.

IN my laſt, I mentioned to you Moſſe's Hoſpital; which, I think, deſerves particular notice, whether we conſider it as a ſpecimen of architecture, or, as an example to prove, that every principle of our nature may be rendered ſubſervient to the intereſts of humanity.

As a building, it is magnificent, and, being the moſt faultleſs I ever beheld, is a laſting monument of the abilities of Mr. Caſtle, who was alſo the deſigner of the duke of Leinſter's, and the Parliament Houſe. In other reſpects, the ſtructure muſt do eternal honour to the founder, Dr. Moſſe, a phyſician of this city; who, by the mere effort of his own genius, in defiance of avowed oppoſition, and contempt of popular clamour, erected this ſtately fabric, for the purpoſe of relieving lying-in-women; the firſt charity of the kind in theſe kingdoms, and in which, above 10,000 poor females have been delivered within twenty

twenty years. His only reſources were lotteries, and the emoluments ariſing from the concerts and gardens. The benevolence of the public was at length awakened; the king gave ſtability to the inſtitution by a charter, and parliament beſtowed a bounty on the widow of him, who had devoted his life to the ſervice of his fellow-creatures.

The preſent maſter of this hoſpital, is a Doctor Jebbe, a young gentleman of fine parts; whoſe acquaintance, I am ſure, you would be pleaſed with. He tells me, that except ſome beds given, and endowed by private donors, the fund for ſupport of this charity, is raiſed from muſical entertainments, and from ſubſcriptions to a right of walking in the gardens at all times. They have lately built a large circular room, called the Rotunda, of an area, as I gueſs, about a third of that of Ranelagh, but without any pillar in the centre. Here they have an organ and orcheſtra for concerts, in the wet evenings of ſummer, and for balls in winter. So that, upon the whole, this is the Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Pantheon of Dublin.

Nay,

Nay, it is ſomething more than all theſe, it is a polite place of public reſort on Sunday evenings. Whether this entertainment be ſtrictly defenſible, in a religious point of view, I ſhall not determine; but, if the goodneſs of the end may in any inſtance be pleaded in juſtification of the means, I think it may in this. However, it ſeems rather a matter of wonder, that London, ſo fond of amuſement, and ſo ready to adopt new faſhions of diſſipation, has not ſtruck out ſomething ſimilar, for paſſing thoſe hours, which on ſome people ſit ſo heavy; and which may, after all, be ſpent in a much worſe manner.

On theſe nights, the rotunda and gardens are prodigiouſly crowded, and the price of admiſſion being only ſixpence, every body goes. It would perhaps benefit the charity, if the price were doubled, for though it might exclude a great many, it would, I think, bring more money. On the other hand, it muſt be confeſſed, that the motley appearance gives an air of freedom; for the beſt company attends, as well as thoſe to whom another ſixpence might be an object.

There are twelve other hoſpitals in Dublin, of great public utility, all of which are carefully and ſkilfully attended; a particular account of theſe, could give little entertainment even to you; one thing, however, in which they differ from thoſe of London, I muſt remark to you; the phyſicians and ſurgeons are not elected by the governors, as with us; but when a vacancy happens, it is filled up by a majority of the faculty, who belong to the hoſpital.

Almoſt every pariſh in the city has ſchools, ſupported by charitable donations, collected principally in the churches at charity ſermons. And to evince the national humanity, parliament grants an annual ſum to a Poor-houſe, for receiving, and ſupporting foundlings from every part of the kingdom. To this houſe, I have been aſſured that they ſend children even from Wales, and the weſtern coaſt of England.

Upon the whole, Dublin is no contemptible city; and we ſhould rather wonder, that, conſidering its limited trade, it is as well as it is, than that it is not better. It muſt, however, be acknowledged, that

except the new ſtreets, which are paved and flagged like thoſe of London, it is abominably dirty. In this rainy weather, I ſee the gentlemen of the army, and others, of the younger ſort eſpecially, generally booted; from which I ſuppoſe that boots are the *ton* here.

I, who you know always ſpeak and write from preſent feeling, cannot deſcribe to you how much I was hurt by the naſtineſs of theſe ſtreets, and by the ſqualid appearance of the *canaille*. The vaſt inferiority of the lower ranks in Dublin, compared even with thoſe of the country towns in England, is very ſtriking. Seldom do they ſhave, and when they do, it is but to unmaſk the traces of meagreneſs and penury. In a morning, before the higher claſſes are up, you would imagine that half the priſons in Europe had been opened, and their contents emptied into this place. What muſt it have been then, even within three years, when near 2000 wretches, much worſe, of courſe, than any now to be ſeen, exerciſed the unreſtrained trade of begging? I am told that the nuiſance was riſen to ſuch a pitch, that you could ſcarcely get

get clear of any ſhop you entered, without the contamination of either ulcers or vermin, from the crowd of mendicants, who beſet the door.

Dublin, by the bye, is indebted to one of our countrymen, a Doctor Woodward, who has a deanry in the country, and a pariſh in the city, for its riddance of this peſt. He, with a laudable and unremitting perſeverance, ſo vanquiſhed the national prejudice on this head, that he at length prevailed to have a poor bill paſſed, free from all thoſe errors that experience had diſcovered in the Engliſh poor laws.

In London, one can rarely want amuſement, the very ſtreets are an inexhauſtible ſource of it. There is ſomething refreſhing in that variety of cheerful objects, which they perpetually exhibit. There is ſuch a cleanneſs in the ſtreets, ſuch a richneſs in the ſhops, ſuch a buſtle of buſineſs, ſuch a ſleekneſs of plenty, ſuch a face of content, and withal, ſuch an air of pleaſure, as infuſe the moſt delicious ſympathies. Here, we ſee but little to cheer, or exhilarate reflection, but much to ſadden and depreſs the ſpirits. There is, indeed, a mo-

a motion, but it is ſuch, as when the pulſe of life begins to ſtagnate, or like that of the wheel of ſome great machine, juſt after the power which impelled it, ceaſes to act. Here, to be ſure, you meet ſome ſplendid equipages, and a large ſuite of lackeys after a ſedan chair; you ſee a fair range, or two, of houſes, and ſome rich ſhops; and you frequently meet faces fair enough to make Circaſſia gaze; but all theſe ſcarcely compenſate for the painful ſenſations produced by the general maſs.

Yet the women ſay, that the ſocial pleaſures are more eaſily obtained here than in London. They argue, that the Engliſh are generally ſo intent upon buſineſs, that they will not ſpare time for *their* company, and are conſequently devoid of all ſentimental attachment; that, matrimony being leſs the faſhion among them, they are for obtaining the favours of the fair, by ſpeedier methods than thoſe of attentions and reſpects, which, when reciprocal, are among the choiceſt ſweets of life; and that public amuſements being leſs frequent here, domeſtic entertainments are more in uſe. Theſe are points I ſhall not diſpute with the

the ladies, though I am not convinced of the truth of their arguments. I cannot help remarking, however, that the Engliſh are not ſo addicted to the bottle, which is as great an enemy to ſentiment and the graces, as either buſineſs or pleaſure.

Adhering ſtrictly to your advice, I am every day on horſeback, and find vaſt benefit from it. At firſt, I felt myſelf fatigued after riding ever ſo little; now, after repeated eſſays, like half-fledged birds, fluttering before they fly, I make excurſions of ſome miles, without being weary. But the roads near the city are very bad, and the ſtreets are ſo ſlippery, that I am obliged to have my horſe led out of town.

Yeſterday I went down the North Strand, catching the ſea-breezes as I rode along. Summer-hill, the ſuburb leading to it, affords one of the moſt charming proſpects in the world. Before you, is the ſea, covered with ſhips; on the left of the bay, is a country beautifully varied, and ſufficiently dreſſed by art, to enrich the landſkip; to the right, the conical mountains of Wicklow terminate your view. The river Liffy,

and

and part of the city compoſe the fore-ground of this exquiſite piece.

Summerhill, as well for the beauty of the ſituation, as purity of the air, is become the reſidence of ſeveral perſons of fortune. I was led to it a few days ſince, to ſee one of the moſt pleaſing collections of pictures, I have almoſt any where obſerved; and you will be the more ſurpriſed when I tell you, that they are all copies; but they are copies of a very peculiar ſort. One of them taken from the Galatea of Raphael, they now conſider as an original; the original being almoſt defaced. They were the property of a Mr. M——e, who, during a long reſidence at Rome, had them painted by Albano, and others, the beſt maſters, from the chef d'œuvres in that imperial city.

I have ſeen another collection here, far more valuable, as compoſed of originals belonging to a Mr. Stewart, whoſe ſon was married to a daughter of lord Hertford; among them is a capital piece, of Chriſt in the manger, by Rubens.

Though an *amateur* of the fine arts, I cannot think that catalogues of pictures are either worth your reading, or

my writing, eſpecially as they are not the productions of this country. You, I know, will be better pleaſed with pictures of life and manners; and were I a moral painter, I ſhould be glad to gratify you. A ſketch, however, I ſhall attempt of the *quondam* owner of the former collection, which, if highly finiſhed, would exhibit a very extraordinary picture of human nature.

Born to a good eſtate, after receiving the beſt education this kingdom could give, he made the tour of Europe; but Rome had ſuch attractions, that it became his home for ſeveral years. There he engaged in ſuch connections, as rendered him for ever after eſtranged to his native country, and enthuſiaſtically devoted to the houſe of S——t, whoſe intereſts he not only maintained in converſation, but ſupported by his purſe.

Upon his return to Ireland, too refined, perhaps, by Italian *virtuoſoſhip*, for the reliſh of his country neighbours, he avoided their company, though fond of ſociety, and confeſſedly one of the fineſt gentlemen in the kingdom. He therefore found himſelf unable to take that lead, to which his large fortune, and high

high accompliſhments, gave him ſuch juſt pretenſions; his eſtate too lying in one of thoſe northern counties, where whiggiſm was prevalent, he became at length almoſt ſequeſtered from the world: his table was frequented by few, except mere toad-eaters, though he lived in a ſtyle of magnificence till then unknown in that country.

But his ruling attachment marked every action of his life. He was returned to parliament for a borough, but would not take his ſeat for ſeveral years, to avoid taking the oaths; till at length a rule of the houſe, pointing at him, was made, that whoever did not take their ſeats before a certain day, ſhould be expelled.

Inſtead of following nature, in ornamenting his demeſne, he took up the whimſical thought of cutting it into the form of a *thiſtle*. I have it from a gentleman, who has often ſeen the park, that he cut a deep and wide trench, of a mile in circumference for the bulb of the *flower*, with double ramparts from thence, forming the petals, with clumps of trees repreſenting the down; the avenue to his houſe was for the ſtalk, and the ſeveral

fields branching from thence, and from each other, delineated the leaves. This indeed was madneſs, but you muſt allow there *was method in it.*

To the famous Dr. King of Oxford, he committed the education of his ſon; who, inſtead of imbibing from his tutor, the principles of his father, became an admired character in the court of England; which ſo enraged his unnatural parent, that he withdrew that ſcanty maintenance he had before allowed him. What could the young man do? He was obliged to relinquiſh for ever all title to an eſtate of above 4000 *l.* a year, for an annuity of about 800 *l.* This tranſaction ſo cruſhed his ſpirits, that he ſoon after died of a broken heart.

The old gentleman had three daughters of diſtinguiſhed accompliſhments. The firſt gentlemen of the kingdom had aſked, and had been refuſed, their hands; for no reaſon that could be diſcovered, but that the political principles of the ſuitors were different from thoſe of Mr. M——e. The eldeſt at length liſtened to the addreſſes of a gentleman in every reſpect her equal, a knight of

of a ſhire, and of a moſt reſpectable character; whoſe only fault was, that he was deſcended of an old whig family. From that inſtant the father diſclaimed her as a child, and ſettled his eſtate upon one of his younger daughters, who had iſſue. Here you'll ſay there was no great harm done, but mark the ſequel.

In the neighbourhood of Mr. M——e lived a Mr. S——t, an old batchelor of ſmall fortune derived from his anceſtor, who ſettled there in the reign of James I. to whom he is ſaid to have been a near kinſman. This gentleman did not fail to pay his conſtant aſſiduities, during the laſt years of Mr. M——e's life; and had the good, or rather indeed ill fortune, to inſinuate himſelf thoroughly into his good graces. It became the eſtabliſhed opinion of this now doting old man, that Mr. S——t was the next rightful heir to the crown of England, failing the Pretender and his iſſue. Accordingly, about ſix weeks before his death, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, being attacked by a palſy, which would have injured an underſtanding even hitherto unimpaired, he altered his will in

favour of Mr. S——t, and diſinherited all his own children and grandchildren.

The heirs at law, however, did not acquieſce under this teſtament, ſo repugnant to the principles of equity, and the common feelings of humanity. They litigated it under the plea of an unſound mind in the teſtator, and of undue influence in the legatee. They had, indeed, no other; for the heir had uſed every precaution, that the will ſhould be drawn, and perfected, according to all due ſolemnities and legal formalities. Chancery ſent it to be tried by a jury in the King's Bench.

After a trial of twenty-four hours, the jurors divided in opinion, eight being for the will, and four againſt it; a juror was therefore withdrawn, and conſequently there was then no iſſue. In a few terms after, it was decided by the ſame judges, and another jury, who were unanimous againſt the will. And thus, for once, triumphed over the vain ordinances of man, that eternal law of nature, which is the law of God. I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

Dublin.

I AM growing very fond of Dublin; I ſhall not be able to leave it without regret. My letters of credit and recommendation have procured me full as many invitations as I could have wiſhed. It is cuſtomary for almoſt every gentleman, who dines with your friend, to aſk you for a day; nay, they will ſometimes invite the whole company to be of your party. This hoſpitable cuſtom is ſtill very prevalent, though not ſo much, I am told, as it has been.

With reſpect to drinking, I have been happily diſappointed; the bottle is circulated freely, but not to that exceſs we have heard it was, and I of courſe dreaded to find. Common ſenſe is reſuming her empire; the practice of cramming gueſts is already exploded, and that of gorging them is daily loſing ground. Wherever I have yet been, I was always deſired to do juſt as I would chuſe; nay, I have been at ſome tables, where the practice of drinking

healths, at dinner, was entirely laid aſide. Let the cuſtom originate whence it may, it is now unneceſſary; in many caſes it is unſeaſonable, and in all ſuperfluous.

The tables of the firſt faſhion are covered juſt as in London; I can ſee ſcarcely any difference, unleſs it be that there is more variety here. Well-bred people, of different countries, approach much nearer to each other in their manners, than thoſe who have not ſeen the world. This is viſible in the living of the merchants of London and Dublin; with theſe, you never ſee a ſtinted dinner, at two o'clock, with a glaſs of port after it; but, you find a table, not only plentifully, but luxurioufly ſpread, with choice of wines, both at dinner, and after it: and, which gives the higheſt zeſt to the entertainment, your hoſt receives you with ſuch an appearance of liberality, and indeed urbanity, as is very pleaſing. Here, they betray no attention to the counter, diſcover no ſombrous gloom of computation, but diſplay an open frankneſs and ſocial vivacity of ſpirit.

I have been more than once entertained with a hiſtory of the *good-fellowſhip* of this

country, by perſons who look back with horror on the ſcenes of their youth; when there was no reſiſting the torrent of faſhion. They tell you, that a large goblet called a *conſtable*, uſed to be placed on the table *in terrorem*, which he who flinched his glaſs, was obliged to drink. They have recounted with rueful countenances, what conſtables have been ſwallowed, what doors have been locked, what impriſonments have been endured, before they were *finiſhed*, i. e. ſent away *like fleckered darkneſs, reeling before the ſun's path, and Titan's burning wheels*. I am for Horace's rule,

> Siccet inequales calices conviva ſolutus
> Inſanis legibus, ſeu quis capit acria fortis
> Pocula, ſeu modicis humeſcit lætius.

The toping part of the world may, however, defend itſelf upon the authority of the Grecian laws of drinking, reported and approved by Cicero. *Lex eſt quæ in Græcorum conviviis obtinetur, aut bibat aut abeat. Et recte. Aut enim fruatur aliquis pariter cum aliis voluptate potandi; aut ne ſobrius in violentiam vinolentorum incidat ante diſcedat.*

Hoſpitality

Hoſpitality is unqueſtionably a virtue, yet I ſuſpect, that what is commonly ſo called, is not the characteriſtic virtue of a very civilized, certainly not of any trading nation. Dublin is, I ſuppoſe, the leaſt hoſpitable part of Ireland. In ſome parts of the kingdom, which I purpoſe viſiting, I am told that a beggar comes in, ſits down, and fares as the reſt of the family; and that *green grow the graſs before your door*, is their moſt malicious imprecation.

If London be leſs hoſpitable than Dublin, it ſhould be conſidered that a ſtranger is a greater rarity here than there. Wherever the means of accommodation are univerſally at hand, there the reaſon of gratuitous entertainment ceaſes. Indeed, if a perſon be in a country where the comforts of life are not to be purchaſed, and if he be taken in and entertained, this ſhould be called humanity. True hoſpitality is quite another thing; and this my fond partiality leads me to think is ſtill to be found, in as high a degree in England, as in any other country.

The old Britons were as hoſpitable as the old Mileſians, yet the want of this endearing

quality

quality is objected to them by Scaliger, among his other reproaches of the Engliſh nation. As to the *hoſpitibus feros Britannos*, it does not refer to this diſpoſition, but to that aſperity with which they treated the Romans, who invaded their country. In thoſe parts of England, where they ſubſiſt leſs by commerce than agriculture, this antient virtue is ſtill to be found: and even in Ireland, we muſt go to the remote parts, if we would ſee it in perfection. Wherever the ſpirit of commerce has taken full poſſeſſion, there hoſpitality is quite excluded; they cannot exiſt together; the one goes out as the other comes in. Is there ſuch a word as *hoſpitality* in a Dutch dictionary? If there is, it muſt be marked as obſolete.

Though I, and other Engliſh who come here, ſhould be loſers, I wiſh moſt heartily that this country were leſs hoſpitable than it is, for then I ſhould hope to ſee it in a ſphere above ſuch little attentions. And though I very highly prize the character, I cannot help thinking that the Iriſh pride themſelves too much upon it. They ſhould reflect, if hoſpitality has continued longer among them than us, that was only becauſe they

they were longer oppreſſed by a feudal government: which gave birth to a cuſtom here called *coſhering*, the ſource of the moſt grievous exactions. The lord of the ſoil came with his retinue, and lived with his vaſſals as long as they could ſupply him with ſubſiſtence. All things became in common, and the oppreſſed ſlave thought himſelf honoured in being reduced to beggary, by giving his meat and drink with a good grace and cheerful countenance. Theſe manners ſurvived after their cauſe was happily removed.

If you prefer the men of this country for their hoſpitality, and the women for their beauty, you are likely to live well with them. The ladies are, I believe, full as handſome as ours, yet it was ſometime before I could bring myſelf to think ſo. I have been ſeveral times at the New Gardens, the only place of public reſort at preſent; the firſt time I was there, I ſhould have been a very niggard in my praiſe of Iriſh beauty; the ſecond time, I thought better of it, and could pick out many pretty faces; now I have not the ſmalleſt doubt, but that perſonal perfections

are

are diſtributed here, in as full meaſure and proportion, as on our ſide the channel.

We ſhould not be precipitate in our deciſions upon queſtions of this nature; I was at firſt deceived merely by the different modes of dreſs. Feathers, and other ornaments, have not yet made their way hither. It muſt, however, be confeſſed, that the middle ranks here want that art of ſetting off their beauty, and diſplaying their charms, that they have in London. But ladies of faſhion are juſt as you ſee them there, with all that exact and finiſhed neatneſs, which enters into the character of Engliſh females.

They are ſaid not to walk as well as with us. If the fact be ſo, I ſhould rather attribute it to the badneſs of the ſtreets, than to any wrong conformation of limbs. A ſtranger may be eaſily deceived in this reſpect, as there is a numerous claſs of women, who walk the ſtreets of London, that is almoſt unknown here. So that it is difficult to form a true eſtimate. In another generation, when the ſides of theſe ſtreets are flagged, the ladies of Dublin may be

be as much praiſed for their walking as thoſe of London.

It is deemed almoſt a reproach for a gentlewoman to be ſeen walking theſe ſtreets. An old lady of quality told me laſt night, when ſpeaking on this ſubject, that for her part, truly ſhe had not once walked over Eſſex Bridge, ſince ſhe was a girl. Now Eſſex Bridge is the grand paſs here, as Charing Croſs is in London. As ſhe had nearly loſt the uſe of her limbs, I ſuppoſe ſhe thought her conſequence was proportionably enhanced in my eyes.

If it were not for dancing, of which they are paſſionately fond, the poor girls muſt all become cripples. It is impoſſible they ſhould excel in what they do not practiſe; but, if they walk ill, they certainly dance well. For laſt night, you muſt know, I was at a ball, and never enjoyed one more in my life. There is a ſweet affability and ſparkling vivacity in theſe girls, which is very captivating. I am, &c.

LETTER V.

Dublin.

THE theatres being now ſhut, I can ſay nothing of them that you don't know; for as Dublin has long been our ſeminary for players, there is ſcarce any thing relative to it, we are better acquainted with, than the hiſtory of its ſtage. Let me then now regale you with a ſubject or two, which will at leaſt have novelty to recommend them, I mean the *wheel car*, and the *noddy*.

The former is a machine drawn by a ſingle horſe, generally lean as Roſinante, and is compoſed of two ſhafts, with three or four tranſums behind the horſe, ſupported by wheels of ſolid timber, of about two feet and a half in diameter. This is a general ſubſtitute for the waggon in the country, and for the cart in town; and therefore cannot fail of conveying an idea of poverty, to one juſt come from England. It might, however, be very uſeful to the Engliſh farmer, upon many occaſions; and in London, it might ſerve for

the carriage of ſmall parcels, where two horſes are not neceſſary, and where the porters wooden horſe is not ſufficient.

The other vehicle called a noddy, which plies the ſtreets here, is no more than a ſingle horſe chaiſe, with a ſeat for the driver upon the ſhafts; ſo that the rump of the horſe is at his mouth, and his rump at the mouth of the perſon in the chaiſe; than which nothing can be more indelicate. It is uſed, however, only by the loweſt orders of citizens, who hire carriages. It has its name, I ſuppoſe, from the nutation of its motion.

From the general badneſs of the ſtreets, hackney-coaches are more frequent in proportion than in London, and ſedan chairs are every where as common as about St. James's. From this circumſtance, one would argue for the opulence of the city of Dublin; but it only proves that many families of diſtinction reſide here. As you may make a barometer of any fluid, ſo may you eſtimate the wealth of a nation from various phænomena.

One pretty ſure ſign of poverty is, that, though there are Jews here, there are not enow to form a conſtant and regular ſyna-

gogue.

gogue. Another which ſolicits your atten-tion as you walk the ſtreets, is the wretched harridans who ply for hire. Theſe, covered with tattered weeds, are the moſt horrid miſcreants that ever degraded human nature. With vociferations that would ſtartle deafneſs, and execrations that would appal blaſphemy, they celebrate their midnight orgies, to the reproach of magiſtracy, the ſcandal of decency, and the terror of ſobriety.

Leagued with theſe ſtrollers, are the bands of robbers who infeſt this ill-policed city, and render it dangerous to the paſſenger who walks at night. My banker recommended to me a lodging in Capel Street, near Eſſex Bridge, aſſigning this reaſon, that as it was the moſt public part of the town, I was in leſs danger of being robbed, coming home late: for it ſeems, that even two chairmen are not a ſufficient protection. Newgate is now full of theſe ruffians, and it is thought that few of them can eſcape the ſentence of the law; but many complain, that through an ill-judged lenity, reprieves are too frequently ſought, and too eaſily obtained. It were, however, devoutly to be wiſhed, that ſome

other puniſhment than the gallows could be thought of for ſuch malefactors. To them ſlavery would be more terrible than death. Policy unites with humanity, in pleading for the lives of all, except of thoſe who have imbrued their hands in blood.

The hawkers of news, and cleaners of ſhoes, fill up the meaſure of apparent poverty in Dublin. The filth of their bodies is offenſive, and their manners ſhocking; their outrages upon decency, diſguſt you at every corner; and their ſeveral cries, infinitely more ſonorous than ours, tingle in your ears, with all the enraging variations of the brogue.

The ſtreet leading to the cathedral of St. Patrick is ſo noiſome, that it is neceſſary to ſtop one's noſe in paſſing through it. No wonder that poor Swift was ſo chagrined with his ſituation as dean of St. Patrick's; it was a ſad reverſe from the zenith of favouritiſm in the court of England. To ſpend thoſe talents upon the ſorry ſubject of copper coin, which had been employed upon the ſtate of Europe; and in withſtanding the corruptions of an Iriſh miniſtry, to waſte the evening of a life, the meridian

of which had given luſtre to the councils of Britain, was enough to ſour a temper more meek than the Dean's. He has been heard to ſay, "I am not of this vile country;" yet he, of all her ſons, ſeems to have loved her the beſt.

In this extenſive city, are but ſeven or eight coffee-houſes, and they are reſorted to for tea and coffee only, not as thoſe in London for dinners and ſuppers. The firſt day I ſpent here, I dined at a chop-houſe in Eſſex Street, where I found a variety of the beſt things, and the charges nearly as in London. There are, I am told, three or four more of theſe equally good; yet ſuch places are novel in Dublin. Their hotels have been all ſet up within a few years, ſome of which are ſaid to be elegant; I lay the firſt night in that of Liffy Street, it being next to me; and found it very tolerable.

But you are tired with theſe unimportant details, which I only ſet down to impreſs you more ſtrongly with an idea of the place I write from. Let me then conclude with ſome account of my expedition to Tarah; which, by a little variation of its old name

Teamor into Temorah, has given title to one of the heroic poems of Offian, ſon of Fingal.

This famous hill, ſituate above eighteen miles from Dublin, was at a diſtance too great for me to ride to it with pleaſure, ſo I took a poſt-chaiſe, accompanied by a gentleman, whoſe extenſive knowledge, and communicative temper, rendered the jaunt very pleaſant.

After reading the pompous accounts of the triennial conventions at Tarah, where the monarch, provincial kings, and ſubordinate toparchs, ſolemnly aſſembled to adjuſt rights, enact laws and promulge them, one would naturally expect that there might ſtill remain at leaſt ſome mouldering heap of that vaſt edifice wherein the States-general met. The very ſame expectation is raiſed by the etymologiſt, who aſſures you that Teamor is, literally interpreted, *the great houſe.*

How then muſt you be ſurpriſed to hear, that there is not even the veſtige of a palace to be traced; nay, that the very hill itſelf is evidence enough to prove, that there never could have been a conſiderable houſe

houſe of ſtone and lime upon it. The circular forts indeed ſtill remain, in which the ſeveral chiefs uſed either to pitch their tents, or to erect other temporary ſheds; but theſe very intrenchments evince, that ſtone buildings were not ſo much as thought of for this eminence.

I will not pretend to deny that the monarch might have had for his own reſidence, a ſtone houſe, ſomewhere near this hill; perhaps at the foot of it, where the earl of Meath's houſe now ſtands. But even this is problematical, eſpecially when we conſider, that the palace, in which king John entertained the Iriſh kings, in this very city, was reared by himſelf, and made of hurdles. From the deſcription of Pembroke Caſtle, built *ex virgis & ceſpite tenui*, by Arnulphus de Montgomery, ſon of the great earl of Shropſhire, it is plain that ſtone buildings were unuſual among the Britons at a much later period.

Tarah riſes majeſtic in a moſt extenſive plain, north-weſt of Dublin. From the bottom to the ſummit, where the royal aſſembly ſat, it is ſaid to be at leaſt a mile in length; but the acclivity is ſo very gentle,

that it does not appear to be of any great height. In ſome directions, the eye reaches to an immenſe diſtance, and the proſpect is upon the whole very pleaſant, though by no means rich; the country being moſtly under ſtock, with but few gentlemen's ſeats, two ſteeples, and one town to embelliſh the landſkip. Farewell.

LETTER VI.

Dublin.

SINCE my laſt, I have been to ſee ſome of the beautiful ſcenes of the county Wicklow; which is truly a charming country, abounding with romantic views, very like the good parts of Wales. The Glin of the Downs, Dargle, and Water-fall of Powes-court, are celebrated; but ſuch ſubjects appear to me much fitter for the pencil than the pen.

I have been alſo at Carton, the ſeat of the duke of Leinſter, in the county Kildare. Of this nobleman, it may, I believe be ſaid, that he is the beſt appointed of any in Europe, both for a town and country houſe. Near it is Caſtletown, the ſeat of Mr.

Mr. Conolly, the greateſt commoner in the kingdom; whoſe houſe is fitted up in the moſt elegant modern taſte, and whoſe mode of living is in the higheſt ſtyle of hoſpitality. He has a public news or coffee-room, for the common reſort of his gueſts in boots, where he who goes away early may breakfaſt, or who comes in late may dine, or he who would chuſe to go to bed, may ſup before the reſt of the family. This is, almoſt, princely.

All the outlets of Dublin are pleaſant, but this is ſuperlatively ſo which leads through Leixlip, a neat little village, about ſeven miles from Dublin, up the Liffy; whoſe banks being prettily tufted with wood, and enlivened by gentlemen's ſeats, afford a variety of landſkips, beautiful beyond deſcription. Near the village is a venerable old houſe, ſeated on an eminence, where lord Townſhend ſpent his ſummers, while chief governor; and which the late Lord Primate uſed as his country-ſeat.

Stone was a man of conſiderable abilities, but more of the politician than the prelate, he devoted his life to the ſupporting

a party in the Iriſh parliament. It is ſaid that when he went over to London, to conſult the gentlemen of your faculty on his ſtate of health, he very candidly ſaid to them, "Look not upon me as an ordinary churchman, or incident to their diſeaſes, but as a man who has injured his conſtitution by ſitting up late, and riſing early to do the buſineſs of government in Ireland."

They conſider his death an æra in the polity of this kingdom; for had he lived till now, he would have been always one of the Lords Juſtices, with the power of the whole; and of courſe buſineſs would have been conducted in the uſual way. Adminiſtration would have continued to throw all its power into his hands; who made ſo proper a uſe of it, that the perpetual reſidence of viceroys would not have been thought neceſſary.

In this nation are three or four grandees, who have ſuch an influence in the houſe of commons, that their coalition would, at any time, give them a clear majority upon any queſtion. It has, therefore, always been a maxim of government to diſunite theſe factious chiefs. And, ſtill farther to diſ-

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able oppoſition, it has been thought expedient to diſengage as much as poſſible, the followers from their leaders. This was attempted by lord Cheſterfield, ſo early as the year 1745; but his ſtay was too ſhort to effect it.

Formerly, theſe principals uſed to ſtipulate with each new Lord Lieutenant, whoſe office was biennial, and reſidence but for ſix months, upon what terms they would carry the king's buſineſs through the houſe; ſo that they might, not improperly, be called *undertakers*. They provided, that the diſpoſal of all court favours, whether places, penſions, or preferments, ſhould paſs through their hands, in order to keep their ſuite in an abſolute ſtate of dependence upon themſelves. All applications were made by the leader, who claimed, as a right, the privilege of gratifying his friends in proportion to their numbers.

Whenever ſuch demands were not complied with, then the meaſures of government were ſure to be croſſed and obſtructed; and the ſeſſion of parliament became a conſtant ſtruggle for power, between the heads of parties; who uſed to force themſelves

ſelves into the office of Lord Juſtice, according to the prevalence of their intereſt.

On lord Townſhend devolved the arduous taſk of diſſolving theſe factions, ſo frequently turbulent in the Iriſh parliament. He ſet out with an action ſo popular, that the mob took the horſes from his coach, and drew him from the Parliament Houſe to the Caſtle. This deed ſo pleaſing to the people, was giving the royal aſſent to a bill, brought in, by the famous patriot Dr. Lucas, for limiting the duration of parliaments to eight years. But they now begin to think that this favourite law is of no other uſe, but to increaſe the value of boroughs; a ſingle ſeat in one of which ſells for 2000 *l.* at leaſt.

But his Lordſhip's popularity did not laſt long. By diverting the channel of court favour, or rather by dividing it into a multitude of little ſtreams, the gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons were taught to look up to him, not only as the ſource, but as the diſpenſer of every gratification. Not even a commiſſion in the revenue, worth above 40 *l.* a year, could be diſpoſed of without his approbation. Thus were the old

old undertakers given to underſtand, that there was another way of doing buſineſs than through them. It was not, however, without much violence on both ſides, that he at length effected his purpoſe. The immediate ſufferers did not fail to call this alteration in the ſyſtem of governing, an innovation; and, under various pretences, to ſpirit up the people to adopt their reſentments.

The conteſt produced a ſeries of political letters in the public prints, replete with wit and humour, inferior, perhaps, to nothing of the kind, except the letters of Junius. They are now bound up in one volume, under the title of *Barataria*; from alluſion to the iſland of Barataria, of which Sancho was made governor by Don Quixot.

Lord Harcourt now finds the parliament of Ireland full as obſequious as that of Great Britain; and from that courteous deportment, which, every where pleaſing, is here particularly engaging, he is as popular as any man can well be expected to be in his ſtation: which is of ſuch a ticklish nature, that *odium effugere eſt triumphus*.

Having

; Having now, I flatter myſelf, given you a tolerable notion of Dublin and its environs; I purpoſe ſetting out in a day or two to viſit the principal places in the ſouth of the kingdom. I prefer a ſouthern to a northern tour, not only as the climate muſt be better; but becauſe the north is in a thriving ſtate of manufacture, and therefore cannot be ſuppoſed to differ ſo widely from England, as a country where neither manufactures nor agriculture flouriſh.

A ſlight ſketch of the geography of this country, may enable you the better to trace me without a map. Ireland is divided into four provinces, Ulſter, Conaught, Leinſter, and Munſter. The laſt is to the S. and the firſt to the N. Leinſter is to the E. and Conaught to the W.

Leinſter (in which is Dublin, about midway removed from either extremity of the kingdom) is the moſt level, and beſt cultivated; Ulſter the moſt barren and mountainous, but the moſt thriving and populous; Munſter the moſt fertile, yet the leaſt thriving upon the whole; the increaſe of people in her cities not compenſating her internal depopulation: Conaught is ſaid to increaſe in numbers,

bers, by introducing the linen trade into the parts bordering upon Ulſter; though its capital is declining, and its moſt fertile parts, like thoſe of Munſter, are verging to depopulation.

Let me hear from you ſoon, and direct to me at Mr. B——'s, Corke. My future progreſs will, I hope, furniſh materials of more importance, or, at leaſt, of more novelty; for hitherto I have moved in a very beaten path. I ſhall write from every great town in my route. *Vive & vale.*

LETTER VII.

Kildare, Auguſt 21, 1775.

I Set out this morning from Dublin, with only half a dozen ſhirts in my portmanteau, to leave room for ſuch books, relative to Ireland, as ſeemed the fitteſt to prepare me for a local inſpection. Sir John Davies's Hiſtorical Relations and Spencer's View are my pocket companions: enow, I preſume, to fill up the vacant intervals at an inn.

I purpoſe giving you ſketches of the country through which I travel, that you may

may have ſome idea of its preſent ſtate, whether natural or improved. But leſt they ſhould ſeem overcharged with ſtill life, I ſhall heighten the proſpect with human figures as they preſent themſelves; and to vary the ſcenery, retroſpective views of manners, cuſtoms, and arts ſhall be interſperſed.

You are not to expect either order or method in the arrangement of my obſervations: I ſhall ſet them down as they occur, without much attention to time, place, or other accident. All I ſhall promiſe is, fidelity in reporting facts. And if I ſhould ſometimes miſs my way in tracing cauſes from their effects, candour will ſuggeſt to you in extenuation, how difficult it is for one who is a ſtranger, and alone, to come in a ſhort time at the knowledge of many things, which the natives might wonder how any one could be ignorant of. There are indeed certain characteriſtics in this country which he that runs may read: yet I do not find that any traveller has been at the pains to point them out. I begin to wiſh I had ſet out earlier, for my tour muſt now be limited by the ſeaſon, and I muſt either fore-

go

go the ſight of ſome places I would wiſh to ſee, or ſpend too little time in each to get any ſatisfactory information.

My object is not only to ſee the face of the country, and learn its preſent ſtate, but alſo to compare this ſtate, with what it has been, and what it might be. And in judging of national character, I would be for making a careful diſcrimination, between phyſical and moral cauſes, between the operations of nature and the influence of government.

This is but a poor town, conſiſting of a few ſcattered houſes; the inn however is a very good one. The country for ſeveral miles on this ſide Dublin is flat, like that round London; but it is not like it either in the multitude or magnitude of the trees, and ſtill leſs ſo in the appearance of the houſes on the road ſide. The firſt village I paſſed through, about ſeven miles from Dublin, Rathcool I think they call it, was moſtly compoſed of clay huts, which are ſometimes, you know, both warm and neat; but theſe were ſo awkwardly built, and ſo irregularly arranged, that even Wales would have been aſhamed of them. It hurt me

to

to ſee them ſo near the capital, where the landſkip was ſo prettily chequered by abundance of little white villas, ſpangling the country all around, and rendering it upon the whole very delightful.

Naas, fourteen miles from Dublin, is but a ſhabby looking place for a borough and ſhire town. But there are ſome pleaſant ſeats near it, and the grounds begin to ſwell into gentle undulations, which gives a ſweet variety to that rich corn country.

On the road hither is the ruin of a magnificent houſe, begun, but never finiſhed, by Earl Strafford, when Lord Lieutenant. Near this, about thirty of our miles from Dublin, is the Curragh of Kildare, where all great matches are run. It is the Newmarket of Ireland; and the ſportſmen tell you that the turf is equal to any in England. It is a ſpacious common and ſheep-walk. Government gives annually two prizes of one hundred pounds each to be run for here. Theſe were originally given at the ſuggeſtion of Sir William Temple; who, among other ſchemes for the improvement of Ireland, recommended this with a view of mending the breed of horſes.

As this ground was famous for horſe-racing long before kings plates were eſtabliſhed here, I vainly flattered myſelf that it took its name from its being a horſe-courſe, and that it was called Curragh from the Latin word *curro*, or rather from ſome Celtic word of like ſound and import. Thus you ſee me delving for the roots of Iriſh names, though I believe there are few people more thoroughly convinced that etymology is frequently but the excreſcence of literature. It degenerates even in the hands of Sir Iſaac Newton, for he identifies perſons and things, which have nothing in common, but a letter or two of their names.

Certain it is, the moſt uſeful things may be abuſed. But ſceptical as I am with reſpect to etymology, the information I have received inclines me to think that every town and tract of country, nay almoſt every hill in Ireland, is denominated, either from ſome hiſtory of the place, or ſome quality of the ſoil; ſome virtue of the water, or ſome property of the air; ſome accident of the ground without, or from ſome mineral within; in a word, that each name con-

tains a brief hiſtory, or marks out ſome curioſity of nature or of art.

Several inſtances of this I have been favoured with by Major Vallancy, a gentleman whoſe acquaintance alone is worth a journey to Ireland. And you will not be diſpleaſed when I tell you, that he is our countryman, was bred at Eaton, and is now engineer-general of Ireland. At an age when words and other materials of knowledge are generally collected, he betook himſelf to the ſtudy of the Iriſh language, with a diligence ſo ſucceſsful, that he ſoon outſtripped his teachers. To him we are indebted for the beſt grammar of this language, indeed the only one which deſerves the name. So that the Iriſh nation may with little variation apply to him what Cicero ſays of himſelf, upon finding out the tomb of Archimedes: *Ita nobiliſſima Græciæ civitas, quondam vero etiam doctiſſima, ſui civis unius acutiſſimi monumentum ignoraſſet, niſi ab homine Arpinate didiciſſet.*

At the end of his grammar he has brought to light ſome very old Iriſh manuſcripts; among the reſt one, intitled, *Leſſons for a Prince.* It was addreſſed to that celebrated monarch

monarch of Ireland, Brien Boiromhe, who exterminated the Danes at the battle of Clontarfe. The ſtyle, which is not unlike the Proverbs of Solomon, marks the very high antiquity of it, and the fine moral and poetical ſpirit which animates the whole piece, ſufficiently evinces that civilization had made a conſiderable progreſs here before the invaſion of our ſecond Henry.

This learned ſoldier had before favoured the world with an Eſſay on the antiquity of the Iriſh language; wherein, from a collation of the Iriſh with the Punic, he ſhews it to have a ſtrong admixture of the old Phœnician. His mode of proceeding is very ſatisfactory: he takes that ſcene of Plautus, wherein a Carthaginian ſlave is introduced ſpeaking in his mother-tongue; and comparing it *verbum verbo* with the Iriſh, which is now generally acknowledged to be the pureſt dialect of the Celtic, ſhews the agreement between the two languages; which is indeed ſo ſtriking, that even a perſon who underſtands neither may perceive it, by a bare inſpection of the words.

And from this cloſe affinity of language he furniſhes a ſtrong preſumptive, if not

deciſive proof, that literature was very early introduced here by the Tyrians, either through the medium of that trade which was carried on with all parts of the world then known, or through that colony which migrated hither from Spain; and from which the old natives are ſo proud of being called Mileſians.

It has been the doctrine of the Iriſh writers, that they derived their learning from the Phœnicians: their bards tell you of one Phenius a-fear-Saidhe, *i. e.* Phenius the Sidonian man, who taught them letters. The truth, diveſted of its poetical obſcurity, appears to be, that the man who taught them letters was a Phœnician or Sidonian, Tyre being the daughter of Sidon.

O'Connor, who has publiſhed ſome ingenious diſſertations upon the hiſtory of Ireland, brings a reinforcement of arguments from Newton's Chronology, which wonderfully corroborate this matter. He gives you a table where, in one view, you may ſee the coincidence of the Iriſh accounts with the Newtonian amendment. The parallel is very ſtriking.

Spencer

Spencer thinks that the Iriſh had their letters from the nation which migrated from Spain; which, as he proves from Strabo, uſed the Phœnician letters very early. He is not however deciſive on this head, but he ſays, "It is certain that Ireland had the uſe of letters very antiently, and long before England."

How comes it then, aſks he, *that they are ſo unlearned ſtill, being ſo old ſcholars?* To which inquiry, as he returns no anſwer, I ſhall perhaps in future riſk ſome conjectures reſpecting it. For without having recourſe to any phyſical incapacities, the dreams of intoxicated ſpeculation, ſeveral cauſes might be ſpecified, which have neceſſarily obſtructed the progreſs of the arts in this country. In one word, a provincial government has in itſelf impediments enow, to prevent the attainment of perfection in every department, where the ſtrongeſt exertion of the human powers is to be called forth. But a full diſcuſſion of this queſtion I ſhall defer till I have more thoroughly digeſted my thoughts; for the anſwer is, *periculoſæ plenum opus aleæ.*

Perhaps you did not know that Spencer ſpent a great part of his life in Ireland: they tell me the houſe is ſtill ſtanding wherein he wrote his Fairy Queen; if it comes at all in my line I ſhould be glad to viſit it: there is a pleaſure which we cannot account for in the ſight of ſuch places. I never was in Stratford that I did not feel an unuſual emotion, at ſight of that little wooden houſe, which gave our Shakeſpear birth. By the way, what think you could have inſpired Shakeſpear with that odd-looking epitaph?

> Good friend, for Jeſus ſake! forbear
> To dig the duſt incloſed here;
> Bleſt be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
> And curſt be he that moves my bones.

The old man, you know, ſpent the laſt years of his life at Stratford, where it was the cuſtom to gather all the bones, ſculls in particular, and pile them in heaps. The largeſt collection in England is ſtill to be ſeen in the vaults and ſteeple of that very church, where Shakeſpear lies interred. It ſeems more than probable, that it was this, to him offenſive, practice which ſuggeſted

the thought in the above lines. Good night.

LETTER VIII.

Kildare.

HAVING, in my laſt, conveyed myſelf to Stratford and Shakeſpear, let me, in this, return to Kildare and Spencer. This poet tells us, that he once meditated a treatiſe upon the antiquities of Ireland. Pity that he never put it in execution! Under the hands of ſuch a maſter it would have grown into a piece of entertainment, a quality ſo rarely to be found in works of that complexion.

The opinion, however, he has given, on this particular ſubject, ſhould be ſufficient to excite the curioſity of an antiquarian. It has, I own, diſpoſed me to give a more impartial hearing to whatever can be offered, in favour of the antiquities of this country, than otherwiſe I ſhould have been inclined to do. "All the cuſtoms, ſays he, of the Iriſh, which I have noted and compared with what I have read, would miniſter occaſion of a moſt ample diſcourſe of the ori-

ginal of them, and the antiquity of that people; which in truth I think to be more ancient than moſt that I know of in this end the world. So that, if it were in the handling of ſome men of ſound judgment and plentiful reading, it would be moſt pleaſant and profitable."

There muſt ſurely be ſome foundation in truth, for that high antiquity the Iriſh plume themſelves upon; if not, would Tacitus have ſaid, that "the ports and harbours of Ireland were better known by trade and commerce than thoſe of Britain." And if this ſame antiquity be a thing ſo chimerical, as ſome would repreſent it, how comes it, That when the ambaſſador of Henry the Fifth claimed precedence at the Council of Conſtance, he founded his title upon his maſter's being lord of Ireland?

Orpheus tells us expreſsly, that the Argonauts ſailed near the iſland *Ierne*; a teſtimony prior to any which imperial Rome can produce in favour of her antiquity. Hibernia is comparatively but a modern name. Ireland is the ancient Scotia. In later days, Caledonia, or rather Albania, which had been for many centuries ruled by

by the deſcendants of Fergus, brother to the monarch of Ireland, began to be called *Scotia minor*, or *nova*. But this was not till the eleventh century, and Ireland retained the name of *Scotia*, with the addition of *major*, or *vetus*, till ſo late as the fifteenth. All which archbiſhop Uſher inconteſtibly proves, and he gives it as his opinion, that no writer, before the eleventh century, can be produced, who ever pointed out Albany by the name of Scotland.

It is near two hundred years ſince the learned primate gave this ſort of challenge, and during that ſpace, no writer has attempted to anſwer him; but on the contrary, Camden, Scaliger, Stillingfleet, Dupin, Prideaux, Rapin, Warner, Whitaker, and all other writers on the ſubject, except two or three of Scotland, confirm his opinion. It was an attack made upon the antiquities of his native country, which probably excited Uſher to treat of them with ſuch copious preciſion.

Dempſter, a Scotchman, under the ambiguity of the name, had laboured to confound the matter. He ſent Philip Ferrarius a collection of Scottiſh worthies, to enrich

rich the Roman martyrology. But this learned and candid Italian betimes diſcovered the ſnare, and publiſhed an advertiſement prefixed to his book, wherein he warned the reader; "that taking other writers for his guide, he had made ſome of the Iriſh ſaints natives of Scotland. The cauſe of which, was his being deceived in the name, Ireland being in old times called Scotland, and the Iriſh Scots; as we learn from Oroſius, Proſpero, Iſidore, Cogitoſus, Adamnanus, Jonas the Abbot, all antient writers; together with Bede, St. Bernard, and others who have written the lives of Iriſh Saints. For who does not know that the Saints Brigid, Brendan, Columb-cill, Columban, Gall, Fiacre, Virgil, Kilian, Rumoldus, Dympna, Fuſcus, Malachy, and others, were Iriſh? who, notwithſtanding are called Scots, and ſaid to be born in Scotland; of which I thought proper to admoniſh you, that you may be aware of certain *Saint-ſtealers.*" By which coarſe character he branded Dempſter. And the only harſh expreſſion in Uſher's book, is vented againſt this man. "*Tam ſuſpectæ fidei hominem illum fuiſſe comperimus & toties teſſeram*

teſſeram fregiſſe, ut oculatos nos eſſe teſtes oportent, & niſi quod videmus nihil ab eo acceptum credere."

Nicolſon, whom, as the author of the *Hiſtorical Libraries*, we may ſuppoſe a competent judge in this affair, and as an Engliſhman, impartial, is ſo convinced of Dempſter's diſhoneſty, that in one place, he calls him "the northern rover, who had kidnapped whole ſcores of Iriſh ſaints;" and in another place, he takes notice of "the good ſervices done this kingdom, by Thomas Dempſter's robbing it of its ſaints, and tranſplanting them into his own Albanian territory. Which raiſed a juſt reſentment in the antiquaries of Ireland, who forthwith betook themſelves to arms, for the recovery of their ſtolen goods, and proved clearly that the *Scots* of antient times, famed for ſanctity and learning, were all of them *Iriſhmen*."

But all the Scotch writers before Dempſter, are ſo far from denying the Iriſh extraction of the preſent Scots, that they ſeem to glory in it. "It is by many arguments certain, ſays John Major, that we owe our origin to the Iriſh. This we learn from

from the language, for even at this day, one half of Scotland ſpeaks Iriſh; and a few years ago, a much greater proportion ſpoke the ſame language. The Scots brought their ſpeech from Ireland into Britain, as our annals teſtify; the writers of which, have ſhewn a laudable diligence in theſe matters. I ſay, therefore, that from whomſoever the Iriſh draw their origin, the Scotch derive from the ſame; not immediately indeed, but as a grandſon from a grandſire."

King James I. in one of his ſpeeches, boaſts of the Scottiſh dynaſty being derived from that of Ireland. "I have two reaſons to be careful of the welfare of that people; firſt as king of England, by reaſon of the long poſſeſſion the crown of England hath had of that land; and alſo as king of Scotland, for the *antient kings of Scotland are deſcended of the kings of Ireland.*" Conformably to which, Slaytyr, in his Palai-Albion, compliments this monarch upon his *Iriſh* pedigree,

At quoniam, Arctoo Scotico rex noſter ab orbe,
Nec minus occiduis, perhibent, Scotus ortus Hibernis,
Qui Britonum parent ſceptris; mihi pauca recenſens,
Muſa age, et Ogygios Iernes reſerato colonos.

From

From the above authorities, one would think this queſtion was fairly decided; for, in points of antiquity, authority is the principal, if not the only argument which can be adduced. Yet, up ſtarts another Scotchman ſtill more hardy, who finding no authorities, either at home or abroad, to ſupport the darling antiquity of his native country, is for annihilating all authorities againſt it; and vainly dares to obtrude upon us, for true hiſtory, the inverted ſonnets of Hibernian bards,

Whence iſſued forth at great M'Pherſon's call,
That old new epic paſtoral Fingal.

This learned gentleman very gravely tells us, that "Fordun was the firſt who collected the fragments of Scotch hiſtory, which eſcaped the brutal policy of Edward I.—— that he, poſſeſſed of all the national prejudice of the age, was unwilling that his country ſhould yield in point of antiquity to England; and that, deſtitute of annals in Scotland, he had recourſe to Ireland, *which, according to the vulgar errors of the times, was reckoned the firſt habitation of the Scots.*—That the writers who ſucceeded

Fordun, implicitly followed his ſyſtem; that as they had no new lights, and were, equally with him, unacquainted with the traditions of their country, their hiſtories contain little information concerning the origin of the Scots.—That even Buchanan himſelf, except the elegance of his ſtyle, has very little to recommend him. It therefore appears that little can be collected from their own hiſtorians, concerning the firſt migration of the Scots into Britain."

Thus you ſee the authority of all Scotch hiſtorians is torn up from the very root. Ariſtotle, they ſay, deſtroyed the works of all his predeceſſors to make way for his own. But in the name of wonder, where were the ſongs of Oſſian, when *Fordun's national prejudice* had recourſe to Ireland, to ſupply the want of materials in Scotland? Would not his filial zeal have gladly laid hold of them for the ſame purpoſe with our modern man of antiquity?

In the diſſertations before Fingal and Temora, we are told, that "as the cuſtom of retaining Bards and Senachies was common to both nations; ſo each, no doubt,

had formed a ſyſtem of hiſtory, it matters not how much ſoever fabulous, concerning their reſpective origin." Now let me aſk, if each had formed their ſyſtems, wherefore did Fordun adopt the Iriſh ſyſtem? And if "it was the natural policy of the times, to reconcile the traditions of both nations together, and if poſſible to deduce them from the ſame original ſtock;" why does the following paragraph inſinuate that the ſyſtem was not concerted, but that the Scots were impoſed upon?

"For the Iriſh, who for ſome ages before the conqueſt by Henry II. had poſſeſſed a competent ſhare of that kind of learning, which then prevailed in Europe, found it no difficult matter to impoſe their own fictions upon the ignorant Highland Senachies. By flattering the vanity of the Highlanders with their long liſt of Hereſmonian kings and heroes, they without contradiction aſſumed to themſelves the character of being the mother-nation of the Scots of Britain. At this time, *certainly* was eſtabliſhed that *Hibernian ſyſtem* of the original of the Scots, which afterwards,

for

for want of any other, was univerſally received."

It is here, you ſee, dogmatically laid down, that the Hibernian ſyſtem was the fiction of the thirteenth century; and it is alſo admitted, that it was univerſally received, for this good reaſon, that *there was none other.* This ample conceſſion really looks as if the writer had a mind to arrogate to himſelf the original invention of the Caledonian ſyſtem; but his candour ſhould have confeſſed that it was the happy thought of the laſt century. The whole ſtate of the caſe is briefly this:

In the fourteenth century, Fordun *did* collect ſuch remains of antiquity as had eſcaped the ravages of Edward; and it is agreed, on both ſides, that ſcarce any eſcaped, except thoſe in the monaſtery of Hy Columb-cil. In the fifteenth century, biſhop Elphinſtone, chancellor of Scotland, after making the ſtricteſt ſearch for old records, lays ſo little ſtreſs upon what he found, that he fairly refers you *ad antiquos Hiberniæ ſcriptores.* We have ſeen what the opinion of John Major was

in

in the beginning of the ſixteenth century, towards the cloſe of which Hector Boetius wrote his fabulous hiſtory, adhering cloſely to his predeceſſors in tracing the origin of the Scots. Buchanan follows him, rejecting his glaring incongruities, and ſupporting the Hibernian ſyſtem by the collateral authority of foreign teſtimonies. To his contemporary Dempſter, was reſerved the innovating invention of the Caledonian ſyſtem.

But Sir George M'Kenzie ſcorned to follow him; even he who thought it his duty, as advocate general of Scotland, to impugn certain parts of Iriſh hiſtory, in order to lengthen out the royal line, and to prove, for the honour of his Majeſty, that his pedigree was derived from ſovereign princes, rather than provincial kings. Sir George admits that *the Scots of Britain came laſt from Ireland*; and ſo doth Innys, whoſe more learned labours tend to ſhorten rather than lengthen the catalogue of Caledonian kings.

What then remains to ſupport the credit of a ſyſtem, exploded *univerſally* abroad, and *generally* at home, but the genius, ſtyle,

and learning of Mr. M———n? Which, after all, betray his diſtruſt of it, and cannot ſecure him from manifeſt ſelf-contradictions. Firſt, "the Hibernian ſyſtem is concerted between the two nations;" next, "the one was impoſed upon by the other," then it was neither concerted nor impoſed, but "the true Caledonian ſyſtem was handed down by tradition; though a few ignorant Senachies might be perſuaded out of their opinion, by the ſmoothneſs of an Iriſh tale, it was impoſſible to eradicate from the bulk of the people, their own national traditions."

He ſometimes attempts to entrench himſelf in verbal criticiſm, a fort, in which one would have thought, he would have been impregnable; but even a perſon who knows nothing of the Iriſh language, may, with very little attention, perceive the improbability of what he advances. He aſſerts, what is univerſally denied by the Iriſh, that they call their language *Caëlic-Erinach*. They ſay, that the Iriſh of both the Scotlands, the old and the new, have all along called their language *Gaëlic*, without any addition.

Now

Now to be convinced that this is the truth of the matter, let us only aſk ourſelves, to what purpoſe ſhould a mark of diſtinction be added to the ſame language, though ſpoken by different nations? We uſe no addition, to diſcriminate the language of England, from that now commonly ſpoken in Ireland. No! we call both the Engliſh. And when we talk of the Latin tongue being generally ſpoken, at ſuch or ſuch a period, we do not ſay the Latin of France, or the Latin of Germany, but ſimply, and emphatically, the Latin. An epithet is indeed neceſſary to diſtinguiſh the people of a colony, from thoſe of the mother-country; as to diſtinguiſh the deſcendents of the Saxons in England, we call them Anglo-Saxons. Accordingly we find, that in the Iriſh or Gaëlic, a Scotchman is called Albanach Gaël, *i. e.* a Scoto-Hibernian; but an Iriſhman is called emphatically Gaël.

Another circumſtance there is, which tends to throw ſome light upon this matter; the ſongs of Oſſian are as familiar to the aboriginal natives of Ireland, as

they are repreſented by Mr. M'——— to be in Scotland. And it is reaſonable they ſhould be ſo. Oſſian is mentioned by Keating, Flagherty, and all the other hiſtorians of this country, as an Iriſh chieftain; but no notice is taken of him by any Scotch hiſtorian. Nor is there any mention made by them of Fingal, father to Oſſian; yet all the Iriſh hiſtories are replete with his exploits. Fin-mac-Comhal (pronounced Finmacoal) *i. e.* Fin the ſon of Comhal is the great hero, to whom, as a Hercules, the common Iriſh aſſimilate all ſtrong and gallant men.

So much, indeed, is virtually admitted by the publiſher of Fingal; and to uſher his work with greater plauſibility into the world, he takes notice of an advertiſement, which had appeared in the Iriſh newspapers, notifying that a tranſlation of the *Iriſh Fingal* would ſoon make its appearance, and requeſting the Public, to ſuſpend the purchaſe of the Scotch tranſlation, as being full of errors, &c. A blunder was ſure to be inſerted, to make the thing more probable, and go down the better; for

for what more natural, than for Iriſh ſagacity to ſpy out the errors of a work it had not ſeen?

But, from all the inquiries I have made, I never could learn that ſuch tranſlation was ever meditated. Major Vallancy, who knows every *Iriſh ſcholar* in this kingdom, tells me, he never heard of any ſuch work being in agitation. He ſays, Oſſian's poems are all ſhort ballads, not yet collected to his knowledge, by any one. So you may gueſs the quarter from whence the blundering advertiſement originated.

Yet it has been reported, and by great names too, that the firſt four books of Fingal were to be ſeen in the Iſle of Sky, written in a fair hand on vellum, and bearing date in the year 1403. But this report proves ill authenticated. Dr. Johnſon made the moſt diligent reſearches in the Iſle of Sky, and elſewhere, for theſe ſuppoſed manuſcripts; but the reſult of all inquiries iſſued in this concluſion, that there not only were no ſuch manuſcripts in exiſtence, but that it was impoſſible there ſhould be any ſuch: for that the Erſe had

never been a written language, till within a century.

In ſhort, the forgery committed in the publications of Fingal and Temora, is ſo clearly detected by the ſagacious and learned author of the Tour to the Weſtern Iſles, that to oppoſe the evidence of ſuch fictitious works, to that of eſtabliſhed hiſtory, would be to perſiſt in a moſt audacious inſult upon the underſtandings of mankind. There are, we know, original poems aſcribed to Oſſian. Mr. M———n may have taken their images and ſentiments, may have adopted their manner and ſpirit, but he has ſo changed the matter and order of the narration, by putting in, and leaving out, and other metamorphoſing methods, that his work may be called any thing rather than a tranſlation.

That this is the very method, which Mr. M———n has purſued, he in ſome meaſure acknowledges; for when he recommends it to the Iriſh to give a tranſlation of their Oſſian's poems, "he hopes that the tranſlator will chuſe to leave ſomething in the obſcurity of the original." Now it is to be

be preſumed, that he has too much candor to offer that advice to another, which he would not himſelf follow.

It is curious enough to ſee ſo learned a man as Lord Kaims, a man too, who in other reſpects ſeems diveſted of prejudice, ſuch an advocate for the authenticity of the poems of Oſſian in Engliſh. But I cannot think this agreeable writer in earneſt. For while he tortures his ingenuity to give them a plauſibility, which contradicts all his own ſyſtematic principles, he ſeems almoſt willing to compound for them as a forgery. But the glory of the antient Caledonians is at any rate to be ſupported; therefore, rather than it ſhould ſink, he is even for recurring to miracle. And upon this ground, he ſeems ultimately to reſt his cauſe; a ground, which I thought he never would have choſen.

The refinement of ſentiment in Oſſian's characters, is ſo ſubverſive of all that he had been for eſtabliſhing, that he is utterly at a loſs to account for it. "Had the Caledonians, ſays he, made ſlaves of the women, and thought as meanly of them as ſavages commonly do, it could never have

entered the imagination of Oſſian to aſcribe to them thoſe numberleſs graces that exalt the female ſex, and render many of them objects of pure and elevated affection. Without the *aid of inſpiration*, ſuch refined manners could never have been conceived by a ſavage."

Now is it not a fact of notoriety, that at this very day, the Highland women are employed in the moſt ſervile offices, even in carrying out manure like beaſts of burden? Yet, our truly curious fact collector, after ſome ſtrictures on Ruſſian manners, triumphantly aſks, "can we ſuppoſe that the *ladies* and *gentlemen* of Oſſian's poems, ever amuſed themſelves after the age of twelve, with hide and ſeek, queſtions and commands, or ſuch like childiſh play."

Is not this to furniſh laughter with a ſneer at Highland manners? Does not Lord Kaims, *arguing for the aid of inſpiration*, virtually betray that ſyſtem he would ſupport? Let thoſe celebrated epics then be at beſt conſidered, but as ingenious Centos culled from Iriſh Bards; garbled and tranſpoſed, curtailed and interpolated, they are certainly not originals, and conſequently

quently they are not Oſſian's. Perhaps they are better. If ſo, let Scotland glory in them; but, detected as they are by Dr. Johnſon, betrayed by Lord Kaims, and ſelf-condemned throughout, they muſt remain only a monument of the ingenuity of the Editor.

Oſſian ſublimeſt, ſimpleſt bard of all,
Let Engliſh infidels M'Pherſon call.

LETTER IX.

Kildare.

IT is an opinion pretty general, on our ſide the water, that the Iriſh had not any buildings of ſtone and mortar, before they were raiſed by the Engliſh; but I will encloſe you the ſketch of one, above 130 feet high, which was certainly built antecedent to that period; for Gyraldus Cambrenſis, ſecretary to Henry II. and afterwards biſhop of St. David's, deſcribes thoſe round towers, among the wonderful things of Ireland, and calls them *turres eccleſiaſticas, quæ more patrio arctæ ſunt necnon & rotundæ.*

This

This writer was by no means partial in favour of the Iriſh nation; when therefore he ſays, that thoſe towers were built *after the faſhion of the country*, we cannot agree with thoſe who ſuppoſe them to have been erected by the Danes. There are no ſuch ſtructures now in Denmark, nor in any other part of Europe, that I hear of, except in Scotland; where there are two of a ſmall ſize, one at Abernethy in Perthſhire, the other at Brechin in Angus. Which, by the bye, among other circumſtances, tends to decide the deſcent of the Scots from Ireland, for we may eaſily conceive, that thoſe Scottiſh towers were built by the poſterity of the Iriſh, who went over with Fergus, in the manner of thoſe of their own country, where they are ſo numerous.

The learned, however, are not agreed about the particular uſe, to which theſe edifices were applied. Some ſay they were places of penance; others, that they were belfries, the very name of them in Iriſh *Cloghabd*, importing a ſteeple with a bell; but the prevailing opinion now ſeems to be, that they were anchorite pillars, ſuch as Simon Stylites uſed to ſanctify himſelf upon.

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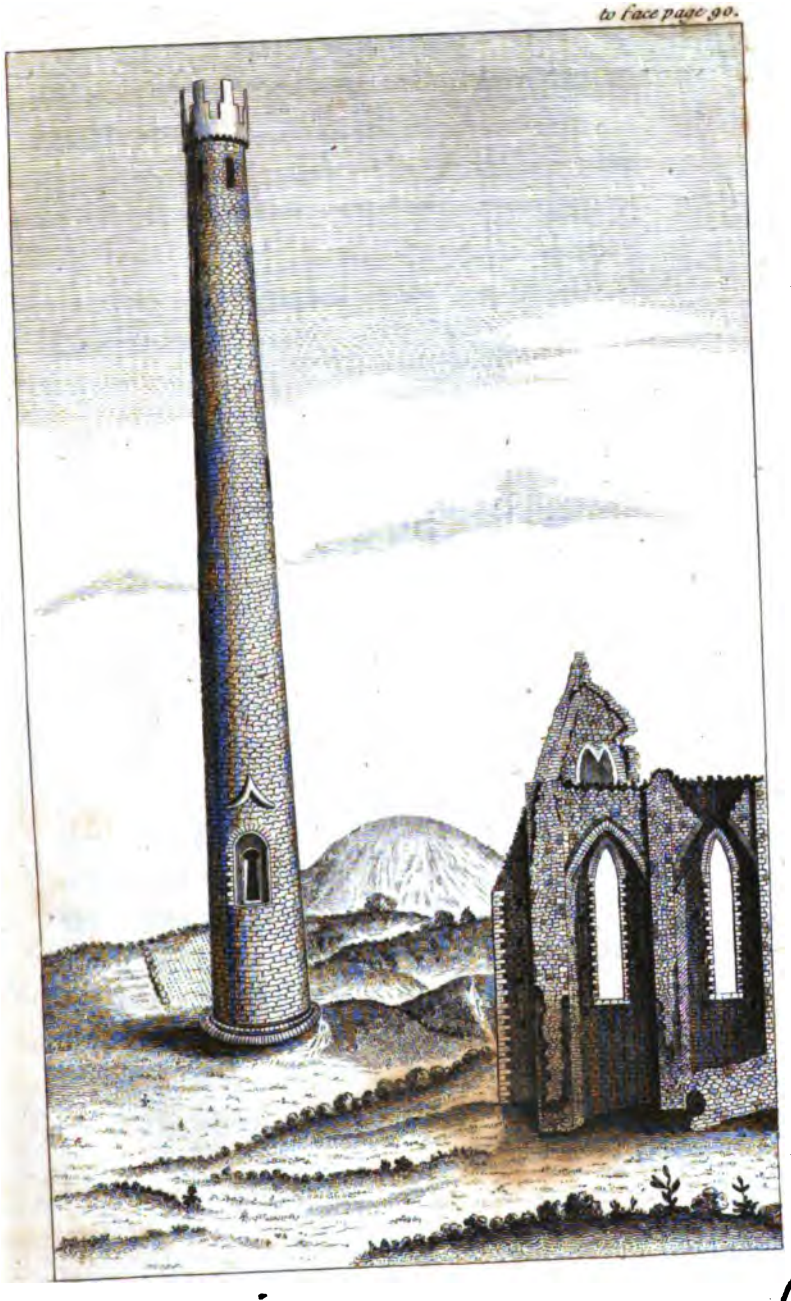


ROUND TOWER AT KILDARE.

UNIV. OF MICH.

upon. They tell you, that, in order to preſerve the appearance of piety in the Abbey, and augment the fame of the monks, one of them, moſt celebrated for his auſterity, uſed to watch and pray, in an extraordinary manner; thus removed from the earth, and its low cares, and, as it were, holding nearer converſe with the Deity.

I ſhall not preſume to decide upon a queſtion of ſuch *moment*; yet I cannot help inclining to the ſecond opinion, not only from the name given them by the indigenal natives, but from the following conſiderations: Over great part of the eaſt, they have tall round ſteeples, called *minorets*, with balconies at top, whence a perſon calls the people to public worſhip at ſtated hours. As the Iriſh had their arts from Phœnicia, we may fairly ſuppoſe, that from thence alſo came the model of theſe towers, which ſerved as the minorets of the eaſt do at preſent, till bells came into uſe; for narrow as they are, (about ten feet in the clear, at the baſe) they might hold a bell large enough to ſummon the auditory, as effectually as the ſhouts of a man.

Not far from the tower, they ſhew the ruins of a convent, of the nuns of St. Brigid; who, according to Gyraldus, makes Kildare illuſtrious by her unextinguiſhable fires, the aſhes of which have never increaſed. The very oak under which ſhe delighted to pray, has given a name to the place. Brigid, you muſt know, was the Virgin Saint of the land, and, after the Bleſſed Virgin and St. Patrick, held in the higheſt adoration by the Iriſh catholics. She was worſhipped like Veſta, with unextinguiſhed fires, kept burning by the nuns in their convent; which was therefore called the fire-houſe.

Ignis inexſtincti Dariæ, quis creſcere novit
Ævis tot lapſis, Brigida virgo, cinis?

The ladies of Ireland are too wiſe to imitate this patroneſs of virginity in making the vow; celibacy being, perhaps, more uncommon here than in any other country. Yet, the chaſtity of the women, and the bravery of the men, are traits of the national character, on which theſe people, not without juſtice, pique themſelves.

Among

Among the higher ranks, the indiſcretions of the fair ſex are, probably, as uncommon as any where elſe, and certainly more ſo than in many other places. In a circle ſo ſmall, that not to know every body is to be unknown, treſpaſſes in this way can never eſcape obſervation, and therefore cenſure muſt be armed with double terrors.

But whatever ſtrictneſs guards decorum in the polite world, they tell you that infamy does not long attend female frailty, in the lower walk of life. There a young woman may make the young ſquire a father, and marry her ſweet-heart the very next year, who values his bride the more, as ſuch a connection is ſuppoſed to enhance her dowry.

As it is doubted whether courage is natural or artificial, ſo it has been diſputed, whether chaſtity originates from conſtitution or education. But is there not a firmneſs of nerves? Is there not a happy temperament? *Poeta naſcitur non fit*, is not a true propoſition, but it is more true than *poeta fit non naſcitur*. Away then with the mighty examples from Hawkeſworth's Voyages, which have been adduced to ſhew that chaſtity is not an inſtinctive virtue.

Let

Let it not be argued that the ages of chivalry and romance over-rated female virtue, and that the preſent age, of poliſh and refinement, is bringing it back to its original value: nor let it be propheſied, that in this untainted iſle, the morality of ſome future age will, like the religion of the preſent, unkalendar St. Brigid. Adieu.

LETTER X.

Kilkenny, Auguſt 30, 1775.

MY laſt was from a little town which had its name from St. Brigid's cell of the Oak; this is written from the beſt inland town in the kingdom, denominated from the cell of St. Kenny. It is ſweetly ſituated on the river Newre, covering two little hills; on one of which ſtands the cathedral, and on the other the old caſtle of the Ormond family. Near the cathedral is one of thoſe round towers, I gave you a ſketch of from Kildare. There are, beſides, three towers of ruinous abbies, which ſtill rear their heads aloft, and give a figure of ſome conſequence to the town.

But

But before I make you better acquainted with Kilkenny, let me give you ſome account of the way to it. From Kildare to Caſtle-Dermot the country is in general pleaſant, and in ſome places adorned with plantations. Caſtle-Dermot is a very poor town for a borough, not even a ruin remaining of that caſtle whence it was called. That it was once a place of ſome note, is however evident from the remains of religious houſes. One of its monaſteries has been magnificent; two of the ailes, with one of its windows, ſtill preſerve the outlines of grandeur and elegance. The town was ſacked and plundered by Bruce in 1316, yet a parliament was held there in 1377.

On this ſide Caſtle-Dermot the country grows leſs pleaſant, and the road being one extended right line for ſeveral miles, becomes more fatiguing to the rider than to the horſe. There, for the firſt time, I ſaw their fewel, with us called *peat*, but with them *turf*; piled up in priſmatical heaps, like the mortars at Woolwich, upon the margin of thoſe pits, from whence they are dug. They are cut by an inſtrument called

a *ſlane*,

a *ſlane*, which is nothing more than a ſpade of about four inches broad, with a ſteel blade of the ſame breadth, ſtanding at right angles to the edge of the ſpade. So that each turf is a parallelepiped, of about ten inches by a ſquare of four. From this inſtrument, Mr. Reid, an ingenious cutler of Dublin, has borrowed the form of a kniſe, for delving into cheeſe, which they alſo call a ſlane.

As you approach Carlow, the ſcene alters; the country ſeeming to be entirely occupied by gentlemen's parks, walled in, and recently planted; which will appear moſt delightful when the trees are full grown. The town itſelf is pleaſantly ſituated on the Barrow, and makes a very cheerful appearance, from the number of white houſes ſcattered up and down; nor are you at all diſappointed when you enter it, there being a cleanneſs and neatneſs in the ſtreets, I had not hitherto ſeen on this road. There was a good fleſh-market, and every thing wore the appearance of a good Engliſh village. Such are the happy effects of a little trade! For here they have a manufacture of the coarſeſt kind of woollen cloths, and are concerned

concerned in ſupplying the neighbourhood with coals from Kilkenny. They have a horſe-barrack; and on an eminence, overhanging the river, ſtands an old caſtle, of an oblong ſquare area, with large round towers at each angle; which has a fine effect.

Up the river from Carlow, the landſkip is highly pictureſque; and downward, for eight miles along its banks, to Leighlin-Bridge, the ride is delightful. At a due diſtance, the grounds ſwell gradually into mountains, which, from their feet to their midſides, are covered with woods; and, to enliven the proſpect, the interjacent tract is interſperſed with ſeveral little white villas, neatly planted around. From Leighlin-Bridge hither, the country is naturally cheerful; but let me reconduct you to Kilkenny, in Spencer's poetic barge, down the Newre, one of thoſe three renowned brethren,

Which, that great giant, Blomius, begot
Of the fair nymph Rheuſa, wandring there,
One day, as ſhe, to ſhun the ſeaſon hot,
Under Slew-Bloome, in ſhady grove was got;
This giant found her, and by force deflower'd;
Whereof conceiving, ſhe in time brought forth
Theſe three fair ſons, which being thenceforth pour'd,
In three great rivers ran, and many countries ſcour'd.

The firſt the gentle Shure, that making way,
By ſweet Clonmel adorns rich Waterford;
The next, the ſtubborn *Newre*, whoſe waters grey,
By fair *Kilkenny*, and Roſs-ponte board,
The third the goodly Barrow.——

There are but two churches in this large town, or rather city, conſiſting of between two and three thouſand houſes; but there are ſeveral maſs-houſes, each of which has congregations, vaſtly more numerous than both the churches. The cathedral is a Gothic edifice, ſo venerable, that whoever ſees it muſt lament, that a ſpire, at leaſt, had not been added to the ſtumpy ſteeple. From the Biſhop's palace to the church, is a long and double colonnade, in the modern ſtyle. The nave is divided from the ailes, by maſſy columns of black marble, cruſted over with a dirty lime white-waſh. It is, however, a conſolation, that the ſcaffolding is now rearing for the purpoſe of embelliſhing this ancient pile.

In the iles are ſeveral ancient monuments of armed knights, and mitred biſhops, ſome in horizontal, and ſome in praying poſtures, and one modern monument of white marble,

ble, finely executed; the deviee is Piety, with a book in her hand, leaning in a mournful poſture over an urn. Theſe, altogether, would have given a due ſolemnity to the place, were it not that its ſlovenly condition rather inſpired a painful melancholy.

The hill on which the cathedral ſtands, is called the Iriſh Town, as that whereon the caſtle is, goes by the name of the Engliſh Town, and each of them ſend two members to parliament. The former is moſtly compoſed of ſorry houſes, and poor cabins; the latter is generally well built. The caſtle was founded by Randolph III. earl of Cheſter, but built, as it now ſtands, by the Butlers, anceſtors of the dukes of Ormond. In the Engliſh town is the church of St. Mary, no contemptible ſtructure, with ſeveral old monumental decorations; there alſo are the town-hall, jail, and market-houſe.

I mentioned to you the towers of three monaſteries, theſe are St. John's, St. Francis's, and the Black Abbey. St. John's has great elegance, and amazing lightneſs in

the ſtyle of the building. The Abbey-church of Bath is, I think, called the lanthorn of England; but this is more windowed ſtill; for about fifty-four feet of the ſouth ſide of the choir yet entire, the whole ſeems to be one window. I ſend you a ſketch of it. The eaſt window is ſixteen feet wide, and about forty high, as I gueſs. Belonging to this Abbey are the remains of ſeveral old monuments, almoſt buried in the ruins.

St. Francis's has little remaining except the tower. But the Black Abbey is a magnificent remain; the windows are exquiſitely curious, not unlike many you have ſeen; the architraves in the outſide cornice under the parapet, are very expreſſive of their origin. Of this ſpacious ruin, two of the ſteeples are almoſt entire.

One of the old churches is converted into a maſs-houſe, as the courts of two of the abbies are changed into barracks; St. Francis's for horſe, and St. John's for foot. How different are the eſtabliſhments of different potentates, at different periods! The Pope's barracks in Ireland were once filled with old fellows, with ſhaven crowns, and

and without ſhirts, but clothed in long ſweaty gowns, of black, and white, and grey. The king now fills his convents with young fellows, wearing long hair, linen ſhirts, and ſcarlet jackets lined with all the colours of the rainbow.

The caſtle, whoſe magnificence was heightened by the ſublimity of its ſituation, has been gradually falling into decay, ſince the attainder of the late duke of Ormond. It was in his time a ſpacious ſquare, two ſides of which only are now ſtanding: one they are rebuilding, and the other two they are putting into repair; but in a taſte too modern for a building of ſuch antiquity, and too frippery for one of ſuch magnitude.

In a gallery of 150 feet in length, but very diſproportioned in breadth, they ſhew you ſeveral old portraits: among theſe, in full length, are the whole Stuart race who reigned in England from Charles I. inclusive, together with William III. who is ſaid to have dined here, on his march to the ſiege of Limerick, ſoon after the battle of the Boyne. But the moſt remarkable piece is a three quarter length of earl Straf-

ford, ſaid to be taken but a few days before his cataſtrophe; to which is contraſted, the picture of the ſame perſon, taken in the full career of his ambition. The different ſituations of life are ſtrongly marked in the countenance of each.

In the room called the Preſence Chamber, or at leaſt in that next it, for I already forget, are the four elements in tapeſtry, finely executed, and in high preſervation; the gloſs of newneſs ſeems freſh upon them. In another apartment is a ſuit of hangings, repreſenting the ſtory of Decius, in the attitudes of taking leave of his friends, receiving the high prieſt's benediction, &c. &c. and at length devoting himſelf. Theſe tapeſtries, though not ſo glowing in their colours as the ſeaſons, are nevertheleſs admirable in other reſpects. Pity that they ſhould be exhibited to ſo little advantage; they are hung up in a room, the ſhape of which is ſo inordinate, that I queſtion whether any two ſides of it are parallel, and it is illuminated diagonally from a window, in a ſegment of one of the round flankers. One of the largeſt pieces is folded round

round the mixed angle at the window, ſo that the part of it on the concave ſurface has a glaring light, while that on the plain is almoſt in darkneſs. This room affords too many beautiful views of nature from without, to require the ſacrifice of ſo much art within.

The ſervant, who ſhewed the houſe, told me the ſituation was very like that of Windſor. I cannot ſay the likeneſs would have ſtruck me, though there is at both places a town, a caſtle, and a river. However, let not Windſor faſtidiouſly diſdain the compariſon. For though the country round Kilkenny is not improved like that round the moſt princely of the royal palaces, yet the ſite of this caſtle is at once bold and beautiful, with almoſt every advantage that could be wiſhed to decorate the ſcene.

It ſtands upon a precipice, overhanging the bend of a deep and rapid river, with two ſtately bridges full in view: the more diſtant, and up the ſtream, is compoſed of ſeven arches, that next the caſtle has but three; but of a very wide ſpan, of hewn

marble, in fine elliptical proportions. The ſides of the river are well planted, and the ſubjacent town looks as if it had been built merely to be looked at; for every thing in it worth ſeeing, bears upon the caſtle, whilſt every thing diſſightly is, ſomehow or other, ſcreened from the view. The horizon is cloſed, in one limb, by mountains, placed at a due diſtance, to give variety without horror; and if any thing is wanting to render the proſpect inchanting, it is that the middle diſtances are deſtitute of that richneſs of cultivation, and that embelliſhment of country-ſeats, which is the capital beauty of Windſor. But Kilkenny is far more pictureſque.

Windſor caſtle looked at, is auguſt and venerable, but when you look from it, there is nothing to inſpire thoſe ideas. Not Eton's ſpires, not Cooper's claſſic hill, not Cleveden's gay alcove, nor Glo'ſter's gayer lodge, can furniſh ſuch a laviſh variety to the landſkip-painter, as theſe Hibernian ſcenes. There Nature has painted with her moſt correct pencil, here ſhe has daſhed with a more careleſs hand. This is the fanciful and

and fiery ſketch of a great maſter, that the touched and finiſhed work of a ſtudious compoſer. Without either mountain or ſea, no landſkip can, in my conception, be perfect; it wants the grand attribute of ſublimity. Windſor Foreſt was a theme exactly level to the tame genius of Mr. Pope, whoſe lines are not more harmonious than the ſubject; but it was ſuch a rude original as this, which raviſhed Milton into that brilliant deſcription.

Straight mine eyes hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſkip round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt,
The labouring clouds do reſt;
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it ſees,
Boſom'd high in tufted trees.

LETTER XI.

Kilkenny.

HAVING heard a great deal of the cave of Dunmore, I went this morning to ſee it. Even beauties too highly extolled, before you ſee them, ſeldom anſwer your expectations. I will not, however, rank this among beautiful objects, for to me it had nothing to recommend it. After riding ſome miles over a very rough road, they ſhewed me a knoll, or ſwelling ground, in a green field, which they ſaid was the cave's mouth, but I could ſee no cavity, till I came to the very lip.

The aperture was lined with a few ſtunted ſhrubs, intertwined with ivy. The deſcent was apparently eaſy, but after I got fairly in, it became very difficult, from the damp and ſlippery footing, I therefore ſoon made my way back again; and took my turn of holding the horſes, that my ſervant might gratify his curioſity. He ſtayed a great while in it, and, when he came up, lamented that I had not gone farther, and begged of me to go down again. If there

are

are any ſparry incruſtations there, it ought to have been viewed by candle-light. But I cannot conceive that the exhibition would reward the trouble.

Do not however imagine I loſt my day with this bawble, for in my way I paſſed through the fine old park of Dunmore, and farther on, I ſaw the coal mines, which are well worth ſeeing. The pits are principally at Caſtle-comber, the eſtate of lord Wandcoſford, who is ſaid to clear 10,000 *l.* a year by them. If the grand canal were finiſhed to the Barrow, he would then probably make much more, for that would open a communication with Dublin. But hills interpoſe, which muſt be pierced through for that purpoſe.

One would, however, think that even a canal could not much lower their price, conſidering the following extraordinary fact. The carriers pay 5 *d. per cent.* weight, and ſell them for 1 *s.* 8 *d.* in Dublin, which is above 80 Engliſh miles from the pits. Each car draws but ſeven hundred weight, which with 9 *d.* for turnpike, makes the load coſt 3 *s.* 8 *d.* and it ſells for 11 *s.* 8 *d.* So that for ſix days travelling charges of a man

man and horſe, there is but 8*s.* to ſay nothing of the labour of both, and the wear and tear of the car. They are ſaid to be laid down in the moſt remote parts of the kingdom, at a price ſo low, that it puzzles calculation to make out how the wretched carriers can ſubſiſt.

Theſe coals are univerſally prized for drying malt with; becauſe they emit no ſmoke. A fire made of them yields a very intenſe heat; it does not blaze but glow, looking like lumps of red hot iron; the vapour is very dangerous, except in a room well ventilated. The other elements have, it is ſaid, their peculiarities at Kilkenny; but theſe are not ſo well founded upon truth. It is true that their ſtreets are paved with marble, for I believe they have no other ſtone. Their marble is black, variegated with white, and takes a very high poliſh. It is much uſed for chimney pieces all over the kingdom. The only manufactory here is for coarſe cloths and fine blankets.

Kilkenny values itſelf upon its ſuperior gentility and urbanity. It is much frequented by the neighbouring gentry as a country

country reſidence, has a ſtand of nine ſedan chairs; and is not without the appearance of an agreeable place. I went laſt night to their weekly aſſembly, and was ſoon given to underſtand, by one of my partners, that Kilkenny has always been eſteemed the moſt polite and well-bred part of the kingdom.

Knowing ſo little of this country, I am not furniſhed with any arguments from either reaſon or authority, to diſpute this pretenſion. My partner was ſo beautiful a woman, and ſo ſtriking an example of the doctrine ſhe taught, that ſhe led me away an eaſy captive to her opinion: For which I can ſee the juſteſt grounds. This was the ſeat of the old Ormond family, here the laſt duke kept a court, as ſeveral of his predeceſſors had done, in a ſtyle much more magnificent than any of the modern viceroys. The people imbibed the court manners, and manners remain long after their cauſes are removed.

At preſent, the inheritor of the caſtle and ſome of the appendant manors, a Roman catholic gentleman, affects the ſtate of his anceſtors; his wife receives company, as

I am told, the old Ormond ladies uſed to do; ſhe never returns viſits; and people ſeem diſpoſed to yield her this preeminence.

The cook belonging to this inn, the Sheaf of Wheat, wears ruffles; and though an old man, is as full of vivacity as politeneſs. He brings me every day, after dinner, ſome delicious pears, and ſays he keeps a few for the quality who reſort to the houſe; and that he has done ſo for thirty years.

I am not ſingular in remarking that the peaſants of this country are a moſt comely breed of men. They are generally middle ſized, and have almoſt univerſally dark brown hair, and eyes of the ſame colour. Their complexions are clear, their countenances grave, and their faces of that oval character, which the Italian painters ſo much admire. Adieu.

LETTER XII.

Kilkenny.

THE endowed ſchool here is called a college; and certainly no ſeat of learning could wiſh for a ſituation more cheerful, or more healthful. Such ſtagnating floods as we have ſeen round Magdalen-walks, Merton-fields, and Chriſt-church meadows, could never annoy this charming ſpot. The city itſelf would be ſomething like Oxford, if we could ſuppoſe Oxford dilapidated of its towers and pinnacles.

Many people in Dublin expreſſed to me an earneſt deſire, that Kilkenny ſhould be made the ſeat of a learned ſociety; hoping by that means to prevent ſo many from going to Scotland, in queſt of education. Others again hinted, that if Armagh in the north was to divide with Kilkenny in the ſouth, the emoluments of Trinity-College Dublin, it would be more conducive to the intereſts of literature and virtue.

Diſcipline

Diſcipline is, at preſent, attended to with the utmoſt exactneſs, and every poſſible care taken to enforce obedience to the ſtatutes. Greater ſtrictneſs is certainly obſerved than with us at Oxford. The gates are regularly attended, and no ſtudent can be in the city, without the knowledge of the porters. Defaulters undergo pecuniary mulcts, at the diſcretion of the Dean and a board of Fellows. Nevertheleſs, frequent and enormous outrages are committed. One of the gownſmen was lately killed in a riot with the watchmen; yet it is believed, that, in general, the poor watchmen are *more ſinned againſt than ſinning*.

The Lord Mayor's juriſdiction extends to the college; and it has been exerciſed, but not without tumult and diſorder. From this principle, a perpetual feud is kept up with the inferior officers of magiſtracy, thoſe obnoxious reſtrainers of natural liberty.

But there is a political evil in the conſtitution of this corporate body, which brings on a periodical fever, the criſis of which is generally violent. You already ſee,

ſee, I mean the election of repreſentatives. This never fails to breed abundance of ill blood, convulſing the whole ſyſtem, and diſſolving every principle of health within.

Nor is its malignant influence confined to the college walls. It not only ſets the tutor againſt the pupil, and the pupil againſt the tutor, but it ſets the father againſt the ſon, and the ſon againſt the father: and, what is ſtill worſe, it places ſelf-advantage againſt general intereſt; at once overturning what Cicero and Cumberland are for eſtabliſhing in the halls.

Old age is but too prone to adopt the ſordid maxims of worldly wiſdom; but this, alas! prematurely wrinkles the mind, and brings early decrepitude on private virtue and public ſpirit. But let every influence be far and for ever removed from our ſchools, which, inſtead of expanding the affections to the ſphere of human happineſs, contract them to the narrow focus of ſelf-intereſt: which ſhould always be conſidered, but as a particle, in the maſs of univerſal good.

Unhappily for this ſociety, the power of returning members is lodged, principally, in the hands of boys; for of ninety elec-

tors, ſeventy are ſcholars, one half of whom are probably not of age. From the Provoſt's prerogative of *nomination*, which I have already explained to you; it is evident that he can, in ſeven years, as with a plaſtic hand, mould this ſociety into the arbitrary form of his wiſhes; for in that period, between ſeventy and eighty of the whole may be of his own creation.

A new Provoſt indeed coming in, at the eve of an election, may find many refractory, and ſome rebellious ſubjects in his dominions. He ſhould not therefore endeavour, all at once, to drive them into allegiance; he ſhould only gradually lead them into compliance. And he has, in the plenitude of his power, ſuch a magazine of reſources, as cannot fail to operate powerfully on the majority.

If univerſities muſt have repreſentatives in parliament, it would be well for that of Dublin, if its Fellows only had been veſted with the privilege of freeholders, and that the Provoſt had here, as in other caſes, the power of nomination; for reaſons, obvious from what I have already ſaid.

Scarce

Scarce a week paſſes without the appearance of ſome ſatirical production, either in proſe or verſe, pointed at the higheſt in ſtation, and the moſt eminent for abilities of the whole body. No leſs than two volumes of theſe have been already collected, under the title of *Pranceriana*; which, however they may diſcover great talents for wit and humour, in the young gentlemen who wrote them, ſufficiently evince the unfortunate political ſyſtem of this learned republic. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

Caſhel, September 8th, 1775.

ON leaving Kilkenny, I was in doubt whether I ſhould make my route by Waterford; it being a very thriving city, with the fineſt Quay in Ireland. But, the ſeaſon being ſo far advanced, Cork, Limerick, and Galway, muſt ſuffice for the great cities. From them I hope to acquire ſome idea of the ſtate of trade; and, by making this zigzag through the midland region, I ſhall have a better opportunity of noting indigenal manners, and the unmixed influence of the paſtoral life.

I breakfaſted at Callen, which withſtood Cromwell's united forces for ſome days in 1649, now a poor dirty town, interſperſed with the numerous ruins of old caſtles and religious houſes. The prevalence of intereſt, in this paltry borough, has been long conteſted both in the courts of law, and in the fields of honour. They croſs the ſeas to diſpatch each other, by the piſtol or the ſword. The feud is become hereditary, and

and not likely to be extinguiſhed by the death of one of the principals.

Duelling, it is argued, may in ſome caſes be conſidered as a neceſſary evil; but if its tendency be to refine manners, the frequency of it, in this kingdom, is a certain ſign of imperfect civilization. The contagion of it infects all ranks.

The firſt place I ſtopped at in the province of Munſter, was a little village called Killynaul; where the country aſſumed a very different appearance from what I had before obſerved. The inauſpicious operation of paſturage became, however, viſible before I left Leinſter. For ten or twelve miles on this ſide of Kilkenny, the ſoil was far from rich, it was rather indeed poor; yet it was pretty well cultivated, the fields were encloſed with hedges and ditches, and the country embelliſhed with houſes and plantations. But, as the ground improves, on approaching the borders of Munſter, agriculture ceaſes, and not a houſe, not a hedge, not a ditch is to be ſeen. The country is abdicated by the human ſpecies, and peopled with ſheep.

Nor was the change leſs evident in the manners of the people. There was nothing in them, however, that could remind you of the golden age; no reſemblance of that ſimplicity attributed by poets to the ſhepherd ſtate; nothing like that ſurly awkwardneſs of our Engliſh clowns, who have one general anſwer, *I don't know*, to almoſt every queſtion a ſtranger aſks. Theſe peaſants have no ſheepiſhneſs about them, are under no embarraſſment when you ſpeak to them, ſeem never at a loſs, but are bleſſed with an abrupt and ſudden promptitude of reply.

It may not, perhaps, be difficult to account for this obvious contraſt. Our peaſantry, intent upon their own proper affairs, are not at the expence of thinking upon other ſubjects; whereas theſe poor men, having neither labour nor trade to engage their attention, are more occupied with other people's affairs than their own; *excuſſi propriis aliena negotia curant.*

In ridicule of their paſſion for news, my companion Spencer tells the following ſtory. "A Frenchman, who having been

ſometime

ſometime in Ireland, and there marked their great inquiry for news, and meeting afterwards in France an Iriſhman, whom he knew in Ireland, firſt ſaluted him, and afterwards ſaid merrily, O Sir, pray you tell me of courteſy, have you heard any thing of the news, that you ſo much inquired for in your country?"

It is not neceſſary to aſſign ſo many cauſes, for this vain curioſity, as Spencer does; for idleneſs comprizes them all. Wherever a people have but little employment, and have, at the ſame time, quick and lively imaginations, they will of courſe be garrulous and inquiſitive. The very ſame property, we find St. Paul aſcribing to the Athenians, "who, ſpent their time in nothing elſe, but either to tell or hear ſomething new."

My hoſt was very courteous, for on my declining to go into his houſe, the exterior of which was not very inviting, and on telling him that I only meant to feed my horſes; he replied with an air of frankneſs and civility: "Ah! by my ſhoul, you're welcome to the beſt room in my houſe,

ſuppoſe you neither eat nor drink." I then ſtepped in, and he became not leſs communicative than he was inquiſitive. He ſuppoſed that I was a lawyer, and that I came from Dublin; and ſeemed aſtoniſhed that I knew ſo little of the country, and that I never had been there before.

Upon my ſuppoſing, in my turn, that the clear fire before me was of Kilkenny coal, his anſwer was ſomewhat indignant, yet fraught with information. "Arrah no! my dear jewel, for by Shaſus we have as good coal as Kilkenny ourſelves, ay and better too. The devil an inch you rode today but upon coal pits. Sure it is we that ſerve all Munſter with coals, and Connaught too. Did not the Dutch Boors offer to their countryman, king William, that, if he would let them live by the laws of Holland, that they would make meadow ground of the whole bog of Allen, and carry the coals of Killinaul, through their canals, all over Ireland, ay and England too. For you ſee, that our coal is the hotteſt coal in the univerſe, and the only coal for drying malt with, becauſe it has no

ſmoke,

ſmoke, and therefore gives the beer neither taſte nor ſmell."

He then touched upon the affair of the White-boys, to whom he was no friend. He ſaid they had been in that town the very night before. You have heard of theſe banditti. I am not yet in poſſeſſion of the true ſtate of their caſe. For it is ſo variouſly repreſented in this country, that one muſt liſten with attention, and aſſent with caution. But the whole country round Killinaul bears upon the very face of it, an evident and ſufficient cauſe for their inſurgency; if inſurgency it may be called, where each houſekeeper diſclaims all connection with the wretches concerned.

Caſhel is a good town, but a poor city; it conſiſts, as I gueſs, of between five and ſix hundred houſes, ſome of which are very decent, and look as if inhabited by perſons of condition. It muſt have been formerly a place of the firſt conſequence in Ireland, for here Henry II. held a ſynod.

There is ſomewhat ſtill venerable in the ruins of the churches and monaſteries in

this ancient city. *Quocunque ingredimur in aliquam hiſtoriam veſtigium ponimus.* The ſight of the cathedral alone is a full compenſation for the loſs I may have ſuſtained in paſſing by Waterford. It is at once the largeſt and moſt ancient in the kingdom. I took a perſpective of it this morning, from a room in the Archbiſhop's houſe. It is, as you ſee, built upon a rock, and the whole is uſually called the *Rock of Caſhel.*

The dimenſion of the nave and choir, from eaſt to weſt, is about 200 feet, as I computed by ſtepping through nettles, and over-tumbling fragments of ſtone and mortar. The ſteeple is in the centre of the croſs; near the eaſt angle of the north ile is a round tower, to which leads a ſubterraneous paſſage from the church. Tradition ſays it is the oldeſt ſtructure upon the rock, which ſeems more than probable from a trifling circumſtance; all the buildings upon the rock, which is limeſtone or marble, are built of the ſame material, except the tower, which is of freeſtone. It may, therefore, be at leaſt preſumed, that the practice of quarrying was not then very common.

Sir

Sir James Ware ſays, this cathedral was built, about the time of the arrival of the Engliſh under Henry II.; but a learned clergyman, whom I met in Dublin, aſſures me, that in this the knight was miſtaken; for it appears from an inquiſition made in the ſecond of Henry IV. that the donation of certain lands, by the founder Donald O'Brien, was confirmed by letters patent of king John. Now Donald was brother to Morough More, king of Munſter, A. D. 1086; and this authentic record is to be ſeen Rot. Pat. ii. T. i. 3 pt. D.

Cormac's chapel, which you may obſerve in the angle, on the ſouth of the choir, is near two centuries older than the church; for Cormac was king of Munſter A. D. 901. This chapel, fifty feet by eighteen in the clear, is a very curious ſtructure, and of a ſtyle totally different from the church. Both on the outſide and inſide, are columns over columns, better proportioned than one could expect, from either the place or the time. The cieling is vaulted, and the outſide of the roof is corbeled ſo as to form a pediment pitch. At the angles of the eaſt end

are

are two ſmall towers, one of which you may diſtinguiſh in my ſketch.

It may not be unworthy obſervation, that the chapel is not parallel to the church, as it tends to confirm the greater antiquity of the chapel; for had the church been the older building, it is probable they would have accommodated the chapel to it, though, on the contrary, they would not have adapted the church to the chapel. As the firſt builders of churches were religiouſly exact in placing them due eaſt and weſt, the deviation of the chapel from the true line, we may preſume, was corrected in the church.

If we could be certain that due attention was given to the meridian, at founding each of theſe ſtructures, then the want of paralleliſm * in them would become a *datum* for aſcertaining the difference of their

* Since I wrote the above, Mr. O'Halloran ſhewed me his book, in which he gives the ichnography of theſe buildings; yet no notice is taken of this want of paralleliſm. He ſeemed ſurpriſed when I mentioned it to him, and ſtill more ſo, when I told him that the engraver had inverted the whole plate, putting the north for the ſouth, and the weſt for the eaſt. He told me he intruſted the taking of the plan to a common ſurveyor, and that he had the ſection of the chapel, which is inverted alſo, from Major Vallancy.

dates,

dates. For we know that the equinoxes move *in antecedentia*, one degree in ſeventy-two years; therefore, by turning the angle, which theſe two buildings make with each other, into years, we have the interval between their reſpective foundations.

If this angle, the meaſurement of which I leave to ſome future traveller, be three degrees, it would anſwer nearly to the ſuppoſed difference. But the angle was apparently much greater; ſay nine degrees, and then it will bring the foundation of the chapel, to the middle of the fifth century. And it is more than probable that it was erected by Cormac, upon the very foundation of that church, originally built here by St. Patrick.

That there was an edifice of lime and ſtone here in the fifth century, Major Vallancy ſhews to be highly credible; for the name of the place is mentioned in the acts of the life of St. Patrick, and that name, *Cas-iol*, ſignifies literally a houſe of lime and ſtone. As this was the ſeat of the kings of Munſter, we may naturally ſuppoſe, that the caſtle upon the rock was their reſidence, before the introduction of Chriſtianity,

Chriſtianity, as it continued to be after. Cormac was not only king, but Archbiſhop. *Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phœbique ſacerdos.*

Having now given you, Doctor, a full doſe of *learned* diſquiſition, I ſhall conclude this epiſtle, with the quaint epitaph of an Archbiſhop of Caſhel, who was a great favourite of queen Elizabeth. Bedrid for two years before his death, which happened in his hundredth year, he had the inſcription deeply cut on a plate over his monument; which is placed on a high baſis in the ſouth ſide of the choir, with his effigy in *alto relievo.*

Mileri Magrath Archiepiſcopi Caſhelienſis ad viatorem carmen.

Venerat in Dunum primo ſanctiſſimus olim
Patricius, noſtri gloria magna ſoli.
Huic ego ſuccedens, utinam tam ſanctus ut ille.
Sic Duni primo tempore præſul eram.
Anglia, luſtra decem, ſed poſt, tua ſceptra colebam,
Principibus placui, marte tonante, tuis.
Hic, ubi ſum poſitus, non ſum, ſum ubi non ſum;
Sum nec in ambobus, ſum ſed utroque loco.
Dominus eſt qui me judicat.
Qui ſtat caveat ne cadat.

LETTER XIV.

Caſhel.

AS the Rock of Caſhel overlooks the town, and at the ſame time a great extent of country, the moſt fertile in the kingdom, it is no wonder that it was choſen for the reſidence of the kings of Munſter. It has, however, loſt its rank of importance among the cities, for want of a navigable river. This would have more availed it at preſent, than that it was once the throne of kings.

Such a tract of country as is ſeen from the Rock, if in England, or even under the hands of common induſtry, would be as beautifully rich as any in the Britiſh empire. From thence you have an extended horizon, except where the Gaultees interpoſe; and this long chain of lofty hills gives a moſt pictureſque contour in many places. The interjacent grounds, fertile as avidity itſelf could wiſh, are not a dead level, but gently diverſified by lively undulations.

After

After all, the proſpect is far from being pleaſant. It requires an abſtraction of adventitious circumſtances to perceive its natural beauty: with a total neglect of cultivation, there is ſcarce a tree to be ſeen. The country is interſected with walls of dry ſtone, and ditches that never have been quicked. The ſquire's country ſeat, the rich farm houſe, or even the warm cottage, are here looked for, but looked for in vain. If there be an habitation, it is that of the face-ground ſhepherd, whoſe ſordid hovel ſerves but to caſt a deeper ſhade upon the gloom of depopulation. Your philanthropy would ſicken at the forlorn ſtate of this goodly tract.

In the town is a large and comfortable See-houſe, built within half a century. The old epiſcopal ſeat was the building you may ſee, on the weſt end of the cathedral. But this was battered in the rebellion of 1641, by Lord Inchiquin, who put all the prieſts to death he found in it, as they were the principal part of the garriſon, which defended the fortreſs.

The preſent Archbiſhop has a houſe upon his own eſtate, where he lives. You will

will be ſurpriſed when I tell you that there is not even a roofed church in this metropolis; the ſervice being performed in a ſorry room, where country courts are held. The choir of the cathedral was kept in repair, and uſed as a pariſh church, till within thirty years; but the ſituation not being acceſſible enough,—which, however, 20*l.* would have rendered ſo;—the roof was wantonly pulled down, an act of parliament and a grant of money being firſt obtained, to change the ſite of the cathedral, from the rock to the town. A new church of ninety feet by forty-five, was accordingly begun, and raiſed as high as the wall plates. But in that ſtate it has ſtood for near twenty years.

You would be amazed, conſidering how thinly the country is inhabited, at the number of Romaniſts I ſaw on Sunday, aſſembled together. Round the altar were ſeveral pictures, which, being at the diſtance of a very long nave of an old monaſtery, I went round to the door of one of the tranſepts, in order to ſee them more diſtinctly. The people made way for me, and ſome of them offered to conduct me to where the

and thatched, that men do even ſhun the places for the uncomelineſs thereof."

After quitting the abbey, I went to the court-leet room to hear, and, I own, to ſee the ſervice of God performed, according to the uſage of the church of England. And there I found a thin congregation, compoſed of ſome well-dreſſed women, ſome half dozen boys, and perhaps half a ſcore of foot ſoldiers. For there is a ſchool and a barrack in the town.

How differently is the ſtate of the dioceſe of Armagh repreſented? It is ſaid, that the archbiſhop of that ſee has not only decorated his cathedral, given it an organ, and fixed a choir there, but that he has built one of the beſt houſes in the kingdom, a real palace, ſuited to his elevated rank.

It was originally intended that biſhops ſhould reſide in cities. Lord Coke is of opinion that the very reſidence of a biſhop conſtitutes a city. His Grace therefore, with ideas truly epiſcopal, would have Armagh a city not only of courteſy but in reality; and to effect it, he makes it a condition with his tenants, that they ſhall all build good houſes, and ſlate them. *Inventa lateritia*

lateritia marmorea relinquenda. Nor has he ſtopped here. He, at his own expence, has built and endowed a ſumptuous dioceſan library; and by his influence and contribution he has erected a magnificent hoſpital, a college, and even a barrack. His clergy are all following his ſteps; and new houſes, new churches, and ſpired ſteeples are every day riſing through every quarter of his dioceſe.

Dr. Garnet, biſhop of Clogher, had been long purſuing the ſame plan. He has improved his cathedral and palace, built churches where they have been wanting, and ſcarce a pariſh in his dioceſe is without a good new parſonage-houſe.

Still farther north, Hervey, brother to Lord Briſtol, is following their examples. And, all together, they are rendering Ulſter, the moſt mountainous and barren quarter of the kingdom, as eminently ſuperior to the other provinces, in the eccleſiaſtical department, as it had been before in the civil.

But you muſt be tired with a ſubject which cannot appear at a diſtance, of ſuch importance, as to one on the ſpot. Good night.

LETTER XV.

Caſhel.

MY ſhort ſtay here has afforded me frequent opportunities of converſing with the common people; who, having obſerved me meaſuring one of the monaſteries, would ſometimes follow me at a diſtance, and ſometimes throw themſelves in my way, in order to get or give information.

Their native humour was entertaining, and their remarks upon men and manners ſhrewd and ſagacious; but nothing could be more ridiculous and abſurd than their traditional tales. Aſking them for the reaſon of the name of the Hore Abbey, they told me, that one of their queens, who in her youth had been a great *whore*, founded it for the ſalvation of her *poor* ſoul.

Their curioſity was ſtrong to know whence I came, and where I was going, and what could be my motive for taking the dimenſions of ſuch old walls. It contributed not a little to remove their reſerve towards me, that I was unknown by every body; yet they did not, without an artful and

and wily addreſs, diſcover their ſentiments as to the White-boys. They always took care to ſay, that they were wrong in what they were about, at the very time they were inſinuating that others were more in fault than they.

Yeſterday there was a horſe-race, and at night an aſſembly. Too buſy for the courſe in the morning, I was glad of an opportunity to change the ſolitude of an inn, for ſuch gaiety in the evening. And never was I more ſurpriſed than at the multitude and politeneſs of the company. Some nobility, and all the gentry from far and near, were collected together. We had no leſs than two ſets of dancers, and three or four card tables. The ladies were not only well but elegantly dreſſed, in the *ton* of a winter or two ſince in London.

Of what extremes is this country compoſed? Here every thing wore the face of feſtivity and pleaſure; it looked as if Amalthea had emptied her horn in this ſpot. I had heard of vivacity, and I had ſeen it in individuals, but never, till laſt night, did I ſee it univerſally pervade ſo large a maſs.

The women vied with the men in the diſplay of animal powers.

You have ſeen Stubbs's picture of the Chariot of the Sun; and you may remember how the wheels blaze, and how the horſes are maned with flame; every thing ſeems in the naſcent ſtate of conflagration. It was juſt ſo here. You would have ſaid they breathed fire. We frog-blooded Engliſh dance as if the practice were not congenial to us; but here they moved as if dancing had been the buſineſs of their lives. The *Rock of Caſhel* was a tune which ſeemed to inſpire particular animation.

Theſe people have quick and violent ſpirits, betraying them ſometimes into ſudden ſtarts of indecorum, which the ſeverity of punctilio would not fail to cenſure, while candour would only conſider them as the venial flaſhes of mirth and good-humour. I have ſeen the whole room in a convulſion of laughter at a falſe ſtep made by one of the dancers. Nor does penury repreſs theſe ebullitions among the lower ranks; for though four centinels, with their bayonets fixed,

fixed, were ſtationed at the door, the mob ruſhed in, and rendered the room very offenſive.

How different are the effects of the ſame ſenſibility in another line? I had been ſtrolling through the market, in order to ſee what commodities were ſold, and to obſerve the humours of the people; when I obſerved a poor woman, who had loſt her purſe, containing but two or three ſhillings. The poor creature wept aloud, and the women, about her, joined in the lamentation; which had ſuch an effect, that a general outcry was the conſequence, ſo piteous and ſo doleful, that the men theirſelves could not refrain the ſympathetic tear.

In this market I obſerved a great number of little bags, which men carried in upon their ſhoulders, and ſet down for ſale. Upon examination, I found them filled with wheat; ſome of them contained ten or twelve pounds, ſome a ſtone and a half, ſome more and ſome leſs. It is hardly neceſſary to review the face of the country, in order to learn the ſtate of its agriculture; this ſingle fact reflects it as a mirror.

Were

Were I to deviſe an emblematical figure of Ireland, in her preſent ſtate, it ſhould not be a Minerva-like figure, with her ſpear and harp; nor ſhould it be a Diana with her wolf dogs coupled, and the mooſe deer in the thicket of the back ground. For that ſpecies of deer has been extinct here longer than the records of Iriſh hiſtory reach; the wolves too being all deſtroyed, and the dogs therefore uſeleſs, it looks as if nature intended that their ſpecies ſhould fail alſo, for I never could ſee one of them. But my picture of Ireland ſhould be *mulier formoſa ſuperne*, a woman exquiſitely beautiful, with her head and neck richly attired, her boſom full, but meanly dreſſed, her lower parts lean and emaciated, half covered with tattered weeds, her legs and feet bare, with burned ſhins, and all the *ſqualor* of indigent ſloth.

But to return to our aſſembly; where, though unknowing and unknown, I met an inſtance of that civility to ſtrangers, for which this country is ſo juſtly famed. I had indeed hitherto withdrawn myſelf from all poſſible occaſions of meeting with it, as I had little time to ſpare for this purpoſe, and

and was rather deſirous to learn the true ſtate of the country and people in other reſpects; their character for hoſpitality being already ſufficiently eſtabliſhed. But as this was the firſt opportunity I ever took, of experimenting in this way, I cannot in juſtice to true politeneſs paſs it over.

A gentleman, whom I ſince learn to be a phyſician, ſeeing me a ſtranger, accoſted me in a manner which beſpoke the liberality of literature and travel; and after offering all his ſervices in conducting me to whatever might gratify my curioſity in his country, he aſked me whether I would chuſe to dance or play cards, that he might introduce me, &c. I need not tell you which I choſe. He got me an agreeable partner for one ſet, and the next I choſe for myſelf. Their converſation was as ſpirited as their dancing. One of them had a perſon that would be gazed at in St. James's. Theſe people were upon the whole ſo free, ſo eaſy, and ſo engaging, that I cannot help feeling myſelf intereſted in their national proſperity.

My

My new acquaintance the Doctor, whoſe name is Carrol, made me known, or rather indeed he made ſeveral gentlemen known to me; for as yet, he did not know my name. Several polite invitations were the conſequence; one of which I accepted from a gentleman, who, as my conductor, the Doctor tells me, is ſon to a Roman catholic of large property and great influence, deſcended from the once royal family of the Macarty's. This will be a ſcene of novelty. I ſhall not forget to let you know all that ſhall befal me, among theſe deſcendants of Hibernian kings. Farewell.

LETTER XVI.

Tipperary, September 20, 1775.

SINCE my laſt, I have ſpent ſome days moſt agreeably at Mr. Macarty's of Springhill; where hoſpitality was diſplayed in its beſt manner, diveſted of thoſe qualities, which of old tarniſhed the luſtre of that virtue in Ireland. There was no conſtraint in the article of wine, nor indeed in any

any other. There was as much eaſe as in the houſe of an Engliſh Duke.

However, leaſt from the little I have ſeen, ſo repugnant to what I have heard on this ſubject, I might lead to a miſconception of the ruling manners at preſent, I muſt obſerve, that this ancient family have ſeen much of the world. The eldeſt daughter is married to a colonel in the Imperial ſervice, who is alſo an officer of ſtate at court; the eldeſt ſon, whom I met at the aſſembly, is an officer in the ſame ſervice, and Miſs Macarty is but lately returned from viſiting her ſiſter. You will not be diſpleaſed to hear, ſhe preferred England to every other country ſhe had ſeen; which to me ſtill more endeared her,

——— who had every grace, and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm.

Here we were at meals, even on Sunday, regaled with the bag-pipe, which, to my uncultivated ear, is not an inſtrument ſo unpleaſant as the lovers of Italian muſic repreſent it. After ſupper, I for the firſt time

time drank whiſky punch, the taſte of which is harſh and auſtere, and the ſmell worſe than the taſte. The drinkers of it ſay it becomes ſo palatable, that they can reliſh no other; which may very poſſibly be the caſe, for I ſuppoſe that claret is not reliſhed by any palate at firſt.

The ſpirit was very fierce and wild, requiring not leſs than ſeven times its own quantity of water to tame and ſubdue it. They told me there was a ſort much ſtronger, diſtilled with aromatic ſubſtances, at a guinea a bottle, called *uſque-bagh*, which is literally *eau-de-vie*; as whiſky or *uiſge* is emphatically the *water*.

This was the *liqueur*, which the Czar Peter the Great was ſo fond of, that he uſed to ſay, "of all wines, *Iriſh wine* was the beſt."

Here I met with Mr. Baker, a clergyman, and a man of letters, who gave me a cordial invitation to his houſe, promiſing to introduce me to Mr. Armſtrong, miniſter of Tipperary; a gentleman curious in the antiquities of his country, and furniſhed with one of the beſt libraries in the kingdom. I had no difficulty in accepting this invitation,

invitation, but that it ſeparated me from the agreeable family at Spring-hill.

In Mr. Baker, I found a young-looking man, but of ancient plainneſs, and ſimplicity of manners. His words were few, but thoſe were correct, and all his ſentiments ſhewed that he thought for himſelf. His wife, of an elegant perſon, was rather under the common ſize, but the ſtature of her mind was of the firſt magnitude. She is ſiſter to Mr. Jephſon, author of Braganza, which had ſuch a run the laſt winter. If this lady writes as well as ſhe ſpeaks, ſhe would certainly figure in the *Belles-Lettres.* She has ſuch a purity of diction, ſuch elegance of ſentiment, and ſuch warmth of imagination as would amaze you. Yet theſe ſhining qualities ſerve only to ſhed a luſtre upon the goodneſs of her heart; thoſe make her an admirable, this renders her an amiable, woman.

Tipperary is a ſmall, but thriving village, with little or no manufacture. An effort has been made to eſtabliſh the linen manufacture, and for this purpoſe a colony of northern weavers was ſettled there about forty years ago. But this proved ineffectual;

effectual; for the children of thoſe weavers, like the other natives, neither weave nor ſpin; and in every thing but religion, are undiſtinguiſhable from the general maſs. Such is the reſiliency of all nature to its original ſtate.

General and inveterate habits of ſloth, muſt be removed upon ſyſtematic principles, before a way can be made for the introduction of the arts of induſtry; a few examples are not ſufficient to excite an imitation of better things. We are all by nature abhorrent of labour, for labour gives pain. Sloth muſt prevail, till the incentives to diligence overpower the propenſity to idleneſs: which can never be the caſe, till artificial wants become, at leaſt, as numerous as thoſe which are really natural. If an Iriſhman feels no inconvenience from walking barefoot, he will hardly be induced to work for the price of brogues.

The manner in which the poor of this country live, I cannot help calling beaſtly. For upon the ſame floor, and frequently without any partition, are lodged the huſband and wife, the multitudinous brood of children, all huddled together upon ſtraw

or

or ruſhes, with the cow, the calf, the pig, and the horſe, if they are rich enough to have one.

Their houſes are of ſeveral ſorts; but the moſt common is the ſod-wall, as they call it. By ſods you are to underſtand the graſſy ſurface of the earth, or the *ceſpes* of the Latins. Some build their houſes of mud, as we do: others uſe ſtone without mortar, for two or three feet from the ground, and ſod or mud for two or three on the top of that; their ſide-walls being ſeldom above five or ſix feet high.

Sometimes you may ſee an ingenious builder avail himſelf of the ſide of a ditch, which ſerves for a ſidewall, and parallel thereto, he rears a wall in one or other of the modes I have deſcribed, as his own fancy, the facility of the method, or abundance of materials may lead him.

Another will improve upon this plan, and make the grip or foſſe of the ditch, ſerve for the area of his habitation, by a little paring to widen the ſpace; he being thus ſaved the labour of erecting ſide-walls, and having only the trouble to build his

gables; for the which his prompt invention has a noble ſuccedaneum in the hip roof.

Their mode of roofing is not leſs ingenious. They take the branches of a tree, the largeſt of which they uſe as principals and purlins, and the remainder they lay parallel to the principals, for ſupport of a thin paring of the graſſy ſurface of meadow ground, like the ſods, only much broader, tougher, and thinner. Theſe they call ſcraws, meaning to be ſure ſcrowls, ſeeing they are rolled up in that form, as they are pared. But they would be better called *hides*, for they are flayed off the earth. With theſe, however, they cover the ſmall branches or wattles, and over all, they faſten a coat of ſtraw, or, in default of ſtraw, they cover with ruſhes or the haum of their beans or potatoes, and in mountainous tracts with heath.

Sometimes they have a hole in the roof to let out the ſmoke, and ſometimes none. For to have a chimney, would be a luxury too great for the generality. The conſequence is a houſe full of ſmoke, at leaſt in the upper region, where it floats in thick clouds, the lower part being pretty clear of

of it. To avoid the acrimony of which you are obliged to ſtoop down, and the poor man of the houſe immediately offers you a low ſtool; that you may be, what he calls, out of the ſmoke. And this is, probably, the only ſtool in the houſe; for the children neſtle round the fire almoſt naked, with their toes in the aſhes. Even the women, though not ſo naked, ſit upon their hams in the ſame way. But in ſpite of their general adheſion to the ground, the old people are, for the moſt part, bleareyed, with pale and ſooty faces.

The only ſolace theſe miſerable mortals have, is in matrimony; accordingly, they all marry young. Moſt girls are, one way or another, mothers at ſixteen; and every houſe has ſhoals of children. Not that, I ſuppoſe, women are by nature more prolific here than in England, yet their early marriages, and neceſſary temperance, furniſh more frequent inſtances of fœcundity.

Nor is this country without inſtances of extreme longevity. Mr. Ruſſel of Cloneen died, April 1770, at the age of 145. But ſuch are not found in the ſooty cabbins, whoſe wretched owners do not grow

to the ſize of well-fed men, and conſequently cannot extend their lives to the natural term. People may ſay what they pleaſe about the wholeſomeneſs of a mere potatoe diet; but ſhew me a ſet of men, with ſuch a roſy hue of health, as the butchers of England.

From the promiſcuous way theſe people lie together, a ſuſpicion naturally ariſes in a ſtranger's mind, that inceſt is unavoidable amongſt them. Yet upon the ſtricteſt inquiry, I find the fact to be otherwiſe. They are bred up in ſuch an abhorrence of the turpitude of this crime, that I am inclined to think it as infrequent here, as among more-civilized nations. The better ſort of people ſeemed rather ſurpriſed that I ſhould entertain ſuch an opinion; which only ſhews, that what we ſee practiſed from our infancy, though ever ſo unnatural, makes no impreſſion.

A little reflection, however, will remove even the grounds of ſuſpicion. Bred up from childhood together, their wonted and innocent familiarity is carried on ſtep by ſtep, without impure emotions being excited. One of theſe poor ſouls is no more

inflamed

inflamed by the nude boſom of a ſiſter, than in a more affluent ſtate he would be on ſeeing it covered with gauze.

There is no indecency in mere nakedneſs. Would drapery add to the modeſty of the Medicean Venus? The chaſteſt eye may gaze upon the naked figures of the Graces; but emotions will ariſe on ſeeing *the lady ſtepping over the ſtyle.* Yet nothing is ſeen that our Madonas do not diſcloſe. It is the imagination too dainty, from miſtaken refinements, that annexes modeſty or immodeſty to dreſs, or to the want of it.

There are certain adjuncts peculiar, neither to the concealment nor diſplay of beauty, capable of exciting ideas either groſs or refined. And as the artiſt, by availing himſelf of theſe aſſociations, may paint modeſty naked, and lewdneſs wrapped up, ſo the nakedneſs of ſavage nations may not tend to immorality, whilſt the dreſs of civilized people may be panders to ſenſuality. Was there not an ancient legiſlator, who, in order to leſſen the influence of women over the men, expoſed them naked?

It was far otherwiſe in the ſtate of innocence and pure love,——

Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of Nature's works; honour diſhonourable!
Sin-bred! How have ye troubled all mankind,
With ſhews inſtead, mere ſhews of ſeeming pure;
And baniſhed from man's life, his happieſt life,
Simplicity, and ſpotleſs innocence?
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhun'd the ſight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill.

LETTER XVII.

Tipperary.

I Generally ſpend my mornings here in riding to ſuch places as my kind conductors think moſt worthy obſervation; I have been to ſee a large unfiniſhed houſe of Lord Milton's at Shrone-hill, and other places of leſs note. But the only building worthy any remark, is the Abbey of *Holy-Croſs*, the architecture of which, more than ordinarily elegant for this country, ſufficiently rewarded the fatigue of a long ride.

I learn, from Mr. Armſtrong, that this Abbey was founded in the twelfth century, by Donald O'Brien, whoſe monument is ſtill

ſtill to be ſeen near the high altar. In the ſouth aile is the ſhrine, wherein ſome pieces of the croſs were ſuppoſed to be preſerved; both of which are more highly embelliſhed than any other Gothic remain I had ſeen in Ireland.

From what I have ſaid in a former letter, you may conceive that agriculture is at a very low ebb in this country; I need not add that you may ride for miles, in the moſt fertile part of it, without ſeeing an acre of ploughed ground; except where potatoes had been, a year or two before. This is a ſubject I do not underſtand, but the proceſs of cultivation, generally adopted by the poor, I hear, is this: the firſt year they plant potatoes upon the ley, the next they ſow bere, the third wheat, and the fourth oats.

Their manner of planting potatoes is the following: after cutting the potatoe into ſeveral pieces, each of which muſt have what they call an *eye*, they ſpread theſe *ſets* on the ridges of about four or five feet wide, which they cover with mould, dug from furrows on each ſide, of about half the breadth of the ridge. In Autumn,

when they dig out their potatoes, they ſow the ridge, immediately before digging, with bere; and the ſame operation ſerves for gathering in their potatoes, and for covering the new ſown ſeed. This method, you'll ſay, is facile enough; yet ſuch is the fertility of the ſoil, that their crops are moſt abundant from it.

The above method, however, is not univerſal, for ſometimes they do not dig out their potatoes, till the froſt ſets in; and as hard froſts are very rare in this climate, ſome dig only as they want them. Whence it happens, that if a nipping froſt ſhould chance to ſurpriſe them, many loſe their whole crop, their chief ſubſiſtence; and then famine is ſure to *cling their bones* the enſuing ſummer. Such are the effects of having little to do, that people become indolent, and will do nothing.

The little culture, which is carried on, is exerciſed by the very dregs of the people, upon one acre or two, in the worſt manner, ſubſervient only to their immediate ſupport, without any farther proſpect. Their very implements of labour are of the moſt awkward and ineffectual forms.

When

When I tell you the price of lands here, you will perhaps ſuſpect I report upon haſty information. Yet be aſſured that 40*s.* an acre is the common rent of good lands, and that the beſt are rented at two guineas, which are 2*l.* 5*s.* and 6*d.* of this currency. It is true, that the Iriſh acre is larger than the Engliſh, the proportion of the ſquares of the perches, viz. 7 and $5\frac{1}{2}$.

Mr. Armſtrong, the rector of this very pariſh, has juſt taken a perpetuity of 286 acres, at 2*l. per* acre. And, upon my ſuppoſing to him, that his inducement to give ſo much, was a very good houſe and offices upon the grounds, he told me, that the ſame rent could have been had from a grazier, but that the owner made him a compliment of the bargain; and he at the ſame time aſſured me, that a great part of Tipperary and Limerick gave two guineas.

The rents are made almoſt entirely by grazing, and every care is taken to improve the breed of cattle. They bring over, at the peril of forfeiting both ſhip and cargo,

Lincolnſhire

Lincolnſhire rams; and the race of theſe are ſold from five to twenty, and ſometimes thirty guineas a ram.

The landlord, who gets his rent without trouble, and the grazier, who thrives upon depopulation, will tell you the lands of Munſter are ſo rich, that they are injured by cultivation.

This, however, ſcarcely requires a ſerious anſwer; for, if their lands were as fruitful as Arabia Felix, induſtry would improve them; but they have many ſpaces that demand perpetual culture. Their meadows, moſtly in their loweſt and wetteſt grounds, have never been drained, manured, or ſowed with graſs ſeeds. If we add to this, what ground might be ſaved, by feeding their flocks with turnips, peas, beans, carrots, cabbages, &c. it will be evident that the ſame farms, now occupied by brutes excluſively, would maintain the ſame numbers ſtill, together with farmers and manufacturers five-fold.

There is, I am told, a ſtatute, unrepealed, enjoining the cultivation of not leſs than five acres out of each hundred, under the

the penalty of 40*s.* But this act is as dead as the letters of it; for all the rich are delinquents, and none but the impotent poor are left to enforce the performance of it. Beſides, the quantity to be tilled was inadequate to the purpoſe of population, and the penalty was too ſmall for a ſanction, if the quantity had been ſufficient.

It may, after all, be queſtioned, whether any internal regulation, in favour of agriculture, can counterbalance the ill effects which reſult from the external embargo. Nothing could ſo effectually remedy theſe evils, as an open ſea, and a free exportation. For, upon a diſpaſſionate review of this matter, I am inclined to think that neither landlord, nor tenant, nor both together, are *entirely* in fault.

As the matter now ſtands, we take from hence when we are pinched, and poſſibly when it can be but ill ſpared; then, when we have ſerved ourſelves, we ſhut up their ports. This deſultory mode cannot anſwer any great purpoſe, either to them or us; whereas, if Ireland were ſuffered to export, at all times, it would ſoon be allured to a ſyſtematic

ſyſtematic induſtry, and become a perpetual granary to our manufacturing country. Farewell.

LETTER XVIII.

Tipperary.

IN Mr. Armſtrong's library, I have found great entertainment, not only from the books, but from ſome antique curioſities, found in the neighbouring bogs; and from a catalogue of others, not now in his poſſeſſion. Theſe are of ſuch importance to the forming juſt ideas of the ancient ſtate of Ireland, that I would tranſmit you a catalogue of them, only I find governor Pownall has publiſhed, from the ſame original I have ſeen, a copy in the miſcellaneous tracts of the Antiquarian Society *.

I ſend you, however, a ſketch of a little *crown* of ſilver, lately found near Caſhel; the diameter of which is 2 ½, and the height 3 ½ inches. It muſt, I conjecture, have belonged to ſome image of the vir-

* See a tranſcript of this catalogue, ſomewhat abreviated, in the Appendix.

gin,

gin, or rather child, either in the cathedral, or ſome of the monaſteries of Caſhel.

I give you alſo, by way of illuſtration, a rough draft of a *tumulus* near this town, amidſt hillocks nearly of the ſame ſhape, and overhanging a glaſſy lake. Theſe *tumuli* are mounds of earth thrown up, as ſepulchral monuments, in form of a truncated cone; and of dimenſions different, I preſume, according to the dignity of the deceaſed,

——fuit ingens monte ſub alto
Regis Dercenni terreno ex agere buſtum.—

Such monuments could be raiſed only for perſons of the firſt quality. And from a line in Lucan one would think they were appropriated to kings.

Et regum cineres extructo monte quieſcunt.

But Plutarch, relating the death of Demaratus, the Corinthian, upon a viſit he paid to Alexander the Great, ſays, "That he had a moſt magnificent funeral, the whole army raiſing him a monument of earth, four-ſcore cubits high, and of a vaſt circumference."

Theſe monuments are vulgarly called *Danes-mounts*. Yet, wherever they have been

been opened, urns have been found in them; a circumſtance, which alone diſproves their being Daniſh. For the practice of burning the dead was diſuſed long before the Danes poſſeſſed themſelves of Ireland, or rather of the maritime towns; for I do not find that their dominion extended to the internal parts.

Had theſe mounts been thrown up by the Danes; from the odium in which, even to this day, the memory of thoſe invaders is held, the Iriſh would not have failed to demoliſh ſuch memorials of their own diſgrace, as ſoon as they had expelled the authors of it. But, ſo far are they from deſtroying them, they hold them in veneration, and it would be difficult to find a labourer hardy enough to violate the ſacred earth, with a ſpade.

Herodotus ſpeaking of the tombs, raiſed by the Scythians for their kings, ſays, "they laboured to raiſe as high a mount of earth for them as poſſible." Theſe artificial hills then muſt be attributed to the Scythian origin of this people. I was ſurpriſed to find the ingenious Mr. Molineux aſcribing them to the Danes, eſpecially

cially as he mentions two coins of the emperors Theodoſius and Valentinian, being found in that famous Tumulus, at New Grange, near Drogheda. This, though not a deciſive evidence, is certainly a preſumptive one, that theſe ſepulchres were anterior to the Danes in Ireland; and the rather, as thoſe coins are deſcribed to be ſharp and unworn.

Such mounts, however, are not peculiar to Ireland: I have ſeen ſome of the ſame kind in Scotland, and there are no leſs than ſix in a line, within a mile or two ſouth of the little village of Stevenage in Hertfordſhire.

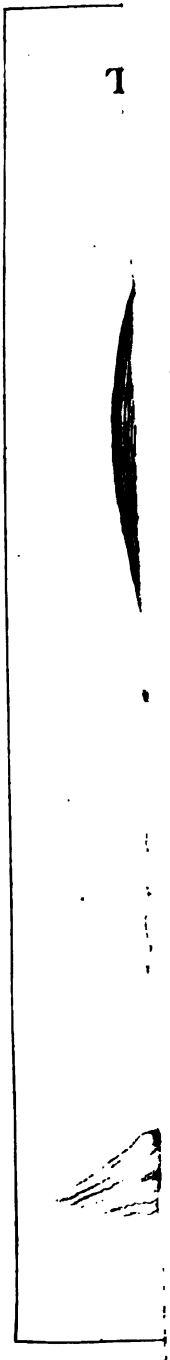
I ſend you as exact a drawing as I could make, of a braſs ſword, found in a bog near Cullen, which is twenty-ſix inches in length, and weighs near two pounds. Mr. Armſtrong ſays, he has ſeen twenty-two others of nearly the ſame conſtruction, found in the ſame place. The catalogue, to which I have referred you, mentions that above 300 have, from time to time, been found in this quarter.

What makes theſe brazen ſwords ſuch a valuable remnant to the Iriſh antiquarian, is, they ſerve to corroborate the opinion, that

that the Phœnicians had footing in this kingdom. For the ſword-blades ſo lately found upon the plains of Cannæ, were of the ſame metal and conſtruction; and being uſed by the Carthaginians, who were originally Tyrians, they eſtabliſh the certainty, that theſe braſs weapons were Phœnician alſo. Conſequently, ſomewhat more than preſumption ariſes, that Ireland had its arts, and letters, from the country of Cadmus; as her traditions uniformly report.

With Mr. Baker, I ſaw eleven old coins, lately found at Merſeilles, which, though in no wiſe relative to this country, yet being ſomewhat curious to me, a mere novice in medals, I cannot help giving you ſome account of them. They have each a Minerva's head, and on the reverſe, a bull in the act of butting. The legend under the bull is ΜΑΣΣΑΛΙΗΤΩΝ. Thus far they all agreed, yet they had been all ſtruck from different dies, and at different periods; for ſome were very neat, and others in a very coarſe manner; which ſeems to point out a regular gradation of refinement in the arts, from the ſtriking of the firſt to the laſt. Each of them has

different



different figures over the Bull; one a blazing ſtar, another a bow, a heart, a wreath of laurel, a creſcent, &c. And there was a Mercury, on the wing, exceedingly well executed.

But I had almoſt forgot to mention to you a circumſtance relative to the braſs ſword: Lord Townſhend liked its form ſo much, that he told Mr. Armſtrong he would adopt it in his regiment of artillery. For you muſt know, that when this nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he took a tour to learn the ſtate of the country, and paſſing this way, he outrode his *ſuite*, and overtook Mr. Armſtrong. They fell into converſation, and our worthy parſon hearing that the repreſentative of Majeſty was to ſleep at Tipperary, lamented the badneſs of the inn; and that he could not preſume to offer a bed to ſo great a gueſt. But, Sir, ſays he, taking him for an Aid-de-camp, I ſhall be happy in giving you a bed and ſupper too, when you can diſengage yourſelf from your attendance on his Lordſhip. I live not far from the town, and any body will ſhew you the houſe of

Mr. Armſtrong, the miniſter of the pariſh.

This adventure muſt have been doubly pleaſing to our facetious viceroy, when he alighted at Tipperary, and had a proſpect of the wretched entertainment, to which he muſt have ſubmitted in a dirty alehouſe. He, however, fineſſed no longer, but ſent down his compliments to Mr. Armſtrong, with a meſſage, that Lord Townſhend would take a bed with him. And ſo well pleaſed was he with his hoſt, that he took the firſt opportunity of promoting his ſon, who was an officer in the army. This I relate to the mutual honour of both parties.

In this neighbourhood lives the deſcendant of him who gave the laſt and fatal ſtroke to the unhappy Charles. He had been a common dragoon in Cromwell's army; and for this ſervice, the uſurper rewarded him with a captain's double debenture.

I ſpend my evenings ſtill more pleaſantly than my mornings. Mr. Baker, and Mr. Armſtrong live ſo near each other, that we

are

are always together; and the latter, having a very large family of daughters and nieces, I have been prevailed on to play at cards. The game, however, is one which requires neither ſkill nor attention, and is rather a ſupplement to the pauſes of chat, than an interruption to cheerful converſation.

As the events of chance were never important enough to engage my attention, I uſed to hate cards; I never could ſee any amuſement in being plundered by my adverſary, railed at by my partner, and laughed at by the ſtanders-by. But now I am grown very fond of them; and ſuch excellent leſſons do the ladies give, that I flatter myſelf with becoming an adept.

Though Mr. Hoyle has laid down no rules for the game *we* play, it is worth all he ever taught put together. It is of ſo very ſocial a kind, that the number of players is limited only by the number of cards in the pack. It does not impoſe ſilence like *whiſt*, but affords a pleaſant exerciſe for the tongue, and is more philoſophical than even that Pythagorean game; for the initiated may

ſee in it, as in a mirror, an exact image of the great play of life.

As in our game, one only can get the pool; ſo in the world one only can arrive at the pinnacle of fortune, in the ſame line of ambition, *quia plures excellere nequeunt.*

As at each deal one muſt loſe, and another win, the utmoſt ſkill being ſometimes uſeleſs, whilſt a total want of it proves ſucceſsful; ſo in life, ſome are born to large eſtates, or obtain them without diligence or addreſs, whilſt others toil on unſucceſsfully, and are baffled at laſt, in ſpight of all the efforts of human wiſdom.

Again, it often happens that a junto of young people who ſit together, play into one another's hands, and of courſe one of them wins the pool; ſo in life, friends and relations, by mutual partialities, lead one another to fortune's goal, whilſt the beſt-laid ſchemes, of thoſe who ſtand ſingle and play fair, turn out abortive: ſomething like an invincible neceſſity prevailing to determine, in all caſes, the winnings and the loſings, and to reprobate the maxim, *quiſque ſuæ fortunæ faber.*

To-morrow

To-morrow I ſhall ſet out for Cork, where I hope to find a letter from you. I with pleaſure tell you that air and exerciſe have diſpelled that dejection of ſpirits which was wont to oppreſs me; and the ſociety I have enjoyed here, hath ſo attached me to the place, that I ſhall not leave it without reluctance: I already ſigh at the thoughts of parting with ſuch friends, whom I ſhall probably never ſee, or perhaps hear of more. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Cork, October 4th, 1775.

AFTER parting with my agreeable and learned friends at Tipperary, I ſoon aſcended the Gaultees, and then deſcended into a valley, called the Glin of Agherlow, whence the oppoſite ridge ſeemed ſtupendous. That which I paſſed, not without fatigue, was comparatively as the cock-boat to a firſt-rate man of war. The ridge juſt croſſed, was for ſome miles to the right hand, ſkirted with oak woods, which at beſt were of ſmall growth, but they became gradually ſtunted more and

more, as they climbed the ſteep, till at length they dwindled into mere ſhrubs; and left the ſummit bare.

This is the univerſal order of nature, and I wiſh gentlemen, who are ſo fond of circular clumps on the tops of hills, in hilly countries, would attend to it. Sitting now, after a very good dinner, and having nothing to obſerve of the place, but that coming in late, I with difficulty got a bed in any of the inns, and that I muſt ſoon retire to an ordinary bed, and a dirty chamber, I ſhall employ the interval, in ſetting down my reflections upon this ſubject, confirmed by what I obſerved today.

It will not, I believe, be controverted, that the moſt beautiful countries are thoſe which are gently varied with hill and dale; equally removed from the roughneſs of the mountain, or the deadneſs of the flat. If mountains are introduced to embelliſh the ſcenery, they muſt be placed at a due diſtance, elſe their ruggedneſs is deformity. It ſhould then be the planter's object to reduce the landſkip to the happy medium of being neither too hilly nor too level. And

in this picturesque mixture of hill and dale, few countries are, I suppose, more happy than Ireland; it wants nothing but plantation, and cultivation.

If a country is generally level, and if a spot should swell above the rest, then you are by all means to encourage the undulation. You are by planting it with the loftiest forest trees, to give it boldness and variety, for in so doing, you relieve it from that tiresome uniformity which creeps along a dead flat.

On the other hand, if the country is too hilly, you are, as far as in you lies, to reduce it nearer to a plain; not by that expensive, artless, and generally ineffectual mode of removing earth, but by planting the valley, or along the feet of the hills: for, by this means, you deduct the height of the plantation from the height of the hill, and, as it were, level the hill by apparently raising the valley; and thus approach nature's varied medium, the very essence of beauty.

By planting on great eminences, instead of correcting, you exaggerate the deformity of your grounds. Trees are in them-

ſelves ſo beautiful, that I am always glad to ſee them wherever they are, eſpecially in this naked country, but the ſummits of her hills are not the place for them. *Sed nunc non erat his locus.* There is one caſe, and only one, where they are not, there, miſplaced, and that is in regions uncultivated, to ſhew that they are not quite deſerted by the human ſpecies.

I have put this caſe, yet it is one barely poſſible; for the tops of hills are generally ſo barren, and univerſally ſo expoſed, that trees are with difficulty reared, and never thrive upon them. Let us then attend to the workings of nature, and we ſhall find her diſclaiming trees on the tops of hills, by denying them vegetation; let us conſult the feelings of taſte, and we ſhall find them diſpleaſing to our ſenſe of beauty.

Even the circular figure of theſe clumps, is of all others the moſt artleſs, for of iſoperimetrals the circle is the moſt capacious. Conſequently, inſtead of diſplaying your trees to the beſt advantage, you in effect hide a great proportion of them; whilſt you make an oſtentation of art, both in the choice of the figure and of the ſituation,

tion. But let us *naturalize* art, inſtead of *artilizing* nature. Plantations upon expoſed elevations, are the utmoſt ſoleciſms in improvement, both in reſpect of beauty and utility.

There is between Caſhel and Tipperary, a park the largeſt and beſt planted in this kingdom; containing, it is ſaid, above 1500 Iriſh acres, or near 2000 Engliſh; and abounding with droves of red, and other deer, proportioned to its extent. The Gaultees are ſet at ſuch a due diſtance, that they are the fineſt termination for the proſpect a painter could deſire; the lands are rich, and the trees the beſt grown I have ſeen in Ireland. Here are all the *capabilities* for a terreſtrial paradiſe; and yet one thing is wanting that mars the whole. Every violence, that ſhe is capable of ſuffering, has been done to Nature.

Behind the houſe is a ſquare parterre of flowers, with terraces thickly ſtudded with buſts and ſtatues; before it, a long and blind avenue, planted with treble rows of well-grown trees, extends its awkward length. In the centre of this, and on the acclivity of the hill, terminating the viſta, are little

fiſh ponds, pond above pond. The whole park is thrown into ſquares and parallelograms, with numerous avenues fenced and planted; where if a hillock dared to interpoſe its little head, it was cut off as an excreſcence, or at leaſt cut through; that the roads might be every where as level, as they are ſtraight. Thus was this delightful ſpot, treated by ſome *Procruſtes* of the laſt age.

I own to you I felt more pain than pleaſure in this demeſne. I could not help wiſhing, that inſtead of torturing the place to the plan, they had accommodated the plan to the place. Indeed, all prediſpoſed plans for laying out grounds are dangerous; for every place has within itſelf a plan, from which true taſte can never deviate. Nature may be improved, but never changed to advantage. Levelling hills and raiſing mounds, at a vaſt expence of money, is like the cuſtom of the Indians, who, at the expence of their blood, ſlit their ears, and gaſh their faces, to improve their beauty.

I breakfaſted at Mitchelſtown, a very poor village in the county of Cork, fourteen Iriſh, but near eighteen Engliſh miles from Tipperary.

Tipperary. And here, for the firſt time, I felt enough of that wretchedneſs I had ſo often heard of in Iriſh Inns. But, it was not to be expected that ſuch good accommodations ſhould be met with, in a croſs road, as in the direct ones from the capital.

In all this way, though the grounds were generally fertile and pleaſant, I ſaw but one gentleman's ſeat. This one was well wooded, and ſituated on the brow of a hill, overhanging a little ſtream which meandered through the valley, near which were ſeveral old ruins of religious houſes, at a place called Gaul-Bally, *i. e.* the town of the Gauls or Celts. I then doubled the ſouthern ridge of the Gaultees, which was terminated by what at a diſtance ſeemed a ſugar loaf, but at its baſe a promontory.

This long chain of hills, which fences in the Glin of Agherlow on one ſide, diſputes with Mangerton, in the county of Kerry pre-eminence of altitude *. Yet, in this reſpect

* Yet I cannot conceive that any of the Gaultees is 3060 feet perpendicular height, which Mangerton is ſaid to be. And I ſhould ſuſpect that the height of Mangerton had not been preciſely aſcertained. The higheſt of the Pyrennees is but

reſpect they are not to be compared to Snowdon, or even others of the Welch mountains. But they are of forms the moſt beautiful, fantaſtic, and pictureſque, that can be imagined. Firſt they riſe from little hills, till at length they ſwell into mountains, acclivity above acclivity, ſhade above ſhade; ſome piercing the clouds in ſpiral lines, ſome conically acuminated, and ſome over hanging the reſt, in horrible magnificence.

Between two cliffs, I ſaw what at firſt I took for ſmoke; but at a height too great, and in a ſpot too craggy for human approach, I ſoon perceived that it did not riſe from fire, but from its oppoſite element: It proceeded from a ſmall ſtream, which falling perpendicularly, was checked by a briſk gale, then blowing in a contrary direction, and raiſed up with ſuch force, that it was rarefied into vapour as ſubtile as ſmoke.

but 2880,—Mount Cenis 3080,—White Mountain in Savoy 4876,—Teneriffe 5132, almoſt three miles,—but Chimboraco, one of the Andes, is 6440, about three miles and a half.

From

From Mitchelſtown, the country becomes unſpeakably dreary for ſeven or eight miles. The greateſt part of it was an unvaried waſte, without either hill or dale, bog or mountain, arable or paſture; for though it was high, it was level; and though black, it was hard; too ſtony for the plough, and too barren for graſs. The jaded eyes felt ſome refreſhment at ſight of the plantations round Kilworth; which, though a poor village, looked opulent after Mitchelſtown.

From Kilworth hither, the cottages grow more frequent, and leſs wretched than thoſe in the fruitful vales of Tipperary. The country is, however, generally naked, except a ſweet little ſpot called Fermoy, on the Black-water. Here I was delighted at ſeeing a good large nurſery of trees; for I promiſed myſelf, from this phænomenon, better things on my approach to Cork. But I was ſorely diſappointed, for except at Rathcormac, a poor borough, near which is a pleaſant reſidence, the whole country is almoſt treeleſs. The ſorry incloſures being planted with furze or goſs, and the incloſed grounds being very much overrun with

with them alſo, adds double darkneſs to this gloomy region. Yet the land from Kilworth is rich enough, and with proper cultivation would produce excellent crops.

But I muſt bid you good night. To-morrow I purpoſe to ſpend in reconnoitring the city and its environs; of which, as my arrival was late, after a ride of above fifty miles, I have not yet got even the perſpective.

LETTER XX.

Cork.

THIS is a city large and extenſive, beyond my expectation. I had been taught to think worſe of it, in all reſpects, than it deſerves; it was deſcribed as the magazine of naſtineſs. And as it is the great ſhambles of the kingdom, I was prediſpoſed to credit theſe reports; but it is really as clean, in general, as the metropolis. The ſlaughter-houſes are all in the ſuburbs, and there, indeed, the gale is not untainted; but in the city, properly ſo called, all is tolerably clean, and conſequently ſweet. If ſufficient care were taken, even the ſuburbs might

might be purged of every thing offenſive, either to the ſight or ſmell; for they ſtand upon the declivity of hills, and down each ſtreet there is a copious flow of water, perpetually waſhing down the filth, from the door of each ſlaughter-houſe into the river, which ſurrounds the town. The city is ſituated, as Spencer graphically deſcribes it, in his marriage of the Thames and Medway.

> The ſpreading Lee, that like an iſland fair,
> Encloſeth Cork, with his divided flood.

This iſland is interſected with ſeveral canals, either natural or artificial, which, being banked and quayed in, bring up ſhips almoſt to every ſtreet. The city, however, is moſtly compoſed of lanes, cutting the main-ſtreets at right angles, and ſo narrow, that one of them, which is but ten feet wide, is called Broad-lane. The houſes are old, and far from being elegant in their appearance. On the new quays, indeed, there are ſome fair looking buildings; which they are obliged to weather ſlate. And this

they

they do in a manner ſo neat as to render it, almoſt, ornamental.

There are two large ſtone bridges, one to the north, and the other to the ſouth, over the grand branches of the Lee, beſides ſeveral ſmall ones, and ſome draw-bridges thrown over the leſſer branches or canals. There are ſeven churches, an exchange, a cuſtom-houſe, a barrack, ſeveral hoſpitals, and other public ſtructures, yet none of them worth a ſecond look. I have not ſeen a ſingle monument of antiquity in the whole town, nor heard a bell in any of the churches, too good for the dinner-bell of a country ſquire. But here is ſomething infinitely better. Here is the buſy buſtle of proſperous trade, and all its concomitant bleſſings; here is a moſt magnificent temple, erected to plenty, in the midſt of a marſh. For that it was originally ſuch, if there were no other evidence, the very name imports: the word Cork or Corrach ſignifying *palus* or fen, as I learn from Lhuid's dictionary.

A bookſeller here has put this, and other tracts into my hands, which have been uſeful to me in my reſearches. Smyth's hiſtory

hiſtory of Cork, quoting Stanihurſt, reports that 120 years ago Cork was but the third city in Munſter, now it is the ſecond in the kingdom, and therefore called the Briſtol of Ireland.

Except in the article of linen, its exports are more conſiderable than thoſe of Dublin. The balance of trade, I ſhould conceive, to be againſt Dublin, the trade of which, chiefly conſiſts in the importation of luxuries; whereas Cork deals almoſt entirely in exporting the neceſſaries of life, beef, pork, butter, hides, tallow, &c.

All the wealth of Munſter and Connaught paſſes through two or three cities, which may be ſaid to have eaten up the ſurrounding country, where the wretched peaſant never taſtes the fleſh of the cattle which he feeds; but ſubſiſts upon potatoes, generally without butter, and ſometimes without milk.

What proportion the trade of this city bears to that of Briſtol, I have not *data* to form an eſtimate. If we were to judge from the richneſs of the ſhops, there is here a vaſt inferiority. In ſome other re-

ſpects, Cork appears to be the greater city. In 1754 the return of houſes in Cork was 7445, in 1766 it was 8113; if we ſuppoſe them to have increaſed at the ſame rate ſince, they are now 8614. This is placing them low, for there are great numbers of the poor legally exempted from paying hearth-money; and it is not the intereſt of the collectors to exceed in their returns. In Briſtol, and three miles round it, there are ſaid to be but 9000 houſes; if ſo, the houſes, in the city alone, are probably not ſo numerous as thoſe of Cork.

In the reign of Edward IV there were eleven churches in Cork; now there are but ſeven. Yet it has ever ſince that time been eſteemed a thriving city, and in the memory of man it is ſaid to have been doubled. But we have already ſeen that the ſtate of population cannot be aſcertained from the number of churches; if our anceſtors had not more religion than we have, they were certainly more addicted to building religious houſes.

To ſee the reaſon, why the number of churches has decreaſed with increaſing population,

pulation, we ſhould recollect, that in the time of Edward the IV. they had but one religion, that now they have many; and that the catholics outnumber all other denominations, ſeven to one at leaſt.

As the Romaniſts adhere religiouſly to all their old inſtitutions, in the number and diviſion of pariſhes, and as they have now but ſeven maſs-houſes in ſo large and populous a city, we may fairly ſuppoſe that there were no more pariſhes in Edward's time; though there might have been eleven churches, reckoning in that number the chapels belonging to the four monaſteries, which were then in Cork, viz. St. Dominick's, St. Francis's, the Red Abbey, and the Cill Abbey.

It muſt too be obſerved, that though the monaſteries are deſtroyed, the Monks remain to this day, and have regular ſervice in their diſtinct houſes, as in the pariſh maſs-houſes. In all of which they have a ſucceſſion of ſervices, on Sundays and holydays, from early in the morning, till late at night, for the accommodation of their numerous votaries.

Beſide theſe eleven maſs-houſes, there are four diſſenting meeting-houſes, belonging to Preſbyterians, Anabaptiſts, Quakers, and French Proteſtants. The prevalence of the popiſh intereſt in Cork, may be argued from the following trivial circumſtance: bidding a fellow whom I had picked up for my *ciceroni*, to conduct me from the cathedral to the biſhop's houſe, he aſked me *which biſhop?* The ſame concluſion I drew at Kilkenny, from another trifle; I there heard the titular biſhop greeted in the ſtyle of his dignity.

On Sunday morning early, I ſtepped into one of their maſs-houſes, and a ſpacious one it was. The prieſt had juſt finiſhed the celebration of maſs. On the altar ſtood ſix candles. A ſervitor came in, after the prieſt had withdrawn, and, kneeling before the altar, he entered the rails, like thoſe of our chancels; and, after kneeling again, he ſnuffed out two of the candles; then he kneeled again, and ſnuffed out two more; he kneeled a fourth time, and extinguiſhed the fifth; the ſixth he left burning.

There

There were ſeveral elegant carriages ſtanding before the door when I entered, and a prodigious crowd of people in the ſtreet; as motley an aſſemblage of human creatures as I had ever ſeen. There was a multitude of beggars imploring alms in the Iriſh language, ſome in a high, and ſome in a low key. Some of them meaſured out tones as if ſinging; but in accents the moſt unmuſical that ever wounded the human ear. They were worſe than all the tones in Hogarth's *Enraged Muſicia*.—If this be a bull, conſider that I am in Ireland.

Had this Rabelais of the pencil introduced an Iriſh beggar, he would have ſet Paſquali mad. In the moſt perfect of human compoſitions, there is, you know, ſomething ſtill wanting to render it complete. Pity that the influence of a Cork mendicant ſhould be wanting, to fill up the meaſure of diſcord, and thereby render one human production perfect.

Not content with what I ſaw at maſs, I afterwards went to church, the ſteeple of which exactly anſwered Shakeſpear's deſcription in *ſloping to its foundation*: which

argues the fenny bottom, whereon it ſtands. I was, however, delighted with the contraſt I found here. The ſervice was, throughout, performed with the utmoſt decency and propriety; they had a good organ, and the ſinging was remarkably good. The embelliſhments of the church were neither rich, nor ſtudied; but they were neat and plain; and the audience had, truly, as much the air of opulence and elegance, as moſt of the congregations in the city of London.

After ſervice they generally betake themſelves to a public walk, called the Mall; which is no more than a very ill-paved quay upon one of their canals, with a row of trees on one ſide, and houſes on the other. It is a pleaſure, however, to ſee that they are filling up this canal, and ſeveral others, where the water, having no current, muſt have become noxious to the air in hot weather. On a bridge, thrown over this canal, is an equeſtrian ſtatue of his late Majeſty, executed in bronze by an artiſt of Dublin. This with a pedeſtrian of Lord Chatham, of white marble, and one

one in plaiſter of Paris, of king William III. in the Mayoralty-houſe, are the only ſtatues in this large city *.

If this ſtreet were well paved, and the Mall flagged, it would be as ornamental to the town, as agreeable to the ladies. There is another public walk, called the Redhouſe walk, weſt of the city, cut through very low grounds, for a mile in length, planted on each ſide, where the lower ſort walk; and on leaving the Mall, I found it crowded with people, in general, very decently dreſſed. Farewell.

* A gentleman, whom I heard of in almoſt every part of Ireland I viſited, has this remarkable aſſertion, relative to the ſtatue of Lord Chatham, marked in Italics, in his *Tour in Ireland*, publiſhed ſince this letter was written, *a houſe-painter was, at the time I was there, actually at work painting it in oil colours.* What led the *ſagacious* and *learned* Writer into an error was this, a houſe-painter *did* paint in oil colours, the *plaiſter* ſtatue of King William; which he miſtook for the *marble* ſtatue of Lord Chatham. Both of them have high noſes and large wigs.

LETTER XXI.

Cork.

MY time here I ſpend not unpleaſantly. I am on horſeback every day, and dine moſtly with gentlemen of the army. One of the coffee-houſes is conducted ſomewhat like thoſe in London. The taverns are pretty good, and very cheap; port-wine is better here than any where elſe I have been, and porter is more common than in any part of England, out of London. This article alone coſts Ireland a prodigious ſum, I have heard above 40,000 *l.* yearly. By means of the *draw-back*, this liquor is ſold as cheap abroad as at home. Ought it not to be the policy of the legiſlature of this kingdom, to lighten, or even take off the duty on beer, in order to encourage their own breweries?

You may gueſs that Cork is a conſiderable city, from its having, as they tell me, a ſtand of fifty ſedan chairs. They have a neat theatre, built by Barry, wherein the Dublin company exhibits during ſummer. The only public amuſement at preſent is a weekly

weekly Drum, where the company play cards, or chat, or dance, as they chooſe.

I was at one of theſe on Thurſday laſt, and though there was no dancing, I found it very entertaining, as I was not conſtrained to play cards. The ladies being perfectly well-bred, and therefore acceſſible to ſtrangers, we had a very unreſtrained interchange of ſentiments. It was not, I conclude, without good reaſon, that Mr. Derrick ſays, in one of his letters, that "he had ſeen a greater number of pretty women in Cork, than ever he had ſeen *together* in any other town."

But whoever conſiders this matter diſpaſſionately, will not find any ſtrong temptation for a preference, in favour of any one place of the ſame kingdom, or of the one kingdom above the other. All natural endowments ſeem diſpenſed to each in very equal proportions.

It muſt, at the ſame time, be evident to the moſt ſuperficial obſerver, that beauty is more diffuſed in England, among the lower ranks of life; which may, however, be attributed to the mere modes of living. There the meaneſt cottager is better fed, better

better lodged, and better dreſſed, than the moſt opulent farmers here, who, unaccuſtomed to what our peaſants reckon the comforts of life, know no luxury but in deep potations of *aqua vitæ*.

From this circumſtance, we may account for a fact reported to me, by the officers of the army here. They ſay, that the young fellows of Ireland, who offer to enliſt, are more generally below the given height, than in England. There can be no appeal from their teſtimony, for they were Iriſh, and the ſtandard is an infallible teſt.

I can ſee no reaſon why the cauſes which promote, or prevent the growth of other animals, ſhould not have ſimilar effects upon the human ſpecies. In England, where there is no ſtint of proviſions, the growth is not checked, but on the contrary it is extended to the utmoſt bound of nature's original intention; whereas in Ireland, where food is neither in the ſame quantity, nor of the ſame quality, the body cannot expand itſelf, but is dwarfed, and ſtunted in its dimenſions.

The gentlemen of Ireland are full as tall as thoſe of England; the difference then, between

between them and the commonality, can only proceed from the difference of food. The following caſe may, perhaps, tend to illuſtrate this matter, which, however, I only give upon uncertain authority. In the Anatomy-houſe of Trinity College, Dublin, is a human ſkeleton, of between ſeven and eight feet high. They told me, it belonged to one Magrath, an orphan, in this county, ſomewhere near Cloyne. The child fell into the hands of the famous Berkeley, then biſhop of that ſee. This ſubtile doctor, who denied the exiſtence of matter, was as inquiſitive in his phyſical reſearches, as he was whimſical in his metaphyſical ſpeculations. When I tell you, that he had well nigh put an end to his own exiſtence, by experimenting what are the ſenſations of a perſon dying on the gallows, you will be more ready to forgive him for his treatment to the poor foundling, whoſe ſtory I am now to finiſh.

The biſhop had a ſtrange fancy to know whether it was not in the power of art to increaſe the human ſtature. And this unhappy orphan appeared to him a fit ſubject for trial. He made his eſſay according to his

his preconceived theory, whatever it might be, and the conſequence was, that he became ſeven feet high in his ſixteenth year. He was carried through various parts of Europe for the laſt years of his life, and exhibited as the prodigious *Iriſh giant*. But ſo diſproportioned were his organs, that he contracted an univerſal imbecility both of body and mind, and died of old age at twenty. His under-jaw was monſtrous, yet the ſkull did not exceed the common ſize. But they ſhew a ſkull there, which, if the other members ſymmetrized, does certainly beſpeak a ſtature more than Patagonian. It was the ſkull of one O'Dowd, a gentleman of Connaught, whoſe family, now extinct, were all above the common ſize.

In the ſame place, I ſaw the ſkeleton of one Clark, a native of this city, whom they call the *oſſified man*. Early in life his joints ſtiffened, his locomotive powers were loſt, and his very jaws grew together. They were obliged, for his ſuſtenance, to pour liquids into his mouth by a hole perforated through his teeth. He lived in this ſtate for ſeveral years, leaning againſt a wall, till at length the very organs of life were converted

verted into bone. Account for this, Doctor, if you can.

Cork has produced ſome eminent men of your faculty. Dr. O'Connell wrote upon epidemical diſeaſes in general, and upon thoſe of Cork in particular. He is called by Gaubius, the Iriſh Sydenham; and his book is commended by Dr. Mead, both for the matter and the purity of the ſtyle. Speaking of the air, he ſays, *Dublinii tuſſes catarrhales multo frequentiores & magis epidemicæ ſunt hyeme & autumno, imo et aliis omnibus anni temporibus, quam Corcagiæ.* Which he attributes to the air of Dublin being more impregnated with fuliginous particles.

Dr. Rogers has wrote in Engliſh on the ſame ſubject, and his work, I am informed, has conſiderable merit. Sir Edward Barry, now of Bath, the author of ſeveral medical tracts, particularly one on the conſumption of the lungs, is a native of this place.

Smyth mentions a Dr. Lyne, whoſe caſe was very extraordinary. For the laſt fifty years of his life he never glazed a window in his houſe; four of which he had in his bed-chamber, two on each ſide his bed. It

is remarkable, that, in all that time, nobody died in the houſe, till he his ſelf was carried off, by the ſmall-pox, at the age of eighty-five. After the windows were glazed by his ſon, Death became a frequent viſitor.

On Sunday, I ſaw, dreſſed in his gown a Mr. Delacour, whoſe appearance attracted attention. He ſeemed like the men of former times, and every thing about him beſpoke ſomewhat out of the common line. Upon enquiry, I found he had in his youth, been author of ſeveral poetical pieces, which had been well received; particularly *The Proſpect of beauty*, and *The Progreſs of Poetry*; the latter of which has undergone many impreſſions. Farewell.

LETTER XXII.

Cork.

THE outlets of Cork are cheerful and and pleaſant; the country around the city, and on both ſides the river, is hilly, like that round Bath. The rides to Paſſage and Glanmire are charming, the acclivities being decorated with a variety of handſome ſeats.

The

The harbour called the Cove is one of the beſt in the world; the entrance is ſafe; and the whole navy of England may ride in it ſecure from every wind that blows. Ships of burden, however, are obliged to unload at Paſſage, about five miles from town, the channel not admitting veſſels of above 150 tons.

It is argued, that the ſituation of Cork cannot be healthful, as it is built upon a marſh, interſected with canals, and ſurrounded by a large river. Yet the bills of mortality, and even the antecedent reaſon of the thing, prove the contrary; for the waters in theſe canals are never ſtagnant, but always rapid in their current, which communicates motion to the air, and bruſhes off all noxious vapours that might be ſuppoſed to ariſe.

The iſland was formerly walled in to defend it againſt the incurſions of the neighbouring Septs, with whom it was in a perpetual warfare; it having been originally built by the Danes, whom the native Iriſh, to this very day, hold in deteſtation.

The high lands, which, on both ſides the river, command the town, forbid it to be

be a place of any defence againſt cannon. Accordingly we find that after a ſiege of but five days, and with little or no loſs, but that of the Duke of Grafton, the garriſon was obliged to ſurrender priſoners of war, to Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, whom King William ſent over upon his return to England, after his repulſe at Limerick.

But if Cork is ill placed for reſiſting the calamities of war, it is happily ſituated for obtaining the bleſſings of peace, by univerſal commerce. It is evidently moſt convenient for the weſtern world, and, what to ſome may appear paradoxical, it lies more advantageouſly for the Eaſt Indies than any of the Engliſh ports. From this fortunate ſituation, Cork has grown into ſuch importance, as to be, one of the third-rate cities in the Britiſh empire.

If ſo conſiderable then without the aid of manufactures, what would it be with their acceſſion? It is not, it cannot be any peculiar indolence of nature; it muſt be from certain ill-judged reſtrictions of policy that theſe people are not induſtrious. Induſtry is a quality almoſt unknown in the naſcent

naſcent ſtate of rude ſocieties; neceſſity calls it forth gradually as ſtates advance in civilization. If the Americans are advanced as an example to the contrary, let it be conſidered that thoſe colonies never were in the ordinary ſtate of infancy; they were, like Minerva, born adults.

Before Lord Strafford's adminiſtration in this kingdom, the Iriſh indraped their own wool, not only for home conſumption, but for the foreign market. At that time, it became the policy of England to make the woollen manufacture her ſtaple; for even ſo late as the reign of Elizabeth, ſhe was ſupplied from the Hans Towns. It was a diſpute with them about certain duties, which provoked the Queen to prohibit the importation of their cloths, and thus of courſe ſet the Engliſh looms at work.

In the infancy of the manufacture, it was perhaps juſtifiable, upon the principles of expediency, to ſuppreſs all competition as much as poſſible. But, if by tying up the hands of the Iriſh, we have only employed thoſe of the French; if, inſtead of monopolizing the market, we have furniſhed them with materials to ſupplant us at it, ought not the

ſame motives of ſelf-intereſt, which prompted a prohibition of the manufacture of wool in Ireland, now prevail to encourage it?

The fact is, we have totally loſt the Turkey woollen trade, and the French have got it. The French are diſpoſſeſſing us of the Portugal trade alſo; their proviſions being cheaper, they can afford double the price for Iriſh wool that we can, and yet underſell us. Nay, ſuch is their demand for theſe raw wools, that their price is enhanced beyond the reach of the Iriſh manufacturer.

Till of late they uſed to export from hence, in ſpite of all prohibitions, conſiderable quantities of coarſe camblets and other ſtuffs to Liſbon; but now that buſineſs is entirely over, the French having got their wool, have alſo got poſſeſſion of the market.

It is obſerved, by the beſt writers on this ſubject, that the woollen manufacture in France roſe upon the ruins of that of Ireland: her workmen, whoſe trade and religion were reprobated at home, betaking themſelves where both found protection and encouragement. The propagation of the French

French manufacture was doubly indebted to the decline of the Iriſh, firſt for the hands, and then for the material; it being admitted, that the French cannot work up their own wools for foreign markets, without an admixture of one-third, at leaſt, of a different ſtaple.

France then muſt have Iriſh wool, almoſt at any price; which is ſuch a temptation to ſmuggling, that not all the navy of England can prevent it; eſpecially, when the wool of this country is firſt conveyed publicly to England, and thence clandeſtinely to France. But what force can never atchieve, a relaxation of the navigation laws would ſoon effect. The Iriſh would then work up that wool they now export, and, by thus withdrawing the material, would ſpeedily ſtop the exportation of French woollens.

Such were the conſiderations which ſuggeſted thoſe excellent lines, in a late letter to the Queen, by Lord Clare; the truth of whoſe painting, and the force of whoſe reaſoning, none can ſufficiently admire who have ſeen Ireland, and weighed this ſubject.

And O! might poor IERNE hope,
In ſober freedom's liberal ſcope,
To ply the loom, to plough the main,
Nor ſee Heaven's bounties pour'd in vain;
Where ſtarving hinds, from fens and rocks,
View paſtures rich with herds and flocks;
And only view, forbid to taſte;
Sad tenants of a dreary waſte.
For other hinds our oxen bleed;
Our flocks for happier regions feed,
Their fleece to Gallia's looms reſign,
More rich than the Peruvian mine;
Her fields with barren lilies ſtrown,
Now white with treaſures not her own.
In vain IERNE's piercing cries
Plaintive purſue the golden prize;
While all aghaſt the Weaver ſtands,
And drops the ſhuttle from his hands.
Barter accurſt! but mad diſtreſs
To ruin flies from wretchedneſs,
Theirs be the blame, who bar the courſe
Of commerce from her genuine ſource,
And drive the wretch his thirſt to ſlake
With poiſon, in a ſtagnant lake.

Hence ports ſecure from ev'ry wind,
For trade, for wealth, for power deſign'd
Where faithful coaſts and friendly gales,
Invite the helm and court the ſails,
A wide deſerted ſpace expand,
Surrounded with uncultur'd land.
Thence POVERTY, with haggard eye,
Beholds the Britiſh ſtreamers fly;

Behold

Beholds the merchant doom'd to brave
The treacherous ſhoal, and adverſe wave,
Conſtrain'd to riſk his precious ſtore,
And ſhun our interdicted ſhore.
Thus BRITAIN works a SISTER'S woe;
Thus ſtarves a friend, and gluts a foe.

It will, I know, be argued, that, by enlarging the woollen manufacture of Ireland, France may loſe, but England cannot gain; for inſtead of one competitor, ſhe will have two, which is only making bad worſe.

But granting it to be equal to England, whether ſhe is underſold by France or Ireland; it is not equal to her, whether or no ſhe recover thoſe markets ſhe has loſt. And it is as demonſtrable as any political propoſition can be, that no meaſure can be ſo effectual to re-eſtabliſh her at them, as admitting Ireland to manufacture her own wools. I argue thus—

Ireland can only be ſuppoſed to work up the wool ſhe would otherwiſe ſmuggle to France, which is one-third of the French manufacture for exportation, and without which the other two parts could not be uſed for that purpoſe. Who then ſhall ſupply this deficiency to foreigners? Not

the French, for the material being withdrawn, they will be diſabled to export any, conſequently it will devolve on England to furniſh the other two parts. France will loſe the whole three, England regain two of them, and Ireland get but one.

To invalidate this concluſion, it will be objected, that the French may get wool elſewhere, of the ſame quality as the Iriſh. But, though this might ſafely be denied, we ſhall ſuppoſe it to be *poſſible*; ſtill, it muſt be admitted, that they muſt purchaſe it at a higher price than at preſent, for if they could get it cheaper any where elſe, they would not deal with Ireland. Conſequently, raiſing the price of the material to the French, will bring them more upon a level with the Engliſh manufacturer.

Thus far we have argued, as if the intereſts of France and Ireland were perfectly equal to England. But it ſhould be conſidered, that what the Iriſh get, we are ſo far from loſing, that the bulk of it finally centres with ourſelves. Ireland would be as a ſieve, through which the flour would paſs to England, and the bran only remain. A diſtinction ſhould be made between a natural

natural friend, and a natural enemy: for, ſurely, there is ſome difference, whether the dominions of George III. or Lewis XVI. abound with artificers, ſoldiers, and ſailors. I name not money; for men, not money, conſtitute the wealth of a nation, and the ſtrength of a crown.

The French are not only competitors, but enemies, who would firſt ſupplant us in our trade, and then annihilate us as a people. Whatever they gain is a double loſs, by exalting France in the ſame proportion that it depreſſes England. In the day of diſtreſs, it may poſſibly be felt which is the beſt policy, to engage this country in manufactures, civilize it by trade, and attach it by affection, or load it with ſuch chains of civil and religious reſtrictions, that the body of the people, having nothing to loſe, may *hope* for better, but can *fear* nothing worſe.

It was formerly the cuſtom to allow each ſailor to carry with him woollen goods, to the value of 40 *s.* and each officer, to the value of 5 *l.* but even this privilege is now taken away, and no reſource left for induſtry.

It will be ſaid, that there is a ſufficient field for induſtry in Ireland, if ſhe would but manufacture her own home-conſumption, which ſhe now imports. This, however, is, I believe, ſaid without mature deliberation. Her home-conſumption is not a ſufficient ſtimulus. The genius of trade ſickens at the very thoughts of reſtriction, and it dies upon actual reſtraint. Had Ireland been prohibited the exportation of her *linens*, ſhe would not, at this day, have manufactured ſufficient for her own people; her gentry would have ſtill depended upon Hamburgh and Holland for their ſhirts and ſhifts, as they did within the laſt forty years. Nay, we may venture to pronounce that if any embargo were laid upon the exportation of woollens from England, it would ſo damp the ſpirit of trade, that, within a century, Engliſh gentlemen would be clothed in foreign cloths.

The Iriſh are, however, very culpable in this affair, but the fault falls not upon the manufacturer, but the conſumer. The woollen manufacture, in deſpite of all efforts to annihilate it, has flouriſhed in the

city

city of Dublin, while it has languiſhed every where elſe. But, as if the natives wiſhed to conſpire with other agents, in baniſhing it thence alſo; they ſcorn to wear a home-ſpun coat. Even an attorney's clerk muſt be dreſſed in Engliſh cloth. And ſuch is the contempt of Iriſh woollens in Ireland, that it is common with the drapers to ſell for Engliſh, thoſe which are really Iriſh. It is the pride of the ſeller to deceive the buyer, and the frequency of the deception affords him flattering proofs, that the preference given to Engliſh cloth, is merely owing to the prejudice of his countrymen. And certainly the ſuperior perfection to which they have brought poplins, ſome of which, called *tabinets*, have all the richneſs of ſilk, does not diſcover any want of genius in this line.

At firſt view, one might imagine this *honeſt* deceit to be advantages to the woollen manufacture of Dublin; and it evidently muſt be ſo to that of fine cloths; yet the trade at large ſuffers. For inſtead of working up their own excellent wools into

frizes, ratteens, ſerges, and coarſe broad cloths, they export their raw wool; and are ſupplied with thoſe coarſe goods from the north of England; and to complete the meaſure of their miſconduct, they import yearly, between twenty and thirty thouſand pounds value of Spaniſh wool, for the manufacture of ſuperfines.

But nothing, ſurely, can be more injudicious, than to affect the higher, and neglect the lower branches. The ſame value of Iriſh wool, with that imported from Spain, would employ, at leaſt, thrice the number of hands, and bring five times the neat profit to the kingdom. This, I conceive, ſhould be attended to by the Dublin Society. That uſeful body, inſtead of giving premiums for the fineſt ſort, ſhould only give them for thoſe of an inferior quality; into whoſe compoſition Spaniſh wool is not ſuppoſed to enter.

Upon the whole, it is hard to ſay, whether foreign or domeſtic cauſes operate moſt powerfully in waſting this fruitful country. Which, by removing unnatural prohibitions, would not only be enabled to furniſh a grand

a grand proportion of the ſupplies; but, by increaſing the number of its inhabitants, would become of vaſt importance by reciprocal trade, and by furniſhing a breed of able-bodied men for manning our fleets, and recruiting our armies.

To-morrow, I purpoſe ſetting out for Limerick, and am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Charleville, October 16, 1775.

THIS is a poor borough, about forty miles from Cork, and ſaid to be midway between that and Limerick. The inn, though very ordinary, is reckoned a good one. It would rather indeed be wonderful if it were good, in a ſmall town, without manufactures, ſituated in a country without agriculture, and where the reſort of travellers cannot be great.

But *not to be worſt, ſtands in ſome rank of praiſe*, compared to one I had juſt paſſed through, Charleville had an air of opulence. The village I mean is Buttevant, finely ſituated in a fine country. Here was a collection

lection of the vileſt cribs, raiſed of dry ſtones, not ſix feet high, interſperſed with the antique towers of battered caſtles, and auguſt remains of ruined monaſteries.

My communicative fellow-traveller Spencer tells me, that Buttevant was demoliſhed, in the reign of Edward IV. by Murrough O'Brien, who breaking forth from Thomond, at the head of the diſcontented Iriſh, like a ſudden tempeſt, over-ran, and laid waſte Connaught, Munſter, and Leinſter; whilſt O'Neil was doing the like in Ulſter. He ſoon created himſelf king, and was called king of all Ireland, as Bruce of Scotland had done in the reign of Edward II.

From Cork to Mallow there is very little natural or artificial decoration, except in the neighbourhood of a poor village, where the ruins of a ſpacious Abbey in a valley, and of a proud little caſtle on the brow of a hill, are ſtill to be ſeen. There ſome venerable oaks ſtretch their long arms acroſs the road, and from thence wind down a romantic glin, in view of a new houſe of a good appearance.

The ſituation of Mallow is charming, it lies on this ſide of the Blackwater, the other

other ſide being moſtly occupied by gentlemen's ſeats, richly planted, and neatly dreſſed. At the end of the town is an old caſtle, which, with the town, belongs to a Mr. Jephſon, kinſman to my kind hoſteſs at Tipperary. It is a borough-town, the balcony windows of which, betray all the ſymptoms of decay. Without manufactures, it ſubſiſts by the precarious trade of letting lodgings. It has a tepid ſpring, which is ſaid to be a ſovereign reſtorative; but of late years it has been deſerted in favour of Briſtol, where if the waters are not better, it muſt be allowed that the accommodations are.

When at Mallow I was within thirty miles of Killarney, which by all accounts is one of the fineſt ſcenes in Europe. Volumes have been written in its praiſe, but the ſubject ſeems to be inexhauſtible. I ſaw at Mr. Baker's, in a manuſcript ready for the preſs, a very poetical deſcription of it, though in proſe, and it has lately been celebrated in verſe by a Mr. Leſlie.

You will ſay, I am dead to curioſity that could paſs it by; but conſider, my dear friend, that the ſeaſon is now far advanced, that

that travelling is not here as in England; that roads little frequented, but by curioſity, though ſaid to be much improved, can neither be very good, nor the beds free from dampneſs, which of all things moſt ſenſibly affects a valetudinarian.

I am even unmoved by the conſideration, that this is the landſkip month; eſpecially in this country, where the leaves ſtick longer on the trees than more eaſtward. I ſhall content myſelf with Mr. Fiſher's views. My object being not ſo much to ſee places and things, as men and manners.

On this road I met an Iriſh funeral, one or two of which I had ſeen before, but this one might have proved fatal to me, for I met it unexpectedly in turning a corner, and no ſooner did the mourners ſee me, than they ſet up a yell which frightened my horſe not a little. The cry, however, which had been originally raiſed on my account, ceaſed at ſight of my danger; but the girls, who ſet it up, could not help laughing at my ſituation.

It is the cuſtom of this country to conduct their dead to the grave in all the parade they can diſplay; and as they paſs

through any town, or meet any remarkable perſon, they ſet up their howl. A gentleman and his ſervant were, it ſeems, thought to deſerve this compliment.

Being now out of danger, I can calmly inquire into the antiquity of this cuſtom. Spencer, ſo often mentioned, ſays that it is heathenish, and proceeds from a deſpair of ſalvation. But, whether the cuſtom originates from hope or deſpair, it is certainly very antient, and has been practiſed by the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. "Call for the mourning women, that they may come," —"man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the ſtreets,"—"we have mourned unto you, but ye have not lamented," ſay the inſpired writers.

It was formerly uſual to have a bard to write the elegy of the deceaſed, which contained an enumeration of his good qualities, his genealogy, his riches, &c. the burden being, *O why did he die?* As thus, *O, why did he die!* who was ſo worthy to live? He who ſprung from the noble blood of Heber, the ſon of Gallum, that gallant chief!—*O why did he die* who

was

was bleſſed with a wife, faireſt of the daughters of Scota, a wife who lives only to deplore his loſs! *O why did he die* before he could ſee his ſons glorious in the field, and his daughters happy in their loves! *O why did he die* who had every means of life; whoſe numerous beeves browſed on the lawn, and whoſe ſheep whitened the hills! *O why did he die* who was lord of the golden vale! O ye, the objects of his bounty, his vaſſals loving and beloved, why—why did ye not ſnatch him from death, who ſo often led you to glory, and brought you home laurelled by the hand of victory! &c. &c. The women then took up the rueful ditty, and ſung it with lamentable accents, which, from imitation of the ſounds, are ſometimes called Oghunano, and Hullaloo, and from the repetition of *Oh why did he die*, Ogh-agus (*Agus* ſignifying *and*). It is alſo called Keenagh, but for what reaſon I do not know.

As theſe elegies are now compoſed by unlettered men, they muſt appear ridiculous enough. Though the band of criers which I heard, made no very muſical dirge of it, it was certainly calculated to inſpire melancholy.

melancholy. That the cuſtom may be ennobled by a more elevated ſtrain, the laſt book of Homer muſt evince; where, we ſee around the corpſe of Hector, his wife, his mother, and his ſiſter, who, as the natural mourners, alternately ſpeak his ſeveral praiſes, while the artificial mourners act the ſecond part.

A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſic's ſolemn ſound;
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe,
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And Nature ſpeaks at every pauſe of art.

The *conclamatio* among the Romans coincides with the *Iriſh cry*. The *mulieres præficæ* exactly correſpond with the women who lead the Iriſh band, and who make an outcry too outrageous to be the effect of real grief;

Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo——

That this cuſtom was Phœnician, we may learn from Virgil, who was very correct in the *coſtume* of his characters. The *conclamatio* over the Phœnician Dido, as

deſcribed by him, is ſimilar to the Iriſh cry.

Lamentis gemituque & fœmineo ululatu
Tecta fremunt.——

The very word *ululatus*, or *hulluloo*, and the Greek word, of the ſame import, have all a ſtrong affinity to each other.

The ſeries of ceremonies uſed on the night, or nights, that the corpſe remains unburied, is what they call a *wake*. At theſe wakes, the Criers, or Keenaghers, ſit round the corpſe, which is ſtretched on a bed or board, covered with white linen; a plate of ſalt being placed over the heart. The ſalt, I ſuppoſe, they conſider as the emblem of the incorruptible part, the body itſelf being the type of corruption.

Theſe wakes are meetings of merriment and feſtivity, to which they reſort from far and near. The old people amuſe themſelves in ſmoking tobacco, drinking whiſkey, and telling ſtories in the room with the corpſe; whilſt the young men, in the barn, or ſome ſeparate apartment, exhibit feats of activity; or, inſpired by their ſweethearts, dance away the night to the melodious

melodious *pleaſing* of a bagpipe;—thus enjoying as ſolid pleaſures as their betters at courtly balls or midnight maſquerades. I am, however, ſorry to add, that ſuch is their paſſion for carouſals, on theſe occaſions, that the ſurvivors have been ſometimes beggared by the expence.

I have heard of an old woman, who, having gathered a few guineas, choſe to beg rather than break in upon this ſum, which ſhe had hoarded up, in order, as ſhe expreſſed it, to have herſelf buried *decently*. This decency for which ſhe was ſo anxious, was, that the neighbours might be regaled, with plenty of whiſkey and tobacco. So much for the Iriſh cry!

LETTER XXIV.

Limerick, October 20, 1775.

LEAVING Buttevant, I thought the *ne plus ultra* of human wretchedneſs was then paſſed, but Kilmallock was before me. Had ſuch ſcenes preſented themſelves on leaving Dublin, curioſity might have proved too weak an incentive to pro-

ceed; I ſhould have turned back again, to avoid the ſight of miſery, which I could not but feel, without being able to remove.

I had been told at Charleville, that the next ſtage was Bruff, and there I purpoſed to breakfaſt; but after riding a few miles, and ſtaring at a ſight ſo unuſual as a well planted park, I unexpectedly turned through an arch, under an old caſtle, into a ſpacious ſtreet, compoſed of houſes, which though magnificent, were windowleſs and roofleſs.

An inn was a ſound unknown here; I got, however, a ſtable for my horſes, and a room for myſelf, where, I ſuppoſe, a fire had not been kindled ſince the laſt election; for theſe ruins ſend two members to parliament. Sheds were raiſed, within theſe noble ſtructures, too naſty for the habitation of Engliſh pigs. Happy would it be for Ireland, if her corporate towns were diveſted of the privilege of returning repreſentatives to the great council of the nation; for it becomes the ſelfiſh policy of the lord of the ſoil to impoveriſh the voters into compliance.

Kilmallock

Kilmallock muſt be a place of high antiquity. It is reported to have been a walled town before the Engliſh got footing here. Sir James Ware relates, that an Abbey of Dominicans, or Black Friars, was built there in the thirteenth century by the ſovereign, brethren, and commonalty. It formerly gave title to an Earl, and preſerves a greater ſhare of magnificence, even in its ruins, than any thing I had yet ſeen in Ireland. I call it the Iriſh *Balbeck*.

There was ſomething ſo picturesque in the perſpective of this place, that I could not help attempting to delineate it. I ſend you my eſſay done, as you ſee it, in leſs than an hour; I muſt, however, remark to you that I began upon a ſcale too large for my paper, and was not able to take in the whole town.

There is but one ſtreet now ſtanding entire; but from ſome ſcattered piles, and from the foundation of others, there is reaſon to ſuppoſe that there have been more. The walls round the town, which in many places ſtill remain, are of an oblong ſquare. At each angle has been a caſtle, like thoſe under which the traveller paſſes, at the ends of

the remaining ſtreet, and which you may trace in my ſketch. One of theſe is the jail of the city. What muſt you think of the jail of Kilmallock, which is itſelf the moſt dreary of all priſons? The religious houſes which you may remark in the foreground have been ſtately,

Where my high ſteeples whilom uſed to ſtand,
On which the lordly Fauleon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lime and ſand,
For the ſcreech-owl to build her baleful bowre.

This town was abandoned by the Iriſh, during the laſt ſiege of Limerick, and fitted up by the Engliſh as a magazine for ſtores. It is conjectured, that *Kil-malech* was the original name. Bochart ſpeaking of the Tyrian Hercules, or Melcartus, ſays, that Malech-cartha, ſignifies the king of the city, and O'Connor ſays, that Mal-Kathrach is of the ſame import in Iriſh.

As you approach Limerick, the grounds grow rich, and exquiſitely beautiful. Several thorn-hedges, and ſome plantations of foreſt trees, were a greater luxury to my eye, than any other part of Munſter; yet the lands were moſtly occupied by black cattle, as Tipperary was by ſheep.

Within a century, Limerick was reckoned the ſecond city in Ireland. At preſent it does not ſeem to be half as large as Cork. It has loſt its rank, not becauſe it thrives leſs, but becauſe Cork thrives more; for it is in ſo flouriſhing a ſtate, that it has taken the lead of Galway and Waterford.

Boate, who wrote about a hundred years ſince, arranges the Iriſh cities in the following order: Dublin, Galway, Waterford, Limerick, Cork, and Londonderry. As to the other towns, he ſays, the beſt of them, which are Drogheda, Kilkenny, Belfaſt, &c. are hardly comparable to thoſe market-towns which are to be found in all parts of England. But how greatly muſt this order be now deranged, when it is univerſally believed, that the third town, in trade and conſequence, is Belfaſt. In extent alſo, it comes next to Cork, for it has 5295 houſes, Limerick but 3859, and Waterford 2628. It is remarkable, that Newry, a town not ſo much as named by Boate, has now more trade, houſes, and people, than Galway.

Limerick is compoſed of what is called the Iriſh and the Engliſh town. The latter

ſtands upon a piece of ground called the King's Iſland, formed by the Shannon, which divides itſelf a little above the city. Both towns, in their ancient ſtate, conſiſted of one long wide ſtreet, well built, cut at right angles by many narrow lanes, in form of a comb with a double row of teeth. I wiſh it leſs reſembled the comb unbruſhed.

The Engliſh and Iriſh town ſeem pretty much alike in their buildings, and are united together by an old bridge called Baal's. On the ſame arm of the river, communicating with the quays and the new ſtreets, is an elegant bridge, lately built, of three arches; the middle one, of a ſpan of forty feet, admits boats under ſail. The third bridge, thrown over the greater arm of the river, is called Thomond's, and, though conſiſting of fourteen arches, is ſaid to have been built for *thirty* pounds. Thomond's and Baal's together are not as wide as the fourteen arches of Weſtminſter-bridge. It muſt therefore be far below Limerick that this rapid river can anſwer the deſcription given of it by Spencer——

The ſpacious Shannon ſpreading like a ſea.

The

The narrowneſs of the ſtreets muſt, I ſuppoſe, be attributed to its being an old fortreſs; and that it was a ſtrong one, the repulſe which King William met with there in 1690, and the honourable capitulation it made the year following, incline me to believe. Notwithſtanding, Lauſun, to whom King James intruſted the conduct of his army in Ireland, to the great prejudice of his own intereſts in the court of France, declared, upon viewing the fortifications, that his maſter would take it with roaſted apples; and accordingly withdrew his men from it, as untenable: yet Sarſfield, the Iriſh general, undertook its defence, and held it out againſt the victorious army of the Prince of Orange.

But it is a place fortified by nature; for, without the annoyance of circumjacent hills, it is built upon an iſland, encircled by a ſtrong barrier, the arms of the Shannon. It is now happily diſmantled, and ſcarce a trace of its old walls and ſeventeen gates are to be ſeen. The ſubſtitution of ſpacious quays and commodious houſes, in place of lofty battlements and maſſive baſtions, has given it a thorough and healthy ventilation. Limerick,

merick, like London, was formerly and frequently viſited by the plague; but the effect has here alſo been removed by the removal of the cauſe.

They are under great obligations to their preſent repreſentative Mr. Perry, who has obtained ſeveral large ſums from parliament, for building quays, and for other improvements of the city; and they are not ungrateful, for he is held in high reſpect among them, as indeed he is in every other place where I have heard him ſpoken of, he being eſteemed one of the ableſt Speakers that ever ſat in the chair of the Iriſh houſe of commons.

I can eaſily believe that the women here deſerve their celebrated character for beauty; for I have ſeen great numbers of pretty faces in the ſtreets and public walks. In general, the common people, too, are of a very comely perſonage. The ſtreets are always crowded with them; having no ſtaple manufacture to employ them, they walk about, like the ſluggard, *with their hands in their boſom.* They once had a manufacture of ſerges, but that is nearly extinct. They are, however, famous for making gloves;

gloves; and ſome northern ſoldiers, who have been diſcharged here, are giving birth to the weaving of linen.

A few years ago the town ſtood on ſixty-four acres of ground; now it covers one hundred, equal to 160 of our meaſure. The ſhips in this port trading to London are increaſed from one to twelve in number; and the revenues have been augmented from 16, to 40,000 pounds yearly. By cutting canals oppoſite to the ſhallows and rocks in the river, it will be rendered navigable to Carrick, in the county Leitrim, a ſpace of ninety miles up the river, which will open a conveyance for grain, timber, iron, coals, turf, &c. and muſt at length turn the channel of trade in thoſe parts hither. The good effect of a very ſhort cut, made near the town, is already ſenſibly felt; for ſeacoal, which was formerly their fuel, is ſo diſuſed, that its price is much lowered; turf, the material and *manufacture* of which is all their own, now ſupplying their hearths.

This navigation of near 200 Engliſh miles in length, by communicating with that leading from Dublin, through the Bog of

of Allen, muſt, in time, make Limerick one of the moſt conſiderable places for importation in the kingdom. Such large tracts of country on both ſides the river, cannot fail of creating a large demand. The ſame cauſe may operate upon the exports, by rendering ſo eaſy the conveyance of beef, butter, hides, tallow, grain, &c, to the ſeaport. Though the town is ſixty miles from the ſea, ſhips of 500 tons come up to the quays.

You may judge of the ſtate of agriculture, in this neighbourhood, from a prevailing maxim, that their lands are ſo rich, they are obliged to throw their dung into the Shannon. I wiſh, however, they would throw it any where out of the ſtreets. The old Mileſian manners prevail more here, than in any place I have yet viſited. At night, as you paſs along, you may hear the bagpipe ſqueaking in every alehouſe. And from the number of backgammon tables to be ſeen at the coffee-houſes, one may conjecture what are the amuſements of theſe good citizens.

Colonel Parr, commander of the garriſon here, a very accompliſhed gentleman, from whom

whom I have received great civilities, remarked to me, that in Spain, where he ſpent a conſiderable time, he obſerved many cuſtoms which put him in mind of his native country; and that now Limerick reminds him of Spain more than any other place.

There are here three churches. The cathedral is a maſſive Gothic pile, with a good ring of bells, and ſome monumental decorations. The cuſtom-houſe is a very elegant modern ſtructure; the pediment is ſupported by fluted pilaſters; the front has but five windows in a row, yet, including the colonnades, the whole elevation is near two hundred feet.

Our accompliſhed and facetious friend, Day, of the Middle Temple, is the ſon of an eminent phyſician of this city. I hope he will have obtained, before I return, that fine appointment in the Eaſt Indies, which is laid out for him; and which, I am ſure, he will fill with much credit to himſelf and advantage to the company.

This country, though reckoned the dampeſt part of the kingdom, furniſhes as

many inſtances of longevity as any other. Near Glin is now living one Kelly, aged 120, who is ſaid to be ſo upright and ſtraight in his limbs, as to walk ſeveral miles every day. They mention a woman much older at Shanagoldin, whoſe eyeſight is ſo good, that ſhe employs herſelf in knitting; and of an habit ſo lively, that ſhe danced lately at the wedding of one of her great-grandchildren. They give you the names of women who bear children after the age of three-ſcore. But the truth of theſe accounts I neither affirm nor deny. May we live happily whilſt we live; for

Ætatem Priamique Neſtoriſque
Longam qui putat eſſe, Martiane,
Multum decipiturque, falliturque.
Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

Limerick.

THE morning after I came here I called on Mr. O'Halloran, who, to an eſtabliſhed reputation for his writings on *Amputation*, adds a commendable zeal for the honour of his native country. Upon the antiquities of which he has publiſhed a quarto, and is now engaged in ſomething farther upon the ſame ſubject.

Ireland has a very juſt claim to the moſt remote antiquity, which is ſometimes called in queſtion by being ſtretched too far. People are apt to reject even truth, when they ſee it ſo intermixed with falſehood, that it requires labour to ſeparate them. The polite and hoſpitable reception, I met with from this learned gentleman, intereſts me in the ſucceſs of his work; and therefore I cannot help expreſſing a wiſh, that he may make a nice diſcrimination between the unknown, the fabulous, the obſcure, the enlightened, and the hiſtorical times.

Though

Though Mr. O'Halloran and I could not perfectly agree in all points, his converſation was of advantage to me, and his books were of great uſe in my diſquiſitions upon certain remains of antiquity, which had fallen in my way. My firſt object of reſearch was a Druid temple, on this ſide of Bruff, on the road hither, of which ſort there are many ſtill remaining in Ireland.

Druidiſm was the religion here before St. Patrick, who is ſaid to have burned near two hundred books of it in one fire. The Druid temples were circles of unhewn ſtones, ſet on end, varying in their ſize and number according to the diameters of the circles. That which I ſaw had but twelve, and the ſtones were from five to eight feet high, in a circle of twenty feet diameter. But we are not to infer any extraordinary want of civilization from the uncouthneſs of the idol. The origin of all idolatry is almoſt the ſame. The old Greek Mercury was not that winged herald now repreſented, but a ſquare ſtone: nor was Bacchus more ſhapely. Before Dedalus, unhewn ſtones were worſhipped by all Greece. He it was who

who firſt divided the block into members and limbs; and, becauſe he formed ſtatues with legs, it was feigned that he imparted to them life and motion.

Long after carved images were common among other nations, the Perſians adhered to their old mode of worſhip, and ridiculed the Greeks, for ſuppoſing the Gods to be of human ſhape. Maximus Tyrius ſays, that the Arabians worſhipped he knew not what God, for all the ſtatue he ſaw of him, was a ſquare ſtone; and, according to him, the Paphian Venus was repreſented by a whitiſh pyramid. If then the tranſcendent beauty of the Medicean Venus, and the more than human of the Belvidere Apollo, do ſomewhat dignify the modern idolatries of Greece, this ſhould rather be aſcribed to the perfection of art, than to the refinement of worſhip.

The ſame may be ſaid of Rome, the original idols of which muſt have been unchiſeled ſtones, for it was an oath there, *Per Jovem lapidem.* When a plague raged in the conſular army, and when the more dreaded Hannibal ſpread a panic to the very heart of the Imperial city, it was found, in

the books of the Sybils, that a plague might be ſtayed and a foreign enemy expelled Italy, if the *Idean Mother* were brought from Peſſinus. The Pythian Apollo confirmed the Sybilline oracles. A pompous embaſſy is diſpatched to Aſia, and, as the Romans had no ſocial cities there, the interceſſion of Attalus, King of Pergamus, is, by the advice of the Tripod, requeſted and obtained. This great King goes to Peſſinus, ſucceeds in his ſuit, and delivers the mighty boon;—a rude ſtone, which the natives called the Mother of the Gods: *Lapis erat quem matrem Deorum incolæ dicebant, accepit Scipio Naſica, vir optimus a Senatu judicatus.*

The deſtruction of Corinth, to be ſure, brought into diſrepute theſe ſtony ſymbols of Divinity; for, after that event, we hear the Roman patriots wiſhing, that their fine new Gods may prove as propitious as their old ill-ſhapen ones. It is not however to be doubted, but that they had ſome clumſy ſtatues before that æra; which only ſerves to ſhew the progreſſion of idolatry, from rough to hewn ſtones, and from hewn ſtones to images, formed *ad unguem.* But it is

more

more to our purpoſe to remark, that Peſſinus, being a city of Galatia, derived this ſuperſtition from the Celtæ. Druidiſm ſeems to have been co-extended, if not with all the Gauliſh race, at leaſt with all who retained the dialect.

But the worſhip of rude ſtones was not confined to the Celts, or their deſcendants; for Pauſanias relates, that round the idol of Mercury, "there were thirty ſtones, each of which the Pharii worſhipped and called Gods." Pliny ſuppoſes, that the Druids were maſters of the Perſian Magi; and magic in the Iriſh language is called *Druidion*. Herodian, deſcribing the worſhip of Heliogabalus, at Emeſa in Phœnicia, ſays, "that he ſaw no kind of image faſhioned by man's hands, but a great ſtone, roundiſh at bottom, and diminiſhing towards the top in a conic form." In my rides through this country, I have ſeen two of thoſe ſtones, in form of a truncated cone, anſwering in all reſpects, to this deſcription. Thus it ſhould ſeem, that the Iriſh had Druidiſm handed down to them both by their Celtic and Phœnician anceſtors. And from Hector Boetius we may learn, that the Scots had

it, in like manner, from the Iriſh: for he relates, "that the ſon of Fergus ſet up great ſtones for temples, and one in the midſt for an altar."

Thoſe concentrical circles of ſtupendous rough ſtones in Saliſbury Plain, are nothing more than a Druid temple, upon a great ſcale. It is curious enough to hear Inigo Jones labouring to prove Stonehenge to be a Roman ſtructure; and it is equally ſo, to hear Geoffrey of Monmouth report, that the Stonehenge obeliſks were tranſported there from Ireland. Yet on this tradition does Alexander Necham, a poet of the middle age, ground the following lines.

Hoc opus aſcribit Merlino garrula fama,
Filia figmenti fabula vana refert.
Illa congerie fertur decorata fuiſſe
Tellus quæ mittit tot Palamedis aves,
Hinc tantum munus ſuſcepit Hibernia gaudens.

The moral of this fable, if it has any, ſeems to be, that Druidiſm was introduced into Ireland from Scythia, and into Britain from Ireland. One of the firſt colonies which peopled Ireland was called Belgæ, and Saliſbury Plain is in the country of the Belgæ. From hence, one would think that the Iriſh Belgæ were older than the Britiſh.

Near

Near theſe Druid temples generally ſtands an odd ſort of altar, called *Crom-liagh*, or Inclined ſtone. The height of the cover ſtone is ſeven feet, the length of the inclined ſide ten, and its circumference twenty-eight feet. How this ſtone could, without the aid of mechanic powers, be raiſed upon the ſix pillars that ſupport it, is not eaſy to be conceived; yet this difficulty vaniſhes when compared with that of raiſing the tranſverſe blocks of *Stonehenge*, or the cover-ſtone of a *Crom-liagh* deſcribed by Chevreau. "*La pierre levée de Poitiers a ſoixante pieds de tour, & elle eſt poſée ſur cinque autres pierres, ſans qu'on ſache non plus, ni pourquoi, ni comment.*" Now, ſuppoſing them to be ſimilar figures, the Iriſh is not an eighth of the French; and, which is remarkable, this ſtone is called by the natives *Clogh-togle*, that is, *pierre levée*, the Lifted ſtone.

A whimſical circumſtance relative to theſe *Crom-liaghs* I cannot omit. They are called by the ignorant natives *Granie's beds*. This Granie is fabled to be the mother of Finmacoal, or Fingal; and of her, as well as of her ſon, they have wonderful traditions. I have heard ſongs in her praiſe, and was

ſhewn, in a ſtone, the mark of her foot, and have heard an huge rock called Finmacoal's finger-ſtone. The ſource however of the appellation of *Grannie's bed*, I conceive to be a corruption of the original Iriſh name of theſe altars. Grineus is, we know, a claſſical name for Apollo. In Cambden's Lauden, we meet with an inſcription, "*Apollini Granno:*" and Grian is a common name for the Sun in Iriſh.

Another ſort of Druid remain, which I have heard deſcribed, but have never ſeen, is called the *Rocking Stone*, and ſerved as an oracle. A ſtone was ſo placed, on the top of another, that the ſmalleſt force would ſhake it; and it was ſuppoſed to be ſelf-moved at the preſence of a guilty perſon. This was one of thoſe deluſions by which the Druids kept the people in awe, and acquired that amazing influence which they had over them. They affected to wrap every thing in the veil of myſtery, and had their moſt ſolemn meetings ſhrouded from the public eye. The depths of caves were their ſecret haunts; and the brown horror of oaken groves caſt an awful ſhade on their public exhibitions. The badges of their

profeſſion

profeſſion too, the white linen robe, the ſtraight wand, the long flowing beard, all contributed to inſpire a reverence, which their knowledge of calculating eclipſes effectually confirmed. They were ſuppoſed to have immediate intercourſe with the ſtars, and to be the only interpreters of the will of Heaven. This credit gave them high pretenſions. They became not only prieſts but prophets; and to both was added the judges office.

To keep up their character with the vulgar, ever born to be duped, they uſed this rocking-ſtone; which, like other oracles, would not give reſponſes diſpleaſing to the prieſt—of the Oak—whoſe wand could give it the ſeemingly ſpontaneous motion. Yet we find, that all the addreſs of the order was unable to ſcreen their impoſtures from the public eye; and there were not then wanting ſome who appealed from the Arch-Druids infallibility, as now from the Pope's.

The influence of the Druids being founded not on power but authority, not on property but opinion, the preaching of St. Patrick ſoon demoliſhed their credit; and

therefore the Iriſh writers boaſt, that the converſion of this country was not, as elſewhere, ſealed with the blood of martyrs.

It is not ſtrange that many Druid remains ſhould ſtill exiſt; but it is a little extraordinary that ſome of their cuſtoms ſhould ſtill be practiſed. They annually renew the ſacrifices that uſed to be offered to Apollo, without knowing it. On Midſummer's eve, every eminence, near which is a habitation, blazes with bonfires; and, round theſe, they carry numerous torches, ſhouting and dancing, which affords a beautiful ſight, and at the ſame time confirms the obſervation of Scaliger, *En Irlande ils ſont quaſi tous Papiſtes, mais c'eſt Papautè mêſlée de Paganiſme, comme partout.*

Though hiſtorians had not given us the mythology of the Pagan Iriſh, and though they had not told us expreſsly that they worſhipped Beal, or Bealin, and that this Beal was the Sun, and their chief god, it might nevertheleſs be inveſtigated from this cuſtom, which the lapſe of ſo many centuries has not been able to wear away.

The

The Sun was propitiated here by ſacrifices of fire: One was on the firſt of May, for a bleſſing on the ſeed ſown; the next, at Midſummer, for ripening the fruits of the earth; and a third, on the laſt day of October, as a thankſgiving for harveſt home. The firſt and the laſt of theſe are entirely dropped; but that on Midſummer's eve is, as I have ſaid, duly celebrated to this very hour. I have, however, heard it lamented, that the alteration of the ſtyle had ſpoiled theſe exhibitions; for the Roman Catholics light their fires by the new ſtyle, as the correction originated from a Pope; and, for the very ſame reaſon, the Proteſtants adhere to the old.

The firſt of May is called, in the Iriſh language, La Beal-tinne; that is, the day of Beal's fire. Voſſius ſays, it is well known, that Apollo was called Belinus; and for this he quotes Herodian, and an inſcription at Aquileia, *Apollini Belino.* The gods of Tyre were Baal, Aſhtaroth, and all the Hoſt of Heaven, as we learn from the frequent rebukes given to the back-ſliding Jews for following after Sidonian idols: and the Phœnician Baal, or Baalam, like the Iriſh

Iriſh Beal or Bealin, denotes the Sun, as Aſhtaroth does the Moon.

Mr. Wood, an ingenious writer of this country, is of opinion that Balbeck in Cœlo-Syria, of which he has given the ruins, is the ſame with Heliopolis. He argues not only from the ſituation, but the name; Balbeck, according to him, ſignifying the temple or city of the Sun. And he thinks, that the Syrian Belus, the Heliopolitan Jupiter, and the Delphic Apollo, are one and the ſame deity.

From the fire-worſhip of Beal ſeveral places in Ireland have got their names, as Bealtine, Mullaghtine, Bealtinglaſs, &c. And the higheſt mountains have generally, on their ſummits, prodigious conical heaps of ſtones, called *Carns*. That theſe heaps were altars, on which the fires were burned, ſeems probable from the manner in which the Celts paid their adorations to this god.

Dum pius Arcitenens incenſis gaudet acervis.

Virgil puts this matter in the cleareſt light, for he ſhews us how the Sabines, a people deſcended from the Celts, worſhipped Apollo,

lo, their chief god, upon the mountain Soracte, by fires burned on ſtone heaps.

Summe Deum, ſancti cuſtos Soractis, Apollo
Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo
Paſcitur——

From the cloſe affinity of cuſtoms between kindred tribes, there is ſcarce room to doubt, that the Celts of Ireland made the ſame uſe of theſe Carns as their brethren in Italy. This hypotheſis is confirmed by the following conſiderations.

Καρνειος was an epithet of Apollo; but whence he obtained it is not agreed among the critics. It is probable that it was a Celtic, and conſequently barbarous, word, introduced into the Greek language, at the ſame time that the Carnea were introduced into Greece. Theſe Carnea, we know, were Apollo's feſtivals in May, which month was called Carnius. What makes this argument of moment is, that Beroſus, the Chaldean, ſays, the Greeks borrowed their learning, and their very letters from the Gauls: and Diogenes Laertius, who, in the body of his work, is for making the Greeks inventors of all arts and ſciences, admits,

admits, in his proem, that the Druids taught their barbarous theology and philoſophy anterior to them.

There is ſomething in the very ſituation of theſe Carns which favours the argument of their being altars for ſacrifices to Apollo. For the moſt lofty eminences were originally choſen for the celebration of religious rites, and therefore we find in ſcripture ſo many rebukes given to the Idolatries in *high places*. Homer commends Hector for his many ſacrifices on Mount Ida; and Tacitus gives the reaſon why ſuch ſituations were fitteſt, as being neareſt to heaven; *Montes maxime cœlo appropinquari, preceſque mortalium a Deo nuſquam proprius audiri.*

But you begin to ſay, whither does this *farrago* of quotation tend? I want to ſhew you, that the Iriſh are ſtill in poſſeſſion of certain cuſtoms utterly relinquiſhed by the other nations of Europe; which peculiarities, being coeval with the earlieſt written memorials of mankind, confirm the opinion of Spencer, that they are at leaſt among *the moſt ancient people in this end of the world.* Good night,

LETTER XXVI.

Limerick.

WHAT is it that makes one nation more antient than another? Is it any thing more than this, that the preſent race of inhabitants have been longer in poſſeſſion of their country, than the others have been of theirs? And it cannot be argued that any nation is more antient than that which has ſo long occupied its preſent territory, that no time can be pointed out in which it was not in poſſeſſion. In this predicament ſtands Ireland. No man can point out the period when the preſent race was not in poſſeſſion.

The zealous champions of Ireland may perhaps think, that I pay her but an ill compliment in proving her antiquity, from her adherence to certain heatheniſh cuſtoms. Antiquities, however, of whatever ſort, ought carefully to be gleaned up, eſpecially where they are the chief materials for the hiſtory of the moſt early periods. There

can

can be no other, except tradition, before the uſe of letters.

The authority of tradition, according to Sir Iſaac Newton, is not to be depended upon for above 100 years. At what time letters were firſt introduced here, cannot, I conceive, be aſcertained. The learned Mr. O'Connor admits, that the writing upon vellum was not in uſe till the time of St. Patrick. All antecedent tranſactions were inſcribed, in very aukward characters, upon tables of wood, called *taible filea.*

It does not add to the credit of the antient hiſtory of Ireland, that it dwells ſo circumſtantially upon the migrations of the Gadelians, from Scythia, through Egypt, Greece, Spain, &c. and yet touches ſo lightly upon the events of the ſubſequent periods. The accounts of the times preceding the Iriſh apoſtle, are but copious genealogies, or, at beſt, meagre annals. They tell you, indeed, that a battle was fought in ſuch a ſpot, and thouſands ſlain; that ſuch a prince, ſlew ſuch a king, and reigned in his ſtead; and this is all the information

tion they give. There is no variety of events, no conſecutive ſeries of action, no motives to war, or inducements to peace, but the adultery of ſome queen, the rape of ſome virgin, or the murder of ſome chief. In fine, there is no exemplary morality, no colour of juſt hiſtory.

However, therefore, the indigenal antiquarians of Ireland may declaim on the refinement, politeneſs, and civilization of their anceſtors, candour muſt make great abatements, upon the review of facts. When we read of the caſtles of their kings, and the number of Nobles and Knights they entertained in their halls, with their long ſuite of Bards, Genealogiſts, and Muſicians, we are aſtoniſhed with an idea of magnificence; but on a nearer approach, theſe caſtles—raiſed like thoſe in romance—ſhrink into occaſional ſtructures of hurdles and ſcrolls.

It is true, that antiquity and ſtone buildings are not neceſſarily connected. Yet it is hard to conceive how written monuments could have been *well* preſerved without them. The ſeveral *Pſalters*, as they call them, which contain the moſt early and

and authentic documents of Iriſh ſtory, were all denominated from the houſes in which they were preſerved. Scotland would at this day be without a written monument of antiquity, antecedent to the ravages of Edward I. if ſome remnant had not been ſaved in the Abbey of Hy Columb-cill.

It is no diſgrace to any country, that the early periods of its hiſtory are involved in obſcurity; nor are the Iriſh ſingular in having diſcoloured theirs with fable. The French have forged their Francus, as the founder of their name and nation; the Danes their Danus, the Saxons their Saxo, and the Britons their Brutus. Olaus the father wrote two whole folios to prove that Scandinavia was the original glebe, where the firſt men, and the golden apples of the Heſperian gardens grew, with guardian dragons. Olaus the ſon has employed a good quarto, in ſhewing that the Lappiſh tongue may be traced up to the Hebrew; and that the country is, at this day, the moſt comfortable portion of the globe to live in, as producing *honeſter men*, and *better ſtrawberries*, than the fineſt parts of Italy.

The

The hiſtorians of this country ſhould follow the example of Livy, who fairly owns, that he can ſay nothing with certainty, of the origin of the Romans. By magnifying their antiquities, and by dwelling chiefly upon a *millennium*, at leaſt, before the vulgar æra, they bring in queſtion, narrations of a more modern date, with ſuch as have neither time nor patience to diſcriminate truth from falſehood.

On the other hand, the readers of Iriſh hiſtory ſhould not raſhly involve it all under the ſame cenſure. There is truth in the hiſtories of Arcadia and Attica, though the people of one country boaſted of being earth-born, and of the other, that they were prior to the moon. We muſt not diſbelieve that Caliſthenes ſent aſtronomical obſervations from Babylon, of above nineteen hundred years ſtanding, becauſe the Chaldeans vaunted of having obſerved the ſtars for 47,300 years. Nor muſt we doubt that the Chineſe are a very antient people, becauſe they vainly reckon many thouſand years before the Moſaic æra of creation. The degree of credit due to the traditional ſongs of the Bards, may be meaſured from

the following ſtory, told by Gibſon, biſhop of London, who tranſlated Camden's Britannia. "A blind harper ſung to his inſtrument an Iriſh ſong, which the biſhop of Derry, curious to learn the meaning of, got tranſlated into Engliſh. It announced, that in a certain place was buried the body of a prodigious giant, on whoſe breaſt was a broad plate of pure gold, and rings on each finger of the ſame metal. The biſhop had reſolution enough to try if there were any truth in the narration; when, lo! upon opening the ground deſcribed, the body of a man of common ſize was found, reduced to aſhes, with a ſmall plate of gold which had been on his breaſt, but there were no rings to be ſeen." It is pretty remarkable that the body of our Arthur was found almoſt in the ſame manner.

As the Iriſh had the uſe of letters, long before they wrote upon vellum, it is not to be doubted, that the reigns of their kings were exactly enough regiſtered, before that improvement in the fifth century. The whole texture of their hiſtory ſhews the utmoſt attention to their genealogies; their *Gavelkind*, or Law of inheritance, abſolutely

ſolutely requiring an exact knowledge of deſcents. An order of men, called *Senachies*, were ſet apart for this ſtudy, and had certain lands aſſigned for their ſupport. Camden enumerates ſeveral officers of each chief, who enjoyed ſuch hereditary demeſnes. *Habent enim hi magnates ſuos Juridicos quos Brehones vocant; Medicos, Poetas, quos Bardos vocant, & Citharœdos. Et certæ & ſingulæ familiæ, viz. Brehones unius ſtirpis & nominis, hiſtorici alterius, & ſic de cæteris, ſucs liberos, ſive cognatos, in ſua qualibet arte, erudiunt, & ſemper ſuos ſucceſſores habent quibus ſingulis ſua prædia aſſignata ſunt.*

This is no ideal inſtitution, for, long after the Engliſh got poſſeſſion here, it was in full vigour; and ſeveral acts have been made, from time to time, to aboliſh the eſtabliſhment, and thereby annihilate the influence of the Bards; who, by their ſongs, were ſuppoſed to ſtir the people up to rebellion. The following tranſlation of an Iriſh poem, minutely deſcribing the *etiquette* of the monarch's court at Teamor, may not be unworthy your peruſal.

Ten royal officers for uſe and ſtate,
Attend the court, and on the monarch wait.
A *nobleman*, whoſe virtuous actions grace
His blood, and add new glories to his race.
A *judge*, to fix the meaning of the laws,
To ſave the poor, and right the injur'd cauſe.
A grave *phyſician*, by his ſkilful care,
To eaſe the ſick, and weaken'd health repair.
A *poet*, to applaud, or boldly blame,
And juſtly give, or infamy, or fame.
For without him, the freſheſt laurels fade,
And vice to dark oblivion is betray'd.
The next attendant, was an holy *prieſt*,
Prophetic fury roll'd within his breaſt:
Full of his God, he tells the diſtant doom,
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come;
Daily he worſhips at the ſacred ſhrine,
And pacifies the Gods with rites divine;
With conſtant care the ſacrifice renews,
And anxiouſly the panting entrails views.
To touch the harp, the ſkill'd *muſician* bends,
And o'er the ſtrings his nimble hands extends.
The ſweeteſt ſounds flow from each trembling ſtring,
Soft as the breezes of the breathing ſpring.
'Tis muſic's lot the paſſions to controul,
And tune the harſh diſcordance of the ſoul.
The *antiquary*, by his ſkill reveals,
The race of kings, and all their offſpring tells.
The ſpreading branches of the royal line,
Traced out by him, in laſting records ſhine.
Three officers in lower order ſtand,
Who, when he dines, attend the king's command.

The

The very texture of this poem ſhews it to have been written in the days of Paganiſm, for the prieſt therein deſcribed is a Druid. They fix the date of it in the reign of Cormac O'Conn, father-in-law to Finn, the ſon of Comhal, who re eſtabliſhed the *Fes of Tarah*, in the beginning of the third century.

There is yet another remnant of antient heatheniſm, which, belonging to the ſubject of antiquities, I muſt not paſs over. If a perſon dies accidentally upon the road ſide, or in the field, the place is held deſecrated, and every paſſenger throws a ſtone upon the ſpot, till they mount into a heap. Theſe heaps they call *Carns*, as well as thoſe I deſcribed to you in my laſt. Such heaps, we find, were, like the *tumuli*, uſed as ſepulchral monuments; for the book of Judges relates that they raiſed a great *heap of ſtones* over the body of Achan, who had purloined "the accurſed thing." The ſame is reported to have been done to the robber, whoſe epitaph is aſcribed to Virgil,

Monte ſub hoc lapidum tegitur Baliſta ſepultus.

Perſons eminent for their virtues, as well as their vices, are repreſented as having had theſe heaps raiſed to their memory. Homer, deſcribing Hector's funeral, tells us, that, over all, they heaped ſtones for a monument; and we read, that "they took Abſalom, and caſt him into a pit, and laid a very great heap of ſtones upon him."

Both the *carns* and *tumuli* were not only raiſed as *Mauſoleums*, where the aſhes of the dead were actually buried, but they have been alſo raiſed as *Cenotaphs* to their memory, or as obſequies to appeaſe their ſhade. This we may learn from the preſent Iriſh cuſtom, with reſpect to the *carn*; and with reſpect to the *tumulus*, it will be evident from the following conſideration. The ſouls of thoſe deprived of the honours of burial were obliged, you know, to wander a hundred years before they could croſs the Styx. Therefore, we find Palinurus ſo earneſt with Æneas, to pay him this laſt tribute,

——— tu mihi terram
Injice, namque potes.———

And for the ſame reaſon, the Trojan hero raiſes a *Cenotaph* to the ghoſt of Deiphobus,

Tunc

Tunc egomet *tumulum*, Rhæteo in littore, *inanem*
Conſtitui, & magna *manes* ter voce vocavi.

To the ſame cuſtom it is, which Horace alludes in his ode to Archytas,

Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa, licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

I mentioned to you that the *tumuli* were falſely aſcribed to the Danes, and called *Danes mounts*. There is another piece of antiquity, with equal impropriety, attributed to the ſame people, and called *Danes-raths*. They are circular intrenchments thrown up on the tops of hills, ſometimes with two or three, but more frequently with a ſingle ditch. *Rath* ſignifies literally a ſurety, and therefore theſe fortreſſes are generally called *Forts*. The uſe of them is ſo obvious, that Nature herſelf muſt have pointed it out to a people always at war among themſelves. I can therefore ſee no reaſon why they ſhould be attributed ſolely to the Danes. On the contrary, there is poſitive proof, in the *Lives of St. Patrick*, that they were in Ireland ſome centuries before the Danes ſet foot in it, for Down-

Patrick was originally called *Rath Keltair, munimentum Keltarii filii Duachi*, and it obtained its preſent name from being the burying-place of the Iriſh apoſtle. Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Limerick.

OF all the events which the ſight of this city recals to our memory, the moſt conſpicuous is that treaty, concluded in 1691, which put an end to the wars of Ireland, and an everlaſting barrier to the hopes of the Stuart race. But though this treaty, better known by the title of the Conditions of Limerick, put an end to the wars, it did not put an end to the woes of Ireland. For, however honourable to the beſieged theſe conditions might have been held, they were at the beſt but hard ones, and hard as they were, the Romaniſts were not long allowed to enjoy any benefit from them.

By the firſt article of theſe conditions, it was ſtipulated that the Roman Catholics ſhould enjoy ſuch privileges, in the exerciſe of their religion, *as they did enjoy in the*

the reign of king Charles II. And their Majeſties promiſe, as ſoon as their affairs will permit them, to ſummon a parliament in this kingdom, *to procure them ſuch farther ſecurity, as may preſerve them from any diſturbance on account of their religion.*

This, and the other articles, were religiouſly adhered to by King William, in contempt of the invectives againſt them from the pulpit, which he prohibited, and of the clamours of the preſs, which he could not ſilence. But this phlegmatic prince had imbibed toleration in his native country.

To ſee the reaſons why different maxims were adopted by his ſucceſſor Anne, we muſt recur to the hiſtory of her reign. This retroſpect will ſhew a Queen without iſſue, and a great part of theſe nations looking wiſtfully to her brother, as the natural, and therefore, as they conceived, rightful heir to the crown. It will ſhew this nation once devoted to the declining cauſe of James, becauſe a papiſt, ſtill ſuſpected of a readineſs to riſk all for his ſon. It will not, however, diſcover any plot contrived, or act attempted, by the papiſts at this period.

riod. The factions of *whig* and *tory* were embittered againſt each other; and their tempers flaming with animoſity, breathed nothing but mutual vengeance. The triumphant party, under perpetual alarms of a popiſh ſucceſſor, in providing for ſelf-defence, miſtook rigour for juſtice, and perſecution for expedience. In this ferment of zeal, the articles of Limerick were repealed, if not violated.

Did the ſame cauſes ſtill ſubſiſt to ruffle the ſurface of men's minds, as well might we bid the ſtorm to ceaſe, or the ſea to be calm, as ſpeak peace to their paſſions. But after ſo long a ſunſhine in the political ſky, ſucceeding the coruſcations of that meteor, the Pretender, we may now examine the matter upon the principles of reaſon and candour.

All hopes of a popiſh revolution being removed from the mind of every rational papiſt, all fears ſhould be removed from every rational proteſtant. The benefit of a treaty, unforfeited by any infraction on their parts, ſhould be reſtored to them; national juſtice cries aloud for it, and ſelf-intereſt recommends

recommends it. I ſhall confine myſelf to the laſt of theſe conſiderations.

No great improvement of this country can be rationally expected, when the body of the people derive no advantage from that improvement, and when the penal ſtatutes amount not only to a diſcouragement, but a prohibition of induſtry. Even the beſt laws cannot operate in favour of agriculture, when five to one of thoſe who ſhould be employed in it, can have no intereſt in the ground they till. Property, ſtable property, is what alone can make the *ſleep of a labouring man ſweet*.

By one law of the penal code, if a papiſt have a horſe worth fifty, or five hundred, pounds, a proteſtant may become the proprietor, upon paying him down five. By another of the ſame code, a ſon may ſay to his father, Sir, if you don't give me what money I want, I'll turn *diſcoverer*, and in ſpite of you and my elder brother too, on whom, at marriage, you ſettled your eſtate, I ſhall become heir. It is needleſs to comment upon the ſpirit of ſuch laws—the very recital chills with horror.

Let

Let it not be argued that theſe laws are ſeldom put in execution. Is property, is parental authority to depend upon the courteſy of an avaricious malignant neighbour, or the gratitude of a profligate abandoned child? But where ſons are not found impious enough to turn *diſcoverers*, there are not wanting ſome who are ſo baſe as to avail themſelves of a flaw in the title of a Papiſt.

But granting that theſe advantages are rarely taken, the idea of ſecurity is of more influence, than ſecurity itſelf without the idea. Damocles was perhaps ſafe enough under the ſuſpended ſword of Dionyſius, but the apprehenſion of danger ſcared away thoſe viſions of happineſs, which he had ſeen in the envied pomp of tyranny.

Is not intolerance the worſt badge of popery? Are they not virtually Papiſts, who oppoſe the principles of toleration? Are they not inimical to their country, who would ſtifle liberty of conſcience? What introduced ſo many good arts in a ſhort ſpace of time into England, but the intolerance of France? What, but toleration, at once peopled the fens of Holland,

Holland, and rendered it an emporium of trade, the dread of its neighbours, and the wonder of the univerſe? What but intolerance has waſted Spain, Italy, and many other countries? Now France is become tolerant, and therefore the moſt thriving nation in Chriſtendom.

When I thus argue for the rights of human nature, as a friend to the community at large, and conſequently to the crown of England, they tell me that this is very well in theory, but that no Engliſhman can conceive the virulence of Iriſh popery. My general reply to which is, that popery is the ſame every where, and if it has a worſe aſpect here, than elſewhere, that is owing to the more general ignorance of its profeſſors.

We keep the Iriſh dark and ignorant, and then we wonder how they can be ſo enthralled by ſuperſtition; we make them poor and unhappy, and then we wonder that they are ſo prone to tumult and diſorder; we tie up their hands, ſo that they have no inducements to induſtry, and then we wonder that they are ſo lazy and indolent.

It

It is in vain to ſay that theſe ſevere laws reſtrain the Catholics within the bounds of allegiance, and clip thoſe wings, which, if fully fledged, would be hatching new rebellions: for the very contrary ſeems to be their tendency; they are a reſtraint, not from doing evil, but from doing good; they keep alive an habitual hoſtility, and prepare the people's minds for the moſt deſperate enterprizes. No wonder that it ſhould be part of the Iriſh character, that they *are careleſs of their lives*, when they have ſo little worth living for.

Ingenuity itſelf could not have deviſed a more effectual method of cheriſhing popiſh diſaffection, than that very code made to annihilate it. For what is it, that the proteſtant proprietor ſo horribly dreads? Is it not the claims of the old great families, and *quondam* proprietors of his eſtate, upon the almoſt impoſſible contingency of a revolution? By depreſſing all papiſts equally, he preſerves unabated the influence and aſcendancy of the old great families; he keeps their claim of right alive in their *blood*, without any barrier between himſelf and them. Whereas by giving the papiſt

a right to purchaſe, the plebeian, but induſtrious Catholic may ſoon become ſeized of an eſtate, once forfeited by ſome Popiſh Baron; and then, having a common intereſt with the proteſtant purchaſer, he will be as violent an enemy to the old Popiſh claimant as the Proteſtant himſelf. The Papiſt becomes a guarantee to the Proteſtant, and as ſtaunch a ſupporter of the preſent eſtabliſhment; becauſe that eſtabliſhment alone ſecures him his civil rights. So that, come what will of his religious orthodoxy, his civil orthodoxy is ſecure.

Thus far the proſperity of the kingdom, and the happineſs of human nature, demand that Papiſts ſhould be indulged in this Popiſh country, but no farther. They never ſhould be allowed to hold any civil employments, or to have votes as freeholders; and entirely to remove all apprehenſions of leading men among them acquiring an influence in the ſtate, it may be provided, that their purchaſes ſhall be ſubject to the Gavel Act, *i. e.* to an equal diviſion among the natural heirs of the purchaſer.

If the Catholics of Ireland could be withdrawn from their blind allegiance to the Pope,

Pope, there could not be the ſlighteſt pretext for refuſing them an unreſtrained exerciſe of their religion. How far this is poſſible, even in their preſent ſtate of ſuperſtition, you may in ſome meaſure gueſs from the following fact, which to me ſeems well authenticated.

A few years ſince, Dillon, the Archbiſhop of Narbonne, originally of this country, intereſted himſelf in behalf of the Papiſts of Ireland. He endeavoured to engage, in their ſervice, the leading members of both houſes of Parliament; and to prepare the way, he prevailed on the Titular Primate to convene a council of the Biſhops, to deviſe ſome mode of giving government the moſt convincing teſt of their loyalty.

An oath of allegiance was agreed to unanimouſly. But an expreſs abjuration of the Pope's ſupremacy in temporals being inſiſted upon by the Narbonne party, it was rejected by a third part of the members.

What makes this deciſion the more remarkable is, the Biſhops, who voted for a renunciation of the authority of the Pope in temporals, had been all elected out of the ſecular clergy; whereas thoſe who were

were againſt it, had been originally regulars, the Pope's body-guards.

From this circumſtance one would conclude, that a great majority of the Popiſh clergy, and conſequently of the people, are diſpoſed to give government every poſſible aſſurance of a dutiful demeanor. The ſenſe of theſe people can only be collected from that of their prieſts, by whom they are governed. And why a man may not be a Romaniſt, without being a Papiſt, in Ireland as well as in France, I can ſee no reaſon. We know, that the Gallican church has been long emancipated from the thraldom of the Roman pontiff. However, the good intentions of the Archbiſhop turned out ineffectual, for he could not find any member, in either houſe, hardy enough to move for a repeal of theſe laws.

In an Act paſſed a ſeſſion or two ſince, a *teſt* has been drawn up, which the principal gentleman of the South have taken, through the influence of the titular Archbiſhop of Caſhel; who is of a noble family, and has wrote a pamphlet to recommend it: notwithſtanding the oath is ſaid to be condemned by the Pope, as one clauſe of

it is by conſtruction forced to imply that the king *de facto* is alſo the king *de jure*. This has ſtaggered many who would be willing to give any teſt of their allegiance, that could not be ſuſpected of an approbation of revolution principles.

This very ſcrupuloſity is an argument in their favour, evincing that they have a due ſenſe of the ſacred obligation of an oath, and that they do not adopt that curſed Jeſuitical doctrine, that faith is not to be kept with heretics. For, if the caſe were otherwiſe, inſtead of labouring under thoſe penalties inflicted upon them, they might avail themſelves of the temporal advantages of the oath, and yet violate it without remorſe.

As things now ſtand, the converſion of the Iriſh Catholics is what zeal may hope for, but knowledge never can expect. Of the inefficacy of the penal laws for that purpoſe long experience may convince the moſt ſceptical. It is now above ſeventy years ſince they were enacted. Yet in all that time little more than four thouſand converts have been made out of a million and a half of people ſeventy times told.

How

How then is this ſtubborn error to be vanquiſhed? Or rather how is the miſchief ariſing from it to be mitigated? Is it by keeping its votaries in endleſs night? Is it by ſteeping them in poverty to the very lips? Whilſt they are thus poor, they muſt neceſſarily be intellectually dark; and whilſt they grope in darkneſs will they not, like other blind, ſtretch out their hands to thoſe, who, though they ſcarcely ſee farther than themſelves, will nevertheleſs audaciouſly profeſs the trade of leading them? No zeal for religion, no argument of reaſon, can produce a real converſion of any ignorant perſon. For what artillery in all the magazines of wiſdom can make any impreſſion on ignorance, intrenched over the head in prejudice, and guarded by ſuch watchful centinels as the Romiſh clergy.

But the happineſs of a ſtate does not depend upon uniformity of opinion; that is eſtabliſhed on another and a broader foundation, the common intereſt of the ſubject. When the Catholic has got an intereſt in the ſtate, one might as well ſuppoſe, that a voluntary agent ſhould act againſt the ſtrongeſt motive, as that he will act againſt

his own intereſt. The more comfortable his exiſtence becomes, the more ſtrongly will that attachment be riveted. Property, acquired by honeſt *induſtry*, will produce quite another ſort of ſubjects from that which is inherited by *blood*, under the old *Brehon* laws. The induſtrious application of talents in the gaining a competency, or eſtabliſhing a property, will civilize and reclaim them from their ſavage cuſtoms, barbarous manners, and uncertain life. Fixed property, which every man may attain, will become an hoſtage to the ſtate, an inviolable pledge of loyalty. Add to this—

Property will neceſſarily introduce and diffuſe knowledge, which will enlarge the mind, and make it ſuſceptible of rational impreſſions. Some daring ſpirits will of courſe emerge from the profound abyſs, whoſe example and converſation will have greater influence over their own perſuaſion, than all the penal laws that policy can deviſe. Even a little ſcepticiſm might open the way to candid diſquiſition and free enquiry, and thus ſoften the rigours, and ſmooth the aſperities of Popery. At preſent,

ſent, there are few leading people among the Romaniſts but intereſted prieſts, whoſe maintenance depends upon the number of their followers.

An avowed and general recantation of profeſſion is not, therefore, to be expected; yet a generation or two may produce a general renunciation of ſentiment. And though Popery can never become Proteſtantiſm, the profeſſors of Popery may nevertheleſs become Proteſtants in principle. They may be brought to ſee, that God is no reſpecter of perſons, but that *in every nation he that doth righteouſneſs, and he only, is righteous, and accepted of him.*

The ſame religion is now eſtabliſhed in France, that was at the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew; but does it breathe the ſame ſpirit now, that it did then? Will any man, who knows the world, ſay that ſuch a ſcene could, now, be acted over again in Paris? Even the writings of Voltaire have not been without their advantage; "Do not, ſays he, deprive yourſelves of uſeful ſubjects, uſeful in your manufactures, your marine, your agriculture. What though their creed be ſomewhat different from yours, you

want their labour and not their catechiſm." In France, Popery is ſtill *nominally* the ſame, but it is *virtually* reformed.

It is not neceſſary for the peace and proſperity of a nation that all the individuals, of any perſuaſion, ſhould be adepts in the reaſon of religion: ſufficient is it, for thoſe purpoſes, if the firſt claſſes are well, and middle claſſes tolerably informed. An army is not the leſs ſufficient becauſe the centinel and pioneer do not poſſeſs all the knowledge of their general officers.

Let us, then, indulge the prejudices of theſe people for the preſent. By allowing them to acquire landed property; a more enlightened generation will ſpring up, who will bring about the wiſhed-for revolution of principle. They who are authoriſed, by by the verities of their religion, to place perſecution among the *beatitudes*, will not readily forego thoſe countervailing rewards, which, their artful teachers aſſure them, are reſerved for their obſtinate perſeverance. But, taught moderation by our example, they will, in due time, ſee not only the temporal, but the ſpiritual advantages of our happy conſtitution. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

Athlone, Oct. 26th, 1775.

IT was my purpoſe, originally, to make my tour by Galway; but I begin to be tired of wretched villages, and uncultivated waſtes. A curioſity, too, is growing upon me to hear the ſpeakers in the Iriſh parliament, which is now ſitting. I am, I own, prediſpoſed to think well of the Orators of this country, not only from their general character, and from the ſpecimens of them we have ſeen in both our houſes, but alſo from my own ſpeculations upon the natural genius of the people, in which there ſeems to be a fire and imagination, well calculated to animate a popular harangue.

The country on this ſide Limerick is more diſfigured with turf bogs than on the other. But, diſagreeable as their appearance is, they are not the leaſt profitable grounds; and, when the canals are finiſhed, they will become ſtill more beneficial, by lowering the price of fuel. The ſpinning of flax, which is a ſedentary buſineſs, em-

ploying only one hand and one foot, could not be carried on without them in this kingdom, ſo deſtitute of wood and ſo unable to purchaſe coals. Whereas the ſpinning of wool, by giving exerciſe to the whole body, does not ſtand ſo much in need of fires; and therefore ſeems to be the only manufacture which can ſucceed, where fuel is not abundant.

A great ſhare of the country I rode through hither was rough, and, in ſome places, mountainous, yet it afforded greater pleaſure than the moſt fertile parts; for it ſhewed incomparably more cultivation, and more ſigns of population. The houſes, I remarked, grew more frequent, and leſs wretched, wherever the grounds were bad. For not being fit for paſturage, they are obliged to till them; tillage requires human creatures, who muſt ſhare ſome pittance of their own labours. The bog and the mountain is reclaimed for a ſcanty ſubſiſtence, the rich ſoils are eat up by ſheep and bullocks, and the famiſhed ſhepherd is made the very ſcape-goat of human nature.

Nenagh, the laſt town I paſſed through in Munſter, was a neater village than uſual

in

in that province. Agriculture ſeemed to revive, and ſome fallowed fields appeared as I approached Leinſter. There ſtands the ruins of an old caſtle of the *Butlers*, called *Nenagh Round*, which held out againſt General Ginkell with 1500 men, for twenty-four hours, in the laſt war of Ireland. The whole county of Tipperary was once a Palatinate, under the ſeparate juriſdiction of the Ormond family.

I intended to have ſlept at Birr; but finding I could not do ſo without riding in the night, I ſtopped at a little houſe, near a Church, called *Modrenny*, where I expected but ſorry entertainment; but in this I was agreeably diſappointed, for I found a good bed, and the utmoſt decency and cleanlineſs in every thing that was ſerved up.

Birr, in the King's county, formerly called *Leix*, where I breakfaſted, is a good village, without any thing remarkable, but a ſtatue of the late duke of Cumberland, placed on a very high pillar. Its caſtle was beſieged by Sarsfield, general of the Iriſh, but relieved by General Kirk. The country all around has a tolerable appearance of cultivation.

From

From thence to this place, the country is chequered by the Bog of Allen, which croſſes ſeveral counties, and which would not be offenſive to the eye, as it looks like a ruſſet lawn, if the edges of it were not generally indented with turf holes, and heaps of turf piled on the banks. It is, however, a pleaſure to ſee them coming into the cuſtom of ſowing rape on theſe bogs, and other unprofitable grounds. This culture is owing to the Dublin Society, which gives yearly premiums for its encouragement. The great advantage of rape is, that it operates as a manure, and reclaims grounds, originally unable to yield oats, to ſuch a degree, that they will afterwards give crops of barley and wheat.

Athlone is beautifully ſituated on both ſides of the Shannon. The part on the Leinſter ſide is called the Engliſh town, as that on the Connaught ſide is called the Iriſh town. Both betray equal ſymptoms of decay; for without any manufacture, but that of woollen hats, they have ſcarce any trade but for turf; of which commodity I ſee great plenty in boats, along their quay.

The

The views of this town, from both ſides the Shannon, are exceſſively pictureſque, though the country is almoſt denuded of trees. The lands are every where ſufficiently fertile, but little progreſs has been made in tillage, till within a few years; and they attribute the advancement of late to the erection of Flour-mills; the want of which, I conceive, muſt be a great impediment to agriculture. For in many parts of Ireland, very capable of growing wheat, and where the conſumption of bread is very conſiderable, they nevertheleſs import their flour.

In the war of 1641, the caſtle of Athlone was blocked up, by the Iriſh, for near ſix months; nor were all the Proteſtant forces of Ireland able to relieve it till ſupplies came from England. At length four regiments, one of which was commanded by Cromwell, marched with other forces from Dublin, under command of the duke of Ormond, and raiſed the ſiege.

After the return of the duke, the Proteſtants, though delivered from the blockade, were ſtill haraſſed by the ſuperior

numbers of the Iriſh. They reſolved, therefore, to abandon Athlone, and if poſſible, march to Dublin. But *hic labor hoc opus erat.* The wife of the governor of the caſtle, daughter to the earl of Cork, made her way to Dublin, upon the faith of a ſafe convoy, and there, having audience of the ſtate, ſhe did ſo pathetically paint the diſtreſſed ſtate of the Engliſh at Athlone, that ſhe prevailed to have ſuch ſuccours ſent to their relief, that their miſcarriage would have hazarded the loſs of Dublin, and conſequently of the whole kingdom.

——quid forma & facundia poſſit
Tunc patuit.

This reinforcement, not being ſuſpected by the Iriſh, reached Athlone, without moleſtation. The main body of the Iriſh was at this time poſted at Rath-connal. This paſs, of about 100 yards broad, between two moraſſes, took its name from that Conal ſo celebrated in the poems of Offian, and ſirnamed Cearnagh in the Iriſh hiſtories. But it was rendered ſtill more famous by an old prophecy, that a battle was to be there

fought

fought between the Engliſh and the Iriſh; and that whichever party ſhould win the battle, ſhould alſo win Ireland.

This prediction, now apparently on the eve of completion, raiſed the expectations of a great concourſe of people, who flocked together to ſee whoſe fatal ſcale was to kick the balance. Preſton, the Iriſh general, had not truſted to the ſtrength of the caſtle, which ſtood in the paſs, or to the natural advantage of the grounds: he cauſed redoubts and breaſt-works to be thrown up quite acroſs the neck, in order to oppoſe the paſſage of the Engliſh, under Sir Richard Grenville. Numbers and ſituation were on the ſide of the Iriſh, but diſcipline, and the alternative of life or death, were on the ſide of the Engliſh. The poſt was long and gallantly maintained. Preſton did all a general could; but Engliſh ſteadineſs prevailed, and cut itſelf a bloody paſſage through this well diſputed ſtation. Preſton falls. A general rout ſucceeds. Sad omen to the Iriſh of their future ſucceſs! Good night.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

Athlone.

ATHLONE, or the Ford of *Luan*, which, from its central ſituation, has been called the Nave of Ireland, is the great paſs between Connaught and Leinſter. The parts of the town on each ſide the river, are in different pariſhes; with but one church, and that on the Leinſter ſide; built, as I learn from an inſcription in it, by a grant of parliament; whence you may judge of the poverty of the place. Yet here they print a news-paper twice a week.

On the Connaught ſide is the old caſtle, a barrack for a regiment of dragoons, and a charter ſchool for twenty boys, and as many girls. I was ſurpriſed to hear, from the maſter and miſtreſs of this ſchool, that none but the children of Proteſtant parents are admitted into it. I had conceived, that as the original object of theſe ſchools was the converſion of Papiſts, none would be received but the children of Papiſts.

The

The inſtitution of theſe ſchools has all the aſpect of benevolence, and zeal for the intereſts of religion. Yet, with the utmoſt deference to the national opinion, it may be queſtioned whether they are calculated to anſwer the well-meant purpoſe of converting the Catholics of Ireland; even granting that the children of Papiſts *only* were admitted into them.

From the ſtate of the fact, placed in its moſt favourable light, there have been at a medium, four from each county in the kingdom placed out apprentices each year, ſince the commencement of the ſcheme in 1733. And it is argued that thoſe, who are thus apprenticed, have been reclaimed from Popery. But if the children of Proteſtants, even from Wales and England, be received upon this foundation, is it not probable that the above is too high an eſtimate?

The children of Proteſtants are, I preſume, received for want of other candidates; for I am aſſured, that a Papiſt would ſuffer any loſs, except that of his child, rather than ſend it to one of theſe ſchools. Such is the bigotry of theſe deluded people, that nothing but abſolute want could prevail

vail on them to ſuffer their children to receive an education, which, as they conceive, endangers their ſalvation.

It cannot be ſuppoſed that any ſyſtem of religion taught in any ſchool, eſpecially in one, which pride might think a reproach, can be as firmly rooted, as under the ſhelter of a parent's wing. Can we then imagine that principles imbibed in theſe charter ſchools, will be proof againſt the ſeductions of Popery, which environ them in this popiſh country? As the eyes of the vigilant prieſts are never off theſe ſeminaries, are not relapſes, and even converſions to Popery to be apprehended?

But far be it from me to arraign the wiſdom of this inſtitution upon the whole. All I would inſinuate is, that theſe ſchools are very inſufficient engines for the reformation of Iriſh popery. This is an evil that muſt be eradicated by more powerful inſtruments.

If we look upon theſe ſchools as ſeminaries of arts and induſtry, where the children of the poor receive uſeful inſtruction, which they could not otherwiſe obtain, they are inſtitutions highly commendable,

and reflect great honour upon their patronizers; who conduct them as free of abuſes, as the nature of human things is capable of.

I cannot, however, help remarking, that in this ſchool, I ſaw the girls working lace, an employment not more eaſy than ſpinning, and certainly not ſo uſeful to themſelves, or the community. Is it neceſſary to inſtruct the lower orders of ſociety in arts, which are rather ornamental than uſeful? Ought they not rather to be taught the rudiments of the linen or woollen manufactures? Ought thoſe, who ſubſiſt entirely on alms, to be initiated into any arts, but ſuch as may, in future, enable them to earn an honeſt and laborious livelihood?

I have obſerved here, as well as in the other parts of Ireland, that the people ſeem extremely affectionate to each other; for even the men ſalute one another with kiſſes: and the girls ſhew *nothing loth* to give hearty embraces in the ſtreets. Curious to learn their ſentiments, as well as manners, I have entered into converſation with them as often as poſſible; and I could not find them ſo much attached to the houſe

of *Stuart* as I apprehended. They have frequently ſpoke of James II. with indignation. He called the Iriſh *cowards*, and ſaid that all was loſt through their fault at the battle of the Boyne *. This they have not forgot, and do not fail to recriminate; they brand him with a name the moſt opprobrious in their language, and expreſſive of the moſt daſtardly cowardice. Some of them have ſaid to me, "We expect little good from any of the race of *Sheemas-a-caccagh*, i. e. Sh——n James."

The Iriſh troops I find lie under the imputation of generally behaving ill at home. And therefore Voltaire claſſes Ireland among thoſe nations which ſeem formed for ſubjection, while he admits that "her troops behave well abroad." This lively, but inaccurate writer, could not have forgot, that, at the battle of Blenheim, Lord Clare's dragoons alone were victorious on the ſide

* "King James came to Dublin (after the battle of the Boyne) under a very indecent conſternation. He ſaid all was loſt. He had an army in England that could have fought, but would not; and now he had an army that would have fought, but could not. This was not very gratefully nor decently ſpoken by him, who was amongſt the firſt that fled." Burnet, p. 51.

of

of the French, having cut to pieces a German regiment, commanded by Colonel Goore,—that like glory attended them at Ramillies,—and that the Iriſh regiments of Dillon and Burke ſaved, not only Cremona, but the whole French army in Italy.

This action was of ſuch *eclat*, that it was ſaid in the Britiſh Houſe of Commons, that the Iriſh abroad had done more miſchief to the allies, than they could have done at home, by being repoſſeſſed of their eſtates. They tell you it was Ligonier's horſe, to a man Iriſh, which preſerved the king's perſon, and thereby gained the battle of Dettingen. Many other caſes are adduced to the ſame purpoſe. It was, probably, reflections of this nature which produced the following lines of Swift:

Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains,
On French records, for twenty long campaigns;
Yet from an Empreſs, now a captive grown,
She ſaved Britannia's rights, and loſt her own.

After all, what is meant by behaving ill at home? Is it any thing more than to ſay, that the frequent inſurrections of a divided people, whoſe war was undiſciplined, as

their peace was uncivilized, were always ſuppreſſed, by the regular forces of a great and powerful nation? If the Iriſh had tamely acquieſced under that ſubmiſſive paction ſtruck between ſome of their chiefs and Henry II. there might have been ſome grounds for the cenſure of Voltaire.

Sir John Davies, among the many cauſes aſſigned why Ireland was not brought under obedience to the crown of England, before the reign of James I. every where commends the proweſs, and other natural endowments of the people. A ſtruggle, though unſucceſsful for liberty, almoſt uninterrupted for near 500 years, is certainly no ſymptom of a country formed for ſubjection. But this ſtruggle laſted much longer, and had Sir John come later into life, he would have ſeen, that Ireland was at that time far from being ſubdued. The being ſubdued does not argue the being formed for ſubjection. The Britons were completely ſubdued by the Romans, and if Britain had been formed for ſubjection, we could not, at this day, boaſt of being the moſt free people in Europe. In the hiſtory of this country, I do not find any period in which it diſcovered ſuch deſpondence,

dence, as our anceſtors did in that humiliating letter, *The groans of the Britons to the Conſul Aetius.*

But be this as it may, the behaviour of the Iriſh *at home*, even in the laſt war, was far from contemptible. They were routed, it is true, at the Boyne, in their firſt general engagement, by the beſt generals, and the beſt troops then in Europe; their king, in whoſe cauſe they bled, ſtanding at a diſtance, and ſhewing himſelf thereby unworthy of wearing any longer that crown, for which he contended.

At the concluſion of the war, "during the treaty of Limerick, a ſaying of Sarſfield deſerves to be remembered, for it was much talked of, all Europe over. He aſked ſome of the Engliſh officers if they had not come to a better opinion of the Iriſh, by their behaviour during this war? And whereas they ſaid that it was much the ſame that it had always been, Sarsfield anſwered,—Though low as we are now, change but kings, and we will fight it over again with you *."

* Burnet, p. 81.

This was that brave Iriſh general, who undertook the defence of Limerick, when deſpaired of by the French general, and who gave the Prince of Orange, fluſhed with victory at the Boyne, ſuch a repulſe, that he was obliged to raiſe the ſiege.

But this very neighbourhood furniſhes a ſcene, where the Iriſh diſplayed a ſteadineſs worthy a better cauſe. The field of *Aghrim* is but a few miles hence, where king James's army, under the conduct of St. Ruth, was upon the point of gaining a complete victory, through the dint of good behaviour, when the fall of their general turned the ſcale, and eſtabliſhed king William on the throne of England.

The hiſtoriographer of theſe wars, relates ſeveral inſtances of the ſuperſtition of the Iriſh, in regard to propheſies. And from his own atteſtation of the completion of one of them, he ſeems to have had ſome faith in them. I ſhall ſet them down only as they mark the manners of the place and time.

" I have heard, ſays this writer,—who was chaplain of an Engliſh regiment—ſome of the Iriſh tell us, before we got thither, that

that we ſhould not ſucceed in the firſt ſiege of Limerick. And they had no other grounds for it, but becauſe one of their propheſies ſaid ſo."—He adds, that Colonel Gordon O'Nial, and ſeveral other officers, who were taken priſoners at Aghrim, made mention of a dubious propheſy, pronouncing that a great battle was to be fought there, and that in climbing up the hills, the Engliſh ſhould find their coats too heavy for them."

He alludes to two other propheſies mentioned by the hiſtorians of the periods to which they point. One of them is vouched by Lord Broghill, who defeated the Iriſh, when Ireton lay before Limerick, in the very ſpot predicted. The fact is circumſtantially related by Cox: "Lord Broghill paſſed the river early in the morning, and met with ſome Iriſh gentlemen, under his protection; who told him, they came thither out of curioſity, becauſe of a prophecy amongſt them, *that the laſt battle in Ireland ſhould be at Knocknaclaſhy.* Whereupon the Lord Broghill aſked them who was to have the victory by their propheſy? They ſhook their heads and ſaid, *the Engliſh.*"

liſh." It is, however, to be remarked, that the Iriſh maintained the field long with undaunted bravery, and though diſordered by a fineſſe of Lord Broghill, they rallied, and bid fair to recover the day.

The other propheſy alluded to, the ſame writer ſays, pointed out the ſpot near Kinſale, where the Spaniards landed in the Elizabethian war, and alſo the ground where the great O'Nial was defeated; it having been ſhewn to Lord Montjoy, ſeveral days before. But Moryſon, who was ſecretary to that lord, and who wrote the hiſtory of that war, tells the ſtory ſomewhat differently. He ſays, "that an old written book was ſhewed to the Lord Deputy, wherein was a propheſy naming the ford and the hill, where this battle was given, and foretelling a great overthrow to befal the Iriſh in that place."

I do not find that witches have ever engaged the ſuperſtition of this country; on the contrary, I have heard it boaſted, that an *Iriſh Witch* was never heard of. But the Fairy Mythology is ſwallowed with the wide throat of credulity. Every pariſh has its green, and its thorn, where theſe *little people*

people are believed to hold their merry meetings, and dance their frolic rounds. Thoſe forts and mounts I have deſcribed to you, are all regarded as fairy land, where the pigmy grandees keep their moon-ſhine courts, and ſtar-light aſſemblies.

It would be difficult to tempt any common labourer, and ſome could not be tempted, to apply their ſpade to theſe *ſacred* remains; for they would be certain that ſome evil muſt befal either themſelves, or their family, or their cattle, before the expiration of a year. I have ſeen one of thoſe *elf-ſtones*,—like a thin triangular flint, not half an inch diameter,—with which they ſuppoſe the fairies deſtroy their cows. And when theſe animals are ſeized with a certain diſorder, to which they are very incident, they ſay they are *elf-ſhot*.

But I have given you more than enough of this traſh. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

Athlone.

AS the Iriſh in foreign ſervices are reckoned among the beſt troops in Europe, I ſhould have thought it needleſs to ſay more on that ſubject, if certain peeviſh reflections, thrown out by Harrington and others, had not been lately retailed. To theſe reflections I ſhall beg leave to oppoſe the teſtimony of Spencer, which, I believe, is as juſt as it is honourable. "I have heard, ſays he, ſome great warriors ſay, that in all the ſervices which they had ſeen abroad in foreign countries, they never ſaw a more comely man than the Iriſhman, nor that cometh on more bravely to his charge." If they have failed at home, can we attribute this to any thing but want of diſcipline? Their conduct at Aghrim, contraſted to that at the Boyne but a year before, ſhews that, in a very ſhort time, they can acquire ſteadineſs even at home.

It ſhould not be forgotten, that the Iniſkilliners, and defenders of Londonderry,

were

were Iriſh, as well as their opponents. And if theſe betrayed an inferiority when oppoſed to men free and accuſtomed to arms, it only ſhews what ſlavery and a diſuſe of arms will effect. *Etiam fera animalia, ſi clauſa teneas, virtutis obliviſcuntur.*

As to the perſonal courage of the individuals of this country, I have never heard it diſputed. National reflection rather brands it with a hardihood of ſpirit. Shakeſpear, who of all men had the deepeſt inſight into human nature, has left us a portrait of the Iriſh character in this line, as like as if they had ſat for the picture but yeſterday. The likeneſs is ſo very ſtriking that I cannot refrain giving an extract.—Captain Fluellin, the Welchman, wanting to ſend the duke ſome hints relative to the conduct of the ſiege of Harfleur, is told by *Gower*, that

" The duke of Glouceſter is altogether directed by an *Iriſhman*, a very valiant gentleman i'faith.

Flu. It is Captain *Macmorris*, is it not? By *Cheſhu* he is an aſs as in the world; I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the

the wars, look you, of the *Roman* diſciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris *and Captain* Jamy.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſcipline of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatisfy my opinion, and partly, look you, for the ſatisfaction of my mind as touching the direction of the military diſcipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud Captains bath. And I ſall quit you with gud love, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the duke; it is no time to diſcourſe; the town is beſeech'd, and the trumpets call us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing; 'tis a ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa' me, 'tis a ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame by

my

my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me law.

Jamy. By the maſs, ere theſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, aile do gud ſervice or aile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſall I ſurely do the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion between you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation ——

Mac. Of my nation? What iſh my nation? Iſh a villain and a baſtard, and a knave and a raſcal—What is my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you; being as good a man as yourſelf, both in the diſciplines of the wars, and in the derivation of my birth and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you ſo good a man

as

as myſelf: ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you miſtake each other."

* * * *

I write you this from the Connaught ſide of the Shannon, from that county, particularly, which gave birth and title to Dillon, Lord Roſcommon; in whoſe panegyric Pope ſeems to have contended with Dryden,

> The Muſes empire is reſtored again
> In Charles's reign, and by Roſcommon's pen.
>
> DRYDEN.

> To whom the wit of Greece and Rome were known,
> And every author's merit, but his own.
>
> POPE.

But this county boaſts of a ſtill greater honour, the birth of the much lamented Oliver Goldſmith. I have learned a very curious anecdote of this extraordinary man, from the widow of a Doctor Radcliffe, who had been his Tutor in Trinity College Dublin. She mentioned to me a very long letter from him, which ſhe had often heard her huſband read to his friends, upon the commencement of Goldſmith's celebrity. But

But this, with other things of more value, was unfortunately loſt by accidental fire, ſince her huſband's death.

It appears, that the beginning of his career was one continued ſtruggle againſt the waves of adverſity. Upon his firſt going to England he was in ſuch diſtreſs, that he would have gladly become an uſher to a country ſchool; but ſo deſtitute was he of friends to recommend him, that he could not, without difficulty, obtain even this low department. The maſter of the ſchool ſcrupled to employ him, without ſome teſtimonial of his paſt life. Goldſmith referred him to his tutor, at college, for a character; but, all this while, he went under a feigned name. From this reſource, therefore, one would think, that little in his favour could be even hoped for. But he only wanted to ſerve a preſent exigency—an uſherſhip was not his object.

In this ſtreight, he writes a letter to Dr. Radcliffe, imploring him, as he tendered the welfare of an old pupil, not to anſwer a letter which he would probably receive, the ſame poſt with his own, from the ſchoolmaſter. He added, that he had good

reaſons for concealing, both from him and the reſt of the world, his name, and the real ſtate of his caſe: every circumſtance of which he promiſed to communicate upon ſome future occaſion. His tutor, embarraſſed enough before to know what anſwer he ſhould give, reſolved at laſt to give none. And thus was poor Goldſmith ſnatched from between the horns of his preſent dilemma, and ſuffered to drag on a miſerable life for a few probationary months.

It was not till after his return to London, from his rambles over great part of the world, and after having got ſome ſure footing on this ſlippery globe, that he at length wrote to Dr. Radcliffe, to thank him for not anſwering the ſchoolmaſter's letter, and to fulfil his promiſe of giving the hiſtory of the whole tranſaction. It contained a comical narrative of his adventures from his leaving Ireland to that time: His muſical talents having procured him a welcome reception wherever he went. My authority ſays, her huſband admired this letter more than any part of his works. But ſhe would not venture to truſt her memory in detailing particulars.

particulars. Which, after all, could not appear very intereſting, but from his own manner of ſtating them. Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

Dublin, Nov. 7, 1775.

FROM Athlone, I took the ſtage-coach to Dublin, as well to gratify my curioſity in ſeeing the manners of the Iriſh in this vehicle, as from the apprehenſion of an approaching change of weather. I muſt remark by the bye, that our weather has turned out more favourable than I expected; the roads were duſty all the laſt week of October; and except on the 19th, that day ſo fatal to thouſands at ſea, my expedition was not once incommoded by rain.

I never enjoyed a frolic more than my paſſage in the ſtage. Our company conſiſted of an elderly lady of ſome faſhion and her maid, the ſon of a nobleman, a young buxom laſs from Roſcommon, and a country ſquire from Galway. Well-bred people are the ſame everywhere. So that variety was only to be found in the two laſt mentioned of my fel-

low-travellers. The girl could not be above eighteen. She was dreſſed in a plain riding-habit, with a hat and feather. You would rather praiſe the neatneſs than the richneſs of her dreſs. But for her perſon, that indeed was rich in all the gifts of nature; it was of the middle ſize, but of ſhape the moſt correct. Her face had the roſy virgin tint of innocence and health. It was that florid bloom which the painted Dolls, who haunt our ſcenes, affect, but never can acquire: or rather, it was that young and purple light of love, which Reynolds may conceive, but cannot paint. Her features were all turned to the ſofteſt harmony. And though embarraſſed, ſhe was never awkward. If a *mauvaiſe honte* ſometimes ſuffuſed her cheeks, her ſenſibility added grace to her bluſhes.

Our ſquire, you may ſuppoſe, was not without feelings, but he was devoid of ſentiment. He was that very Hibernian I had ſo often heard of, but never noticed before. They were utter ſtrangers to each other; and her lovelineſs excited his curioſity to know her connections. He aſked her a thouſand queſtions to extract the ſecret: I

ſuppoſe,

ſuppoſe, Madam, ſays he, you know ſuch and ſuch people, &c. &c. At length, he happened to hit on ſome of their common friends. This naturally led our hero to diſplay all his talents to captivate this innocent girl. And his manners, conformable to her own, gave him an unrivalled preference.

What moſt evidently prevailed, *abſit invidia*, and what betrayed her into all the *Cheſterfieldian* indecorums of laughter, was his addreſſing her in Iriſh. And when he had a mind to be tender beyond expreſſion in plain proſe, he would accoſt her with an Iriſh ſong; which he ſang with great ſoftneſs. The gentleman was perfectly good-humoured, and had a high flow of animal ſpirits. You could not have been diſpleaſed with the diſplay of this native character. I was delighted with it, for it was original, and I had hitherto ſeen only the copy. It gave me alſo an opportunity of obſerving, that the Iriſh language ſpoken by this pair was far from being diſagreeable; it was very different from that which I had heard from the vulgar in the ſtreets; and nothing could be more melodious than it was when ſung.

The country from Athlone to Dublin gradually improves in cultivation through Weſtmeath, Meath, and Kildare, notwithſtanding the two former are principally grazing counties. We lay a night on the road, at a good inn in a ſmall town called *Kinnigad*, where ſeveral ſtages put up as well as ours. We paſſed through ſeveral villages, not one of which indicated the exerciſe of any manufacture except Kilcock, which has a thriving aſpect: and here, I was told, that the women ſpin their own flax, and that the men were chiefly employed in day-labour, for the neighbouring farmers, who are here the moſt ſkilful and wealthy in the kingdom. But the towns on this road were happily diveſted of that diſtreſſing appearance of ſordid penury, which the Munſter villages of the ſame ſize generally wore; and the inns were univerſally good.

And now having finiſhed my little tour through two provinces of Ireland, and ruminating upon what I have ſeen, I muſt ſay, and I cannot ſay it in words ſo authoritative as thoſe of Sir John Davies, "I have obſerved the good temperature of the air,

the fruitfulneſs of the ſoil, the pleaſant and commodious ſeats for habitation, the ſafe and large ports and havens, lying open for traffic into all the weſtern parts of the world, the long inlets of many navigable rivers, and ſo many great lakes and freſh ponds within the land, as the like are not to be ſeen in any part of Europe; and laſtly, the bodies and minds of the people endued with extraordinary abilities of nature."

After conſidering all this, yet ſeeing at the ſame time that the greater, and certainly the beſt part of what I have ſeen, inſtead of being in a progreſſive ſtate of improvement, is verging to depopulation; that the inhabitants are either moping under the ſullen gloom of inactive indigence, or blindly aſſerting the rights of nature in nocturnal inſurrections, attended with circumſtances of ruinous devaſtation and ſavage cruelty, muſt we not conclude that there are political errors ſomewhere?

Cruelty is not in the nature of theſe people more than of other men, for they have many cuſtoms among them, which diſcover uncommon gentleneſs, kindneſs and affection. Nor are they ſingular in their

hatred of labour; Tacitus's character given of the Germans, applies to them, and all mankind in a rude ſtate, *mira diverſitate naturæ, cum iidem homines ſic ament inertiam, ſic oderint quietem.* At preſent their hands are tied up, and they have neither the activity of a ſavage, nor the induſtry of a civilized people. There is no neceſſity for recurring to natural diſpoſition, when the political conſtitution obtrudes upon us ſo many obvious and ſufficient cauſes of the ſad effects we complain of.

The firſt is, the ſuffering avarice to convert the arable lands into paſture. The evils ariſing from this cuſtom in England, were ſo grievous, that Lord Bacon tells us, in the reign of Henry VII. a ſtatute was enacted to remedy them. But the miſchief ſtill increaſing, Henry VIII. revived all the antient ſtatutes, and cauſed them to be put in execution. Yet, notwithſtanding this care, ſo great was the diſcontent of the people, from poverty occaſioned by decay of tillage and increaſe of paſturage, that they roſe in actual rebellion in the reign of Edward VI. and ſharpened by indigence

and

and oppreſſion, demoliſhed in many counties the greateſt part of the incloſures.

Here you ſee an exact prototype of the preſent diſturbances in Munſter, carried on by the rabble, originally called *Levellers*, from their levelling the incloſures of commons, but now *White Boys*, from their wearing their ſhirts over their coats, for the ſake of diſtinction in the night. There it was a rebellion, here it is only a ſtar-light inſurrection, diſavowed by every body; and the impotence of thoſe engaged to do any thing effectual, drives them into wanton and malignant acts of cruelty on individuals. Hopeleſs of redreſs, they are provoked to acts of deſperation.

The rebellion in England did not remove the evil; it was not, however, altogether fruitleſs; a commiſſion was appointed to enquire into the cauſe of it, and from a proclamation thereupon iſſued, it appears, that government became poſſeſſed of the true ſtate of the caſe. It is ſo remarkably appoſite to the preſent ſtate of the ſouth of Ireland, that I cannot forbear citing an extract or two from it. It ſets forth, "that the king, and the reſt of the privy council

were put in remembrance by divers piti-ful complaints of the poor ſubjects, as well as by other wiſe and diſcreet men, that of late, by encloſing arable ground, many had been driven to extreme poverty, and compelled to leave the places where they were born, and ſeek their livings in other countries; in ſo much, as in times paſt, where ten, twenty, yea in ſome places, two hundred people have been inhabiting, there is nothing now but ſheep and bullocks. All that land which was heretofore tilled and occupied by ſo many men, is now gotten, by the inſatiable greedineſs of men, into one or two men's hands, and ſcarcely dwelt upon by one poor ſhepherd, ſo that the realm is thereby brought into marvellous deſolation, &c."

Something more was attempted by Queen Elizabeth, but little or nothing was accompliſhed. And can we wonder that little could be accompliſhed, when the intereſts and prejudices of the Great were againſt tillage; and when ſo able a man as Sir Walter Raleigh inſiſted upon the impoſſibility of making grain a ſtaple commodity in England. But a much greater man than Raleigh,

Raleigh, the immortal Bacon, ſupported the declining cauſe of agriculture, upon the principles of ſound philoſophy, and conſiſtent policy. Yet, ſo undiſtinguiſhing was the ignorance of thoſe times, that his leſſons were unheeded, and ſcarcity prevailed for the two ſucceeding reigns.

The caſe of Ireland is now like that of England then. Every man, connected with the intereſts of graziers, or ſwayed by their prejudices, will tell you, very dogmatically, that tillage can never ſucceed in Ireland. It is indeed viſible, from the ſorry implements of labour ſtill in uſe, that agriculture never has arrived at any high degree of perfection; yet it is equally viſible, from the veſtiges of the plough, and from the evidence of hiſtory, that Munſter was once as well cultivated, and as populous as any part of this kingdom. But to return to *White-Boyiſm*; what meaſures have been taken for laying this ſpirit? None that I hear of, but that of offering rewards for apprehenſions and diſcoveries. Yet I have heard it remarked, as part of the Iriſh character, that no reward has been ever found ſufficient to tempt the accomplices, in this

or

or any other miſdemeanor, to betray each other. Some of theſe wretched culprits have, however, been found guilty and executed, but no inquiry has been made into the real cauſe of the inſurgency, no commiſſion has been iſſued as in England. This evil muſt, nevertheleſs, originate from ſome other cauſe than mere depravity of nature; for to ſuppoſe that a ſet of people ſhould conſpire to run the riſque of being hanged and gibbeted, for the mere pleaſure of doing miſchief to their neighbours, would argue a degree of diaboliſm, not to be found in the human heart.

Some would inſinuate that Popery is at the bottom of what they call this dark affair; and to give their opinion an air of probability, they tell you, that the firſt riſing of theſe deluded people was in the very year that *Thurot* made a landing in the north of Ireland, and that *Conflans* was to have attempted the like in the ſouth. But I can find no evidence that the French king employed any agents, at this time, to practiſe on the diſcontents of the rabble of Munſter. It is indeed more than probable, that ſome of their wrong-headed prieſts might

might have ſecretly wiſhed to ſerve the cauſe of France, and to co-opera'e with any Popiſh invader. Yet even that could only be the thought of ſome ignorant zealots. The only prieſt, charged with fomenting theſe diſorders, ſuffered for his folly, if he were guilty; but from what I have both heard and * read upon this queſtion, I am inclined to credit his own declarations before death, that he was innocent of the crime for which he was to ſuffer.

But granting the diſaffection of the Roman Catholics of Ireland were as malignant, as it is repreſented to be by their well-meaning Proteſtant neighbours, is not that a ſufficient reaſon for altering a conduct towards them, which experience has proved ſo ineffectual to reclaim them? Can they expect cordial affection in return for legal interdicts? Can partial laws command more than partial obedience? If a yoke be heavy, will it not gall? If chains are iron, will they not ſometimes rattle? Looſe theſe

* See a pamphlet publiſhed Anno 1766, intitled, *A Candid Enquiry* into the cauſes and motives of the late riots in Munſter, together with a *brief narrative of* the proceedings againſt the rioters, in a letter to a Noble Lord in England.

chains,

chains, throw off this yoke, and repeal theſe laws; confer benefits, expect affection, and receive gratitude. Before you hope for the duties of loyal ſubjection, impart the bleſſings of an equal dominion. Before you think of reaping the fruits, ſow the ſeeds of *true* ſelf-intereſt. Make people happy, and you may make them loyal.

Among the many cauſes aſſigned by Sir John Davies, why Ireland was never entirely brought under obedience to the crown of England, until the reign of James I. the capital one ſeems to be the defect of civil polity. He ſhews, that "for the ſpace of three centuries and a half at leaſt, after the conqueſt was firſt attempted, the benefit of the Engliſh laws was never communicated to the Iriſh, though they earneſtly ſought the ſame. For as long as they were out of the protection of the Engliſh law, ſo as every Engliſhman might oppreſs, ſpoil, nay kill them, without controulment, how was it poſſible they ſhould be other than outlaws, and enemies to the crown of England?—If the king would not admit them to the condition of ſubjects, how could they learn to acknowledge and obey him as their ſovereign?

ſovereign? When they might not converſe, or commerce, with any civil men, nor enter into any town or city, without peril of their lives, whether ſhould they fly, but into the woods and mountains, and there live in a wild and barbarous manner? If the Iriſh be not permitted to purchaſe eſtates of freeholds of inheritance, which might deſcend to their children, according to the courſe of our common law, muſt they not continue their own cuſtoms, and live in confuſion, barbariſm, and incivility?"

This excellent reaſoning of the Knight, may, *mutatis mutandis*, be extended to the preſent times. For to this day, the Iriſh have not the entire benefit of the Engliſh laws. They, to be ſure, are no longer abſolute outlaws, and enemies, but they are in many reſpects *aliens*. And Roman Catholics, who are the body of the people, can never be zealous friends of government, whilſt they deſpair of reciprocal acts of friendſhip and protection.

Some gentlemen ſeem alarmed at the mode now adopted, of recruiting our army, out of the Catholics of this country. But, as long as the officers are Proteſtants, I can apprehend

apprehend no danger, from mingling even an equal number of both perſuaſions together; nay, it might contribute to wear off mutual prejudices, and effect that coalition of ſentiment, which is ſo deſirable. The caſe would be very different, if whole regiments, both officers and men, were to conſiſt of Romaniſts. In their preſent temper of mind, a French invaſion might prove a perilous teſt of their loyalty.

By being compoſed *entirely* of Papiſts, their habitual diſcontents might be ſo fomented, that their internal union might poſſibly turn them againſt the ſtate that employs them. Their cauſes of diſcontent ſhould be removed, for ſome time, before they can have acquired new attachments; and, conſequently, before arms ſhould be truſted in their hands, as diſtinct bodies of troops. They muſt *ſee that it is their intereſt* to ſupport the preſent conſtitution, before *they will ſupport it* upon a principle, in which we can repoſe ſufficient confidence. Adieu.

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LETTER XXXII.

Dublin.

I Had been taught to believe that the ſtate of the Iriſh parochial clergy had been univerſally comfortable, if not affluent. But the caſe in Munſter is moſtly otherwiſe. It is indeed ſcarcely to be conceived, that in a country ſo uncultivated, a pariſh of moderate extent, ſhould yield ſufficient for the liberal ſupport of a parſon. Accordingly, unions of large diſtricts are here common; which after all give but a ſcanty ſubſiſtence. In the north, which is ſaid to be very populous, and in the parts of Leinſter, which are cultivated, the caſe is different. There a ſmall pariſh affords a decent maintenance. But in the ſouth and weſt, where induſtry, and conſequent population, is by every means diſcouraged, the ſituation of theſe gentlemen is rather to be pitied than envied. It requires a large income indeed, to compenſate for the want of houſes, and markets, and thoſe other comforts which the Engliſh clergy everywhere enjoy.

The

The original cauſe of the riſing of the White-Boys was this: "Some landlords in Munſter ſet their lands to cottiers far above their value; and, to lighten their burden, allowed commonage to their tenants, by way of recompence: afterwards, in deſpite of all equity, contrary to all compacts, the landlords incloſed theſe commons, and precluded their unhappy tenants from the only means of making their bargains tolerable *." Too ignorant to know the law, and too poor to bear the expence of it, they betook themſelves to violence, as their only reſource. As mobs ſeldom riſe without ſuffering ſome grievance, and never

* See *An Inquiry into the Cauſes of the Outrages committed by the Levellers or White-Boys, printed* 1762, where the following ludicrous ſtory is told from Saunderſon's K. James: "A commotion was ſtirred up by ſome *commoners*, againſt engroſſing their grounds, when the King in a hunting journey happened to paſs that way, and turning ſhort at the corner of a common, happened near to a countryman ſitting by the heels in the ſtocks, who cried *Hoſanna!* to his Majeſty; which invited the King to aſk the reaſon of his reſtraint. Sir Thomas ſaid, it was for ſtealing geeſe from the common. The fellow replied, I beſeech your Majeſty, who is the greater thief, I, for ſtealing geeſe from the common; or his worſhip, for ſtealing the common from the geeſe? The king immediately ordered the witty fellow to be releaſed, and the common to be reſtored to the poor."

ſubſide

ſubſide without doing ſome injury; ſo theſe inſurgents, having no proſpect of redreſs, began to direct their vengeance againſt the clergy. The deluded rabble, ſmarting under the galling load of oppreſſion, fled every where for relief, but where they ought. And, in order to divert their attention from themſelves, it became the policy of the landlord and grazier to cheriſh, or at leaſt connive at, the ſpirit of curtailing the church of its pittance.

In ſome places they will not ſuffer the parſon to have any aſſiſtant in letting his tithes. And if any one be ſo hardy as to lend his aid, he riſques the loſs of his ears, or his noſe, or both. In other places, they refuſe abſolutely to pay thoſe dues the law ſpecifies. And in all, they pay with grudging and ill blood. So that the caſe of the clergy in this province is deplorable. For how can a man of liberal ſentiment ſubmit to the low drudgery of chaffering and dodging with each pariſhioner, moſt of whom would uſe every art chicane can deviſe, to outwit and deceive him? If the parſon give up to each demand, his income is frittered down to nothing; and if he

does not, he muſt ſtudy all the little tricks of bargain-making, and ſo degrade himſelf to the level of a tithe dealer. And ſunk ſo low, he inevitably loſes all that influence wherewith the ſanctity of his character had inveſted him, and which a propriety of conduct would have infallibly ſecured.

There is another cauſe which immediately tends to diſtreſs the clergy, and remotely to ſtop the progreſs of agriculture. The Houſe of Commons in one of thoſe frantic fits, to which all popular aſſemblies are incident, paſſed a vote, ſome twenty or thirty years ago, whereby, any lawyer was declared an enemy to his country, who ſhould appear as council for the recovery of a due called *Agiſtment* or Herbage, which had ever been payed in lieu of the tithe of graſs. But as this vote had the ſanction of only one branch of the legiſlature, it could neither aſſume the form of a law, nor be binding upon thoſe who paſſed it, but during their political exiſtence as a parliament. It has, nevertheleſs, to all intents and purpoſes, acquired the force of a law; for the claim is totally relinquiſhed.

Now

Now if the parſon alone had ſuffered by this moſt iniquitous deciſion, one might be brought to believe that no great harm had been done by it. But this very vote contributes to repreſs induſtry, and to waſte the country. Whereas, if the parſon had been allowed to receive that herbage to which he was intitled, agriculture might have been revived, and depopulation reſtrained. Herbage would have acted as a premium upon tillage, by being a tax upon paſturage.

Thus you may obſerve, that a rich grazier, who pays perhaps ten thouſand pounds a year rent, may not be ſubject to as much tithe, as a wretched cottier, who holds but ten acres of land. No wonder then, that both the clergy and the poor ſhould be equally diſtreſſed. And as little wonder, that inſurrection ſhould rear its head in this ill-fated country; the firſt landlords of which are abſentees, the ſecond either foreſtallers or graziers, and where the only tiller of the ground ſtands in a third, and ſometimes in a fourth degree from the original proprietor. Something ſhould be thought of, ſomething done, to reſtore the rights of

human nature, in a country almoſt uſurped by bullocks and ſheep.

Ought not an *Agrarian* law to be paſſed, which would effectually prevent one man from occupying more than a certain number of acres, unleſs one half, or a third, or even a fourth were under the plough? England was once in a ſimilar ſituation, and had its *Levellers*, who, aggrieved by the monopoly of farms, rebelliouſly aſked,

> When Adam delved, and Eve ſpan,
> Where was then your Gentleman?

As they have the example of England before them, ought they not to apply like remedies to like evils. "The device of Henry VII. ſays Lord Bacon, was profound and admirable, in making farms and houſes of a ſtandard; that is, maintained by ſuch a proportion of land to them, as may breed a ſubject in convenient plenty and no ſervile condition." And in the preceding reign it was enacted, "That no perſon ſhould keep above 2000 ſheep, nor hold more than *two* farms."

As the ſeveral riſings of Oak Boys, Steel Boys, and White Boys, have made ſome noiſe

noiſe on our ſide of the water, it may not be amiſs to give you a diſtinct view of them; for they are, in general, ſo little underſtood, that they are frequently confounded together.

The high-ways in Ireland were formerly made and repaired by the labour of the houſekeepers. He who had a horſe, was obliged to work ſix days in the year, himſelf and horſe: he who had none, was to give ſix days labour. It had been long complained, that the *poor* alone were compelled to work; that the *rich* had been exempted; that inſtead of mending the *public* roads, the ſweat of their brows had been waſted on *private* roads, uſeful only to the overſeers. At length, in the year 1764, in the moſt populous, manufacturing, and conſequently civilized part of the province of Ulſter, the inhabitants of one pariſh refuſed to make more, of what they called *job* roads. They roſe almoſt to a man, and from the oaken branches which they wore in their hats were denominated *Oak Boys*. The diſcontent being as general as the grievance, the contagion ſeized the neighbouring pariſhes. From pariſhes it flew to baronies, and from baronies to coun-

ties, till at length the greater part of the province was engaged.

The many-headed monſter being now rouſed, did not know where to ſtop, but began a general redreſs of grievances, whether real or imaginary. Their firſt object was the overſeers of roads; the ſecond the clergy, whom they reſolved to curtail of their perſonal and mixed tithes; the third was the landlords, the price of whoſe lands, particularly of turf bogs, they ſet about regulating. They had ſeveral inferior objects, all which only diſcovered the frenzy of inſurrection.

In the mean time, the army was collected from the other provinces; for till then, the province of Ulſter was deemed ſo peaceful, that ſcarcely any troops were quartered in it. The rabble fled as ſoon as fired upon; and thus was this tumult quelled for the time, in five or ſix weeks after its commencement, with the loſs of only two or three lives. In the next ſeſſion, parliament took the matter into conſideration, and very wiſely repealed the old *Road Act*, and provided for the future repair of the roads by levying an equal tax off the lands of both

poor

poor and rich. The cauſe of diſcontent being thus happily removed, peace and quiet have returned to their old channels.

The riſing of the *Steel Boys* was not ſo general, but it was more violent, as proceeding from a more particularly intereſting cauſe. The ſource of it was this. An abſentee nobleman, who enjoys one of the largeſt eſtates in this kingdom, inſtead of letting it, when out of leaſe,—which it happened to be altogether about five or ſix years ago,—for the higheſt rent, which is the uſual way in Ireland, adopted a new mode, of taking *large* fines and *ſmall* rents. It is aſſerted, that thoſe fines amounted to ſuch a ſum, that the want of the uſual circulating caſh, carried away to England, ſeverely affected the linen markets of that country. But, be this as it may, the occupier of the ground, though willing to give the higheſt rent, was unable to pay the fines, and therefore diſpoſſeſſed by the wealthy *undertaker*; who, not contented with moderate intereſt for his money, racked the rents to a pitch above the reach of the old tenant.

Upon this, the people roſe againſt the *foreſtallers*, deſtroying their houſes, and

maiming their cattle which now occupied their *quondam* farms. When thus driven to acts of deſperation, they knew not how to confine themſelves to their original object, but became, like the *Hearts of Oak*, general reformers. The army however eaſily diſperſed them, and two or three, who were made priſoners, having ſuffered by the hands of the executioner, the country was ſoon reſtored to its priſtine tranquillity.

Both theſe inſurrections being in the North, the moſt opulent, populous, and civilized part of the kingdom, we may obſerve they have no ſimilitude to that of the *White Boys*, in the South, either in their cauſes or effects, except in the general idea of oppreſſion. The cauſe which generated the one being removed, and the cauſe of the other being only temporary, the duration of neither was long. The riſe and fall of each was like that of a mountain river, which, ſwelled by a broken cloud, at once overwhelms all around, and then ſhrinks down as ſuddenly into its accuſtomed bed.

Whereas in the South, where the cauſe is permanent, without any appearance of redreſs, the effect remains. The poor, deprived

prived of their right of commonage, driven from the good grounds, obliged to pay five or ſix guineas for an acre to ſet their potatoes in, and having no reſources from manufactures, as in the North, they become conſtant enemies to the ſtate; *the ſtate not being their friend, nor the ſtate's law.*

It is in vain to urge, that fanaticiſm and ſuperſtition were the original ſources of theſe evils. If the majority, engaged in the North, were Preſbyterians, and in the South Papiſts, it is, becauſe the body of the poor are of thoſe perſuaſions in thoſe places. And, it ſhould be attended to, that the oppreſſion of the poor in the South, proceeds very much from the Papiſts themſelves, as the graziers who engroſs the farms, are moſtly Romaniſts; which inconteſtibly proves the neceſſity of an *Agrarian* law. Till ſome ſtep is taken in favour of tillage and the poor, *Whiteboyiſm* will probably remain, in defiance of all the *ſeverities* which the legiſlative power can deviſe, or the executive inflict.

But you may poſſibly aſk, why may not theſe people make as much of the ground by tillage, as the grazier by paſturage? The

The reaſon is this, their poverty is ſo extreme, and their ignorance of tillage ſo great, that they could not occupy it to the greateſt advantage. Farming is an art which requires much experience, and much expence. And, though perhaps they might make as much of it, yet the grazier pays his rent with leſs trouble to the landlord, who is generally an abſentee. The grazier cannot make ſo much of a few acres as the farmer; but, by a light profit from thouſands, he amaſſes a fortune, without adding to the improvement of the country. Whereas, if an *Agrarian* law were to take place, the preſent grazier would be obliged to uſe the plough, to make the moſt of a ſmall farm or two. He would be forced to cultivate with artificial graſſes, peas, beans, turnips, &c. to make from a leſs quantity of land with labour, as much as he formerly made from a greater without it. Thus you may perceive, that the ſame farms would feed as many ſheep and bullocks as at preſent, and of human creatures, five times the number.

In the north and ſome other parts like it, the tenant makes his rent, not by his land,

land, but his induſtry, and the ſpinning of his wife and family. He muſt have ſome land for his potatoes and his cow, for which he gives whatever the landlord aſks. But ſometimes the landlord is not at the trouble of aſking; he ſets up his land to the beſt bidder, and receives written propoſals. And thus it frequently happens, that the wretched tenant, to whom long poſſeſſion gives no preference, is driven from his little dwelling, unleſs he outbids every other propoſer. Upon ſuch hard conditions, you may ſee it is morally impoſſible that this country can be improved ſucceſsfully; for the tenant is perſuaded, that every improvement he makes, will but enhance the difficulty of renewing his leaſe.

This may explain to you what an Engliſhman can ſcarcely conceive. We, in general, imagine that a twenty-one years leaſe is a very good one, and ſo it is with us, where the preſent occupier is ſuppoſed to have a *tenant-right*; and where the tenant is allowed to make three times what he pays for his land,—one ſhare for his rent, another for the ſupport of his family, and a third for contingencies. But here there

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is no ſuch allowance made, for if the tenant can pay his rent, and exiſt upon potatoes and butter-milk, his landlord thinks he has a good enough bargain. And though in ſome places, rents are as high in Ireland, as in England, yet they do not yield half the produce,—the tenant ſtarves, and the landlord has almoſt the whole value.

When I ſpeak thus, I would not be underſtood to comprehend all Iriſh landlords, under the above deſcription. There are many good landlords; if there were not, this nation would ſoon ceaſe to exiſt as a people; for till the breaking out of the preſent troubles in America, they migrated in ſuch numbers from this kingdom, that the price of lands fell one third of their former rate; but this ſpirit being now checked, lands begin to riſe again.

When upon this topick, it would be injuſtice to paſs over in ſilence, the conduct of that excellent perſon, Sir George Savile; which I have ſo often heared extolled in this city; the only part of the kingdom I have ſeen, indeed, where the rights of human nature ſeem in the leaſt attended to. That exemplary landlord has, it ſeems,

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an eſtate in one of the northern counties of this kingdom. A few years ago, when the leaſes were expired, he paid a viſit to it, that he might learn all its local circumſtances. He found the majority of the occupiers groaning under the moſt piteous oppreſſion. The tenantry, who held large tracts immediately from him, had under them a numerous ſet of cottagers, who paid exorbitant rents. Sir George reſolved at once to emancipate them. He announced, that every cottier might become his tenant, —and deſired them to make each man his propoſal for what he then poſſeſſed. This was not received, as he expected, with joy and gladneſs, but with gloom and dejection of ſpirit. Unaccuſtomed to acts of mercy, they doubted whether ſuch a principle exiſted in the human heart. The character of Sir George was unknown to them. It was infuſed into their minds, that, like other landlords, he only wanted to raiſe his eſtate, and they like the *Helots*, were afraid of the laſh of their accuſtomed maſters. It was ſome time before they could be prevailed upon to make any propoſals. At length, they propoſed to pay

* him

him what they then payed the *undertakers*: they thought it would be in vain to offer leſs. The iſſue of the whole was, that Sir George gave theſe poor vaſſals leaſes at a much leſs rent than they propoſed, yet doubled at the ſame time, the income of his eſtate. This you'll ſay was a ſufficient ſacrifice; but you will agree with me, that the favour of it muſt aſcend to Heaven, when you hear, that he might have had, without any trouble, from a ſingle undertaker,—and with as good ſecurity as the Bank of England,—even more than he would accept from his tenants. Farewell.

LETTER XXXIII.

Dublin.

IN this kingdom, ſo divided, both in religious and political ſentiments, you can ſcarcely find two perſons of the ſame opinion; and no general plan for its improvement, gives any party content. It muſt, nevertheleſs, be a plan of the moſt comprehenſive nature, which can anſwer all the purpoſes of univerſal good. Particular intereſts

tereſts muſt be diſregarded, particular prejudices ſhould be deſpiſed. The intereſts of graziers are againſt an *Agrarian* law; and the ruling prejudice is againſt any relaxation of the penal code. In my laſt, I pleaded the cauſe of the poor againſt the rich; let us now conſider the objections againſt *toleration*, unawed by authority, unbiaſſed by prejudice, and unſwayed by intereſt.

It is urged, that popery is of a ſpirit ſo intolerant, that it ought not to be tolerated, in this country eſpecially, where the very rivers have been ſtained with the blood of Proteſtants, whoſe ghoſts have often cried, aloud, for vengeance on their fell deſtroyers. You may perhaps, Doctor, think that this is a viſionary repreſentation of my own; but it is not, it is the real repreſentation of ignorant zeal. Among the many affidavits of the barbarities committed by Papiſts, in the war of 1641, are ſome, equally authenticated, wherein deponents ſets forth, that they heard the apparitions *ſhriek vengeance*, as they glided along the *Bann*, a river in the north, into which they had been driven. Which only evinces,

that entire credit is not to be given to the affidavits, and hiſtories of thoſe times. But let us liſten to more ſerious arguments.

It is objected, that if Popery were tolerated, it would exhibit the ſame ſcenes over again which it did then; its luſt of dominion being ſo inordinate, that wherever it can, it will reign alone. Let it, however, be remembered that it has now undergone a long quarantine from power, by a peaceable ſubjection of above ſeventy years. Let it be conſidered, that the influence of the Pope is now loſt in ſome Popiſh countries, and that it is diminiſhed in all. The Jeſuits are ſuppreſſed, the world is enlightened, France is tolerant! Would it not be ſafer to allow of a Roman Catholic ſeminary at home; where, even from emulation, ſome real and ſolid learning might be acquired, which would neceſſarily beget moderation; —than ſuffer their prieſts to go in queſt of a beggarly education to foreign univerſities, where they glean up nothing but the quibbles of ſophiſtry, and the babblements of caſuiſtry; and then come home again replete with foreign prejudices, and all their native imperfections on their head?

Theſe

These arguments, dispassionately weighed, might suffice to answer all objections against the toleration of Irish Papists. But still it is asked, How did they behave when they were tolerated? To which I must answer by another question, At what time were they tolerated? It is said, and it is written, that they were in the full enjoyment of the same privileges with Protestant subjects at the breaking-out of the rebellion in 1641; but let us examine into the foundation of this assertion, by taking up the matter from the beginning.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at a time when the English was a tongue almost as much unknown in Ireland as the Latin, and consequently when the Liturgy was scarce more understood than the Mass-book, a penalty of a shilling a Sunday was exacted from all such as refused to conform to the worship of the church of England. James, by proclamation, commanded all the popish clergy to depart the kingdom in a limited time; and upon non-compliance, they were thrown into prison by the Lord Deputy. That royal pedant would have had no objection to a religion, which preaches up passive

obedience, if the Pope had not arrogated a right to *dethrone and decrown Kings*. When King of Scotland *only*, he had been treating with the Pope; and the Irish Papists were thence taught to believe that he favoured them in his heart, which may account for their indiscretions at that period.

It was not, however, without good reason that they rose in a flame at their clergy being thus illegally imprisoned; they argued justly, that the crime of recusancy had its penalty ascertained by the statute of Elizabeth *. The King therefore found it expedient, to recommend to his deputies here, the gentler mode of instruction and exhortation, for reclaiming the papists. And happy had it been for this nation, if that method had been invariably pursued in that and the succeeding reign; but so it happened, that the governors of Ireland had such an aversion to Popery, that, under Charles, fifteen Romish chapels were shut up in one day.

Was this toleration of religion? Certainly not. Were their temporal rights

* Vide Dr. Leland's History.

better

better ſecured? Worſe, if poſſible. The great *O'Nial*, earl of *Tyrone*, was attainted upon the ſole evidence of an anonymous letter, dropped in the privy-council chamber. By this imputed guilt, ſix whole counties in Ulſter eſcheated to the crown; with which the King gratified his kinsfolk and dependants of Scotland. And as if theſe were not enough, a Court of Inquiſition upon titles was ſet up; whoſe deciſions were ſo unjuſt, that neither the laws of nature, nor of cuſtom, nor even poſſeſſion for centuries, could preſerve to Roman Catholics the eſtates of their anceſtors. It did not uſe even the oſtenſible pretext of religious criminality, or civil delinquency; its only object was defect of title, and every title was adjudged defective, for which a deed, or grant of conveyance from the crown, could not be produced, or at leaſt proved. Upon this *fineſſe* of law, what eſtate could be ſecure? Preſcription became of no uſe, and the oldeſt tenures were in greateſt danger from the ruins of time, or the injuries of accident: even the new might have periſhed in ſuch a ſeries of war and confuſion, when private houſes and

public offices were every day plundered and in flames.

Every governor of Ireland under Charles purſued the ſame deteſtable meaſures: Earl Strafford figured in the van. This inſolent Lord Duputy confiſcated many unforfeited eſtates, and ſeized them in the name of the Crown. His maſter behaved with his wonted duplicity; he promiſed the Iriſh what he called his *graces*, ſimilar to our petition of right, but never granted them, holding them ſtill out as a lure for a new ſubſidy, with a threat to *ſtreighten* them if they refuſed to comply. Indeed, when that unhappy prince tottered on his throne, when the conduct of his favourite had co-operated to render him odious; but above all, when he wanted the aſſiſtance of an Iriſh army againſt the Engliſh parliament, then, and not till then, did he tranſmit his conſent to the act of Limitation, relinquiſhing all farther inquiry into titles. But by that time the ſovereignty had paſſed from Charles, and the parliament was paramount. The ſceptre of Ireland was by them committed to the hands of two Lords Juſtices, *Parſons* and *Borlace*, men of narrow, puritanical prin-

principles; whoſe intereſt it became, as much as it had been of the decollated Strafford, to provoke farther eſcheats. They eluded the King's intention, by adjourning the parliament in the year 1641, contrary to his Majeſty's order and intereſt, and to the great diſcontent of the commons and all pacific reaſonable men. Thus were the ſacred rights of juſtice and humanity trampled under foot by ſordid avarice, goaded on by fanatical zeal.

Had the King's intention been honeſt, they would have fruſtrated it, in oppoſition to his intereſt; but as the paſſing the act of Limitation would have ſecured the property of ſo many Popiſh families, they defeated it, in ſubſervience to their own. In ſhort, they did every thing they could deviſe, to exaſperate theſe poor people, and precipitate them into the rebellion, which they had repeated intimations was kindling in Ulſter, without taking a ſingle ſtep to extinguiſh the embriotic flame.

A rebellion at length broke out on the 23d of October 1641, which, after the maſſacre of Paris, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, furniſhed as many tragic ſcenes as

any in civil or eccleſiaſtical hiſtory. But the Iriſh affair was a work of mercy to that of France. There, ſuperſtition, for I cannot call it religion, operated alone. Here, religious zeal was ſharpened by oppreſſion both ſpiritual and temporal; the enormities committed were perpetrated by the ſcum and dregs of the people; and even theſe were exaggerated in a tenfold proportion: whereas the moſt elevated ranks in Paris were perſonally engaged, and their hands ſtained in the blood of their neareſt relations. The murderers of Paris were the ruling and triumphant party, and therefore, we may ſuppoſe, their caſe is repreſented in the moſt favourable light. Whereas the Iriſh accounts come all, or moſtly, from the governing and ſucceſsful ſide. In the Roman hiſtory, the Carthaginians are ever and anon ſtigmatiſed as *perfidi*, *crudeles*, *fœdifragi*; and therefore *Carthago delenda eſt*. But let us, deſpiſing declamation, advert to facts.

If Sir William Petty had prejudices, it is evident they could not be in favour of the Iriſh, for he was one of the great gainers by their ſuppoſed guilt, and conſequent forfeitures. Yet after demonſtrating that the number

number of Proteſtants deſtroyed in the whole war by the Papiſts was not one-fourth of what it was reported to be, he goes on to ſhew, that, before the war, there were in the whole realm, but three thouſand landed Papiſts, of whom, as appears by eight hundred judgments of the court of claims, which ſat *anno* 1663, upon the innocence and effects of the Iriſh, there were not above a ſeventh part guilty of the rebellion. And after aſſigning ſome motives for the Iriſh entering into this war, he concludes his chapter with theſe moſt remarkable words: "But upon the playing of this game or match upon ſo great odds, the Engliſh won, and have, among and beſides other pretences, a gameſter's right at leaſt to their eſtates. But as for the bloodſhed in the conteſt, God beſt knows who did occaſion it." Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

Dublin.

I Have now before me a book, intitled, "*The Caſe of Ireland*, being bound by acts of parliament made in England, ſtated;" written by Mr. Molyneux, who ſpeaking of Mr. Locke's Treatiſe on Government, calls the author his excellent friend. It was natural to expect, that an intimacy ſhould have ſubſiſted between ſuch congenial cotemporaries.

The deſign of this book is to ſhew, that Ireland is *of right* free as England, and may not therefore be bound by Engliſh acts of parliament. In order to demonſtrate theſe propoſitions, the writer ſets out with ſhewing, that Ireland cannot be called a conquered country, even in the ſenſe that England is ſaid to be ſo, by the Conqueror; for William obtained England by a bloody fight at *Haſtings*; whereas Henry received not the leaſt oppoſition in Ireland. Henry came over and made large conceſſions of the ſame laws and liberties enjoyed by the people

people of England, and the Iriſh came in peaceably, and accepted the proffered terms.

After inquiring what title conqueſt gives, the author proves, from the laws of nature and of nations, that an *unjuſt* conqueſt can give no title at all; and that even a *juſt* one can give no right over the property or poſterity, but only over the liberties and lives, of actual oppoſers; conſequently, that it can give none over thoſe who did not concur in the oppoſition, and ſtill leſs, if poſſible, over thoſe who aſſiſted in the conqueſt.

He next maintains, that, even granting it had been conquered, and juſtly too, Ireland recovered its independence under John, whom Henry created King of Ireland; which was thereby ſet apart from England and continued a diſtinct kingdom, until England deſcended to John, a ſpace of about twenty-two years; during which divers grants and charters to his Iriſh ſubjects were made, and are ſtill in being. "*Volumus, quod, in ſignum fidelitatis veſtræ tam præclaræ, tam inſignis, libertatibus, regno noſtro Angliæ a patre noſtro & nobis conceſſis, de gratia noſtra & dono, in regno Hiberniæ gaudeatis, vos & veſtri hæredes in perpetuum.*"

This

This grant was confirmed by Henry III. in the Iriſh *Magna Charta*. And from that time England and Ireland have had ſeparate juriſdictions, and remained independent kingdoms, under one head, without any ſubordination of the one to the other.

In the reign of Henry IV. it was enacted in the Iriſh parliament, that no ſtatutes made in England ſhould be in force in Ireland till they were allowed and publiſhed in the parliament of this kingdom. In the ſucceeding reigns ſeveral Engliſh ſtatutes were thus authorized in Ireland; till at length, in the reign of Henry VII. all the Engliſh ſtatutes were grafted upon the Iriſh ſtock.

He endeavours to anſwer objections to the claims ſince made of Engliſh acts binding Ireland, where Ireland is particularly named. He ſhews, that when thoſe acts were made, Ireland was in ſuch confuſion that ſhe could not aſſemble parliaments of her own, but ſent her repreſentatives to England; and that the very ſame thing was done even ſo late as Cromwell's uſurpation. As to the law paſſed in England, during Charles the Firſt's tyranny, for levy-

ing

ing money in Ireland, that, he says, was made of no force by the acts of settlement and explanation, passed here in the reign of Charles II.

From these premises he infers, that so far are we from finding precedents antecedent to the restoration, for England's parliament binding Ireland, that there is prescription for the parliament of Ireland repealing an act passed in England, relative to the affairs of Ireland. But, however speciously this writer may argue for the independence of his country *de jure*, it is to all intents and purposes bound *de facto* by English acts. The navigation act expressly names and binds Ireland; for it compels all ships belonging thereto, importing goods from our plantations, to touch first at England. The acts too, prohibiting the exportation of wool raw or manufactured to any country except England, are firmly binding; by the first, it is made highly penal, by the last, felony of death.

After all this, would you not be amazed to hear a people thus shackled, talk of their liberties, their privileges, and their constitution? Yet this language is held here pretty generally.

generally. Talk to an Iriſhman of a union with England, and he almoſt takes fire,—what! bereave us of our parliament, and then onerate us with taxes!

I once thought that the Iriſh conſtitution was formed upon the Engliſh model, and that it conſiſted ſimply of king, lords, and commons; but if it were originally ſo framed, it is now totally altered, for at preſent it conſiſts of five branches at leaſt. By an act managed by a Lord Deputy, called *Poining*, in the reign of Henry VII. it was provided, that no bill ſhould appear before either houſe of parliament, which had not been approved of in England. If a member wiſhes for *an act*, he brings in what he calls *the heads of a bill*,—which heads, if approved of in his houſe, muſt next undergo the ſcrutiny of the Iriſh Privy Council; where all matters ſuſpected of being offenſive to government are generally ſtrangled in their birth. For the members of this council are put in, and turned out, at the royal diſcretion. But if the matter of the bill paſſes this board, it muſt next ſuffer a reviſion in England, from whence it is tranſmitted, if approved; or never more heard of,

of, if diſliked. The *heads* returned from England, are again brought into the houſe where they originated, under the form and name of *a bill*; which houſe,—if unaltered, —it paſſes; and ſo on to the other two members of the legiſlature, as with us.

The Engliſh and Iriſh conſtitutions are, you may obſerve, fundamentally different. The Privy Council of England is the moſt potent branch; next to that the Privy Council of Ireland; lords and commons are mere oſtenſible forms, except to grant money. For though bills apparently take their riſe in one or other of their houſes, they all, virtually, originate in the Crown; —the other branches have only negatives.

But if we enter a little farther into this matter, we ſhall find, that the legiſlature of Ireland, inſtead of five, conſiſts of ſix parts; for the King and council refer the *heads of each bill* to the examination of *two men*, the attorney, and ſolicitor-general; and if they report them to be prejudicial to the trade, or derogatory to the dignity of England, they are either altered or detained.

When the crown lawyers have made ſuch alterations in the deliberations of this nation

tion *as they think fit*, then they are returned under the great ſeal, and muſt be either paſſed, or rejected, in the very form in which they now ſtand.

Such is the conſtitution of Ireland, about which her patriots make ſuch a pother! Yet to ſee the galleries agitated, as they are, by the harangues in the Houſe of Commons, is almoſt incredible. You would think from their anxiety, that national ſalvation depended on the fate of a queſtion; upon which, let it go as it may, there are ſo many other checks and controuls, that it ſeems aſtoniſhing how people can be thus duped every other year.

If this kingdom ever had a free legiſlature, it has been long loſt, and therefore it is full time to give it a new one; for to reſtore it to its firſt principles, is morally impoſſible, and if it were poſſible, it is not deſirable. The Iriſh ſhould be glad to accept, and the Engliſh ready to impart to them, the benefits of our equal conſtitution. I ſhould not take up this imperative ſtyle, if all our writers upon the ſubject, for the laſt half century, had not preſſed home the ſame matter in the ſtrongeſt terms.

As

As the grand remedy for the decline of foreign trade, Sir *Matthew Decker* propoſes, "to unite Ireland, and to put all the ſubjects of theſe three kingdoms on the ſame footing in trade." Sir *Joſiah Child* recommends the ſame meaſure. Dr. *Campbell* ſays, that the main drift of his Political Survey was, to open men's eyes on the "importance of uniting in the firmeſt, cloſeſt, and moſt effectual manner, all the parts of the Britiſh territories, as being at once the only natural and certain means of eſtabliſhing the grandeur, procuring the ſafety, and fixing the permanency of the Britiſh Empire; a triple alliance, or rather ſtrict union between England, Scotland, and Ireland, being the only league neceſſary to make his Britannic Majeſty the moſt potent monarch of Europe."

This, one would think, is pretty ſtrong language; and yet, when I once converſed with him on this ſubject, he told me he had only given hints, being unwilling to ſpeak out, conſidering the prejudices on both ſides the water. *Dean Tucker* ſpeaks the ſame language, and every where inſiſts upon the advantages that would accrue

from this meaſure. Sir *William Petty* ſaw it in its true light, at a very early period, and points out, as "the firſt impediment to England's greatneſs, that the territories thereto belonging are divided into ſo many kingdoms, and ſeveral governments, viz. there be the three legiſlative powers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, the which inſtead of uniting together, do often croſs upon one another's trades, not only as if they were foreigners to each other, but ſometimes as enemies."

If authorities were neceſſary, I could produce many more to the ſame purpoſe; but authorities may be ſilent, where reaſon ſpeaks ſo loud. From the union of England and Scotland, we have had the experience of conſequences mutually happy in every reſpect. Can we doubt of ſtill greater advantages from annexing Ireland to the other two? Since the ſoil, climate, and extent of Ireland are ſo ſuperior to thoſe of Scotland. Far from being an objection, the inſular form of Ireland is much in its favour, by giving it a more extenſive coaſt, 800 miles in circumference. It is worthy obſervation, that this kingdom, though

conſiſting

conſiſting of near 2000 ſquare miles, is not, one place with another, above twenty-four miles from the ſea; and when the canals, now making, are finiſhed, three or four counties only of the whole will be without an inland navigation. As well might we ſuppoſe that England, if ſubdivided as under the Saxon Heptarchy, would not loſe her conſequence among the States of Europe, as that ſhe would not become more wealthy, vigorous, and flouriſhing, by having Ireland joined with her under the ſame legiſlature. *Vis unita fortior.*

If we could ſuppoſe another Yorkſhire, or Lancaſhire, or both, to be ſuperadded to England,—or that the channel were converted into dry land, and Ireland become part and parcel of England, will any body be ſo ſceptical to doubt, whether ſuch an acceſſion of territory would augment the influence of the Britiſh crown? Are our European dominions of ſuch an unwieldy bulk? Do we never ſtand in need of *men* to recruit our fleets and our armies? Are not numbers of people, the riches, the bulwark of a ſtate? It would only argue ig-

norance of the fact, to object that Ireland could not be ſo well improved, nor conſequently as populous as Yorkſhire, Lancaſhire, or any other of our ſhires. The moſt northerly counties of Ireland are aſſerted to be as populous as the beſt parts of England; yet they are the worſt lands in the kingdom, and within a century were the moſt thinly inhabited.

There was a time when it was the language of our hot-headed politicians,—happy would it be for England, if Ireland were ſunk in the bottom of the ſea! Even ſo late as the uſurpation of Cromwell, it was propoſed by the author of Oceana, "to exterminate the natives, and repeople with Jews; for that the Engliſh planted there, whether from the faults of the ſoil, or vices of the air, had always degenerated." But a ſhort interval has reprobated the principles of that ſplenetic republican. It is now pretty well underſtood that Ireland is one of the brighteſt jewels in our imperial diadem. And to recur to phyſical cauſes, for political effects, is among the reveries of a crazy brain. Sir William Petty, Harrington's contemporary, who, having ſpent

ſpent much of his time upon the ſpot, is certainly a far better authority, ſaw this matter in another light: diſcourſing of the natives, he writes thus:—"For their ſhape, ſtature, and complexion, I ſee nothing in them inferior to any other people: their lazineſs ſeems to proceed rather from want of employment, and encouragement to work, than from the conſtitution of their bodies; for what need they to work, who can content themſelves with potatoes, whereof the labour of one man can feed forty?—And why ſhould they breed more cattle, ſince it is penal to export them to England? Why ſhould they raiſe commodities, ſince there are not merchants ſufficiently ſtocked to take them? And how ſhould merchants have ſtock, ſince trade is prohibited, and fettered by the ſtatutes of England?"

Though Ireland traces her antiquity up to Japhet, ſhe is not, at this day, fourſcore years old in the line of improvement. Till the reign of James I. our laws never had the ſhadow of obedience, out of what was called *the Engliſh pale*. The rebellion of 1641 ſoon followed, and the war of

1688 cloſed the ſcene of blood. Before the revolution there was no permanent tenure of peace, and to repair the neceſſary devaſtations of almoſt continual warfare, we muſt deduct many of thoſe peaceful years.

It muſt, however, be related to the praiſe of Ireland, that within this ſhort period ſhe has eſtabliſhed one of the greateſt manufactures in the world, and that too in the moſt northern, mountainous, and barren part of the kingdom; whilſt the internal, ſouthern, and fruitful parts, with ſcarce a remnant of manufacture, are verging to depopulation. A very ſingular phænomenon this, that the proſperity and happineſs of a people ſhould be inverſely as the fertility of the diſtricts they occupy! Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

Dublin.

THAT a thorough incorporation of Britain and Ireland, under one legiſlature, with a perfect community of privileges, would be mutually advantageous, appears to me an intuitive, rather than a demonſtrative, truth: therefore, without entering into any deep detail, which would only perplex the ſubject, I ſhall enumerate a few of the many advantages that might be derived from ſuch a union.

The Britiſh empire in Europe being thus embodied, and, as it were, knit together by affection and intereſt, would become a more firm, vigorous, and weighty counterpoiſe, for its extenſive and united dominions in America. An acceſſion of 17,000,000 of acres, fourteen of which in fertility are not inferior to England, and in extent equal to Scotland *, would be a new field for the extenſion of that tillage, which we com-

* Ireland is to Scotland in extent as ſeventeen to fourteen, according to Templeman; but according to Malines, as eighteen to fourteen.

plain is declining at home; and of courſe would become a nurſery for that claſs of men which is failing in England. For if there be any truth in political arithmetic, our people have decreaſed near a million and a half ſince the year 1690, notwithſtanding the increaſe of London, Norwich, Liverpool, Mancheſter, Birmingham, and other great towns; the loſs having fallen principally on the inhabitants of cottages. But however this fact may be diſpoſed of, certain it is, we cannot have too many people at home; and, if Ireland were fully peopled, we need at no time have recourſe to foreign mercenaries.

The return of houſes in Ireland for the year 1754, was 395,439, and for the year 1766, it was 424,046; ſuppoſing therefore the numbers to have increaſed at the ſame rate in the nine ſucceeding, that they did in the twelve preceding years, the number of houſes at this day would be 445,501. Which, allowing five to a family, will make the number of ſouls in Ireland 2,227,505. But as the return of houſes by hearth-collectors is rather under than above the truth, and as there are many families in every

pariſh

pariſh of this poor country, who are by law excuſed from that tax, and therefore probably not returned *, the number of ſouls in Ireland, upon a moderate eſtimate, will be 2,500,000.

As no part of the kingdom, except ſome northern counties, is fully peopled, and as the fruitful parts of the ſouth might, if properly cultivated, eaſily ſupport five times as many as now live there, without diminiſhing the numbers of ſheep and bullocks, it is manifeſt, that the whole iſland might not only ſupply our deficiency of 1,500,000, but might even ſupport double its preſent numbers. The iſland of Java is leſs than Great Britain, yet it is ſaid to contain 32,000,000 of inhabitants.

England would gain by encouraging tillage in Ireland; for that would enable her to cheapen her fabrics at foreign markets. If we would keep down the exorbitant price of proviſions, inſtead of prohibiting the exportation of corn from this country, we

* "There be, ſays Sir William Petty, 160,000 cabins, without a chimney, whoſe worth is not reckoned." If there be an equal number of ſuch houſes now in Ireland, the number of people will be above 3,000,000.

ſhould permit it, not only to all places, but at all times, except when the value exceeds a given ſtandard. Would not the importation of grain from Ireland be more eaſy and expeditious than from America?

England would gain, *immediately*, by ſuffering Ireland to indrap her own wool; for ſhe would recover two parts of that ſhare of woollen trade ſhe has loſt abroad, by permitting this kingdom to gain the other third; as I think has been already proved in my letter from Cork. And ſhe would gain, *mediately*, by weakening thoſe competitors, who are at preſent beating her out of the market, both in the Levant and Portugal. If the Engliſh and the Iriſh were the only nations who could carry on any conſiderable woollen manufacture, it might perhaps be expedient in the former to tie up the hands of the latter. But if it cannot be confined to Engliſh territories, and if we are to be underſold, would it not be more politick to reſign the market to the Iriſh than to the French? The wealth of Ireland is as much ours, as that of Cornwal or Northumberland.

England

England would gain by the taxation of Ireland, which in time would be able to bear a part of the burden, proportioned to her extent. At preſent, indeed, ſhe is able to bear but a ſmall ſhare; being, as is ſaid, taxed more heavily already, in proportion to her ability, than England. For it muſt be conſidered, that Iriſh abſentees, who enjoy the moſt valuable landed properties in the kingdom, contribute not a ſhilling to the ſupport of that government which protects them. An attempt was made a few years ago, to lay ſome very light tax upon them, but this was defeated by the cabals of faction. A land tax, if it were raiſed as a ſubſtitute for others, which oppreſs the poor, would be a deſirable thing in this country, as it would oblige the abſentee to pay ſomething. If on the other hand it ſhould fall ultimately on the tenant, it would ſerve only to fill up the meaſure of oppreſſion.

A tax upon land is of all others the moſt equal; for if fairly laid, the rich pay it, and it does not fall, as moſt others do, upon the induſtry of the poor; an acre when cultivated, not paying more than the ſame

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in the ſtate of nature. I pretend not to define either the mode or meaſure of taxation. But if a union of the two kingdoms ſhould at any time take place, the neceſſity of taxing this country lightly at firſt will be evident; little or no advantage could be reaped from it in the beginning. The increaſe of taxation ſhould be gradual, and keep a cautious pace with the augmentation of trade; of which the legiſlature, for the time being, will be beſt able to judge.

England need not be afraid that any encouragement given to Ireland would make a ſudden alteration; enthralled by evil habits, perfect freedom would not at once emancipate her. Manners have a greater influence than laws. It would require much time, and a foſtering hand to rear induſtry, though planted ever ſo carefully. Before it would bear the rich fruits of arts and commerce, a long ſeries of years would paſs away. You have ſeen a horſe who has been thrown, and bound to have ſome operation performed on him, yet continuing to lie ſtill, after being looſed from all his bonds. Juſt ſo would it be with Ireland.

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A conſiderable portion of time would elapſe, before ſhe would begin to exert the powers ſhe poſſeſſed. " England would be profited, ſays Decker, by opening the trade of Ireland. Which country being too poor to give it the extent it is capable of, it muſt therefore be carried on, for years to come, by Engliſh ſtocks. Conſequently, a great part of the profits of it muſt fall into the hands of the Engliſh merchant."

The vintage may grow in Ireland, but, if not preſſed there, it will certainly be drank in England. The ſeat of empire will ever be ſurrounded by the vain, the affluent, the ambitious, and all who affect diſtinction. But ſo much muſt ſtill remain, as to put the lower claſſes of the people almoſt above the envy of the preſent race of ſcarecrows, who guard the bullocks and the ſheep, in the enjoyment of theſe fertile plains.

Where then would be the harm, if it could be ſo managed, that in another age, Ireland could be weaned from that habitual idleneſs, we ſo much and ſo unjuſtly blame? Could we be injured, if inſtead of indigent and inſurgent, ſhe ſhould become opulent and civilized? Would it not be pro-

ſitable to turn as many hands as poſſible to induſtry? Do we not univerſally complain of want of labourers and manufacturers? Would not the population of Ireland ſupply theſe? Is England a country of ſuch enormous ſize, that it would be more weakened by an extenſion of territory at home than abroad? If the reſources of England could be increaſed, in the ſame proportion with this enlargement of her boundaries, would it not more than compenſate for the defection of America, which now ſeems not more removed in diſtance, than eſtranged in affection from the parent country?

And even granting that a reconciliation between Great Britain and America ſhould take place, does not every encouragement given to the latter, tend to the immediate depopulation, and conſequent ruin of theſe nations? Place but America upon the footing it was a few years ago, and they will migrate thither in thouſands, and ten thouſands, from both theſe iſlands.

We muſt at length ſee that it is not our wiſdom to aggrandiſe America at the expence of more domeſtic intereſts. By granting

granting a bounty upon American hemp, we effectually prohibited the importation of it from Ireland, and put a ſtop to the growth of that neceſſary article, in a country ſo generally fit for it. By relaxing the navigation laws of Ireland upon non-enumerated * commodities, we at once put 150,000 *l.* a year into the pockets of the Americans; but by compelling the Iriſh to land their ſugars, and other numerated articles in England, we teach them to ſmuggle, and carry on a clandeſtine trade with the French. We muſt blame ourſelves, that an extent of ſo fine a country is not of more advantage to us. Private intereſts and public jealouſies, are the grand obſtacles to its proſperity and our own greatneſs.

Inſtead then of cramping, we ought to enlarge the trade of Ireland, and inveſt her with all our privileges. It is our intereſt to impart to her every advantage of a free conſtitution, as we have done to Wales and Scotland. It is not to be expected that ſhe ſhould obtain ſuch terms of taxation as Scotland did; which, in that reſpect, is much better off than even England. Her taxes can never riſe above a given ſum,

* See *Poſtlethwaite* on theſe ſubjects.

though her wealth, and conſequently her ability to bear a much greater burden, is every day increaſing. But there were good reaſons, then ſubſiſting, why Scotland made ſo advantageous a bargain. Farewell.

LETTER XXXVI.

Dublin.

FROM the general view I have taken of the mutual advantages reſulting from a union, you muſt, I flatter myſelf, be inclined to think that nothing could more directly tend to the future aggrandiſement of the Britiſh Empire at large. It will, however, be vain to plead for it, unleſs it can be demonſtrated, that a meaſure ſo generally beneficial, would not prove detrimental to thoſe who have the influence and power to obſtruct it. There are violent popular prejudices on both ſides the water againſt it; which very oppoſition of ſentiments furniſh a preſumptive argument in its favour. But let us examine the moſt material of theſe objections.

Some of our merchants allege, that if we put the Iriſh on an equal footing with ourſelves,

ourſelves, they will at once monopolize our trade; the ſituation of their iſland being better, with reſpect to commerce; their havens ſafer, and their ports more numerous.

Our manufacturers cry out, we ſhall be undone, for the Iriſh, who can live upon potatoes, will be able to underſell us at every market.

The farmer urges, if you let the Iriſh export their corn, we ſhall not be able to pay our rents; and the landlord concludes, that of courſe the value of lands will fall.

The politician argues, by admitting into our legiſlature ſuch a number of additional peers and commoners, we throw a dead weight into the ſcale of government, and ſo overturn the juſt balance of our conſtitution.

And the populace exclaim with clamorous voice,—What! Denizen the whole Iriſh nation, and convey the birth-right of Engliſhmen to above two millions of bog-trotters! Liverpool, Briſtol, and all the ſea-ports on the weſtern coaſt inſtruct their repreſentatives; Birmingham, Sheffield, and other

other inland towns *memorial* government, not to execute a ſcheme, ſo big with ruin to the manufactures, the commerce, and the liberties of old England.

Audi alteram partem. The merchant need not be alarmed for his trade, for trade cannot be carried on without ſtock, and ſtocks the Iriſh have not; and if they had, they have neither the habits, nor the knowledge of commerce. No ſenſible alteration can poſſibly happen for this generation, unleſs our merchants ſhould open warehouſes in the Iriſh ports, and then they would profit themſelves without injuring their native country. This method is already adopted in the linen trade of Ireland, which owes much of its ſucceſs to the Engliſh capitals which are embarked in it. One would think that political wiſdom might, at this day, be old enough among us to be convinced that no trade can be overſtocked in a free country, if all the departments are fitly arranged. Trade begets trade, as merchant begets merchant; arts produce arts, and inventions pullulate from inventions. There will be room enough, at all times, for the full exerciſe of

of all the induſtry of both countries, without any claſhing. The fiſheries, the carrying buſineſs, &c. are all open and monopolized by the Dutch. Does London thrive the leſs, becauſe Liverpool and Glaſgow grow wealthy? Miſtaken maxims, and ſelfiſh policies ſo mix themſelves in public councils, that the moſt certain and weighty intereſts of the community are frequently ſacrificed to the moſt doubtful and trivial private advantages.

Birmingham and Sheffield may ſleep ſecure upon their ſmoky pillows; for Ireland imports her coals from England, and, therefore, will not heat a furnace more for half a century, though an union ſhould take place to-morrow. They need not fear being underſold, though the Iriſh at preſent drag on a miſerable life upon potatoes. They ſhould conſider, that their Vulcanian ſons could not ſubſiſt upon ſuch ſpare and meagre diet. If Ireland, or any part of it, ſhould ever ply the anvil, her *Cyclops* muſt live like thoſe of England; the ſledge muſt be wielded by force of beef and pudding. Brought upon a level in the article of ſubſiſtence, there is no reaſon why ſhe ſhould

ſupplant them, but every reaſon to the contrary. It is demonſtrable, and it has been demonſtrated by Dr. Tucker, that a poor nation can never carry away from a rich one, thoſe manufactures, the cheapneſs of which depends chiefly on large capitals, and complicated machinery. The Scotch live not more expenſively than the Iriſh, yet experience proves that no Engliſh manufacture has been injured by their competition ſince the union.

The only manufacture now prohibited, which could in a ſhort time avail the Iriſh, is that of coarſe woollen drapery, which we have already ſhewn would be the moſt ſure buttreſs, and firm ſupport of England's declining trade in that article; as will be made ſtill more evident by what we are going to ſay in anſwer to the objections of the farmers, and their landlords.

The one thinks that he keeps up the price of his grain, and the other of his lands, by diſcouraging Iriſh agriculture; but they ſhould at the ſame time conſider that trade is the ſource of the high value both of lands and proviſions. Whatever promotes the general trade of a country, raiſes the

price

price of lands by the greater demand for its produce, and conſequent influx of caſh. The granting this country a liberty of exporting grain at all times, would more contribute to raiſe the rate of lands, by an increaſe of commerce, than to lower them by diminiſhing the price of their productions. The abundance of proviſions permits the manufacturer to ſell his fabricks cheap abroad; and a multiplication of conſumers enables the farmer to pay his rent at home.

A redundancy of the neceſſaries of life is the laſt thing to be dreaded in a manufacturing and trading country. The Hollander ſees this, and therefore ſets no bar againſt the importation of proviſions, come from whence they may. And therefore, never feeling ſcarcity, he is ever able to underſell his neighbours. The high rate of proviſions abridges the conſumption of manufactures, and of courſe beggars the manufacturer. Accordingly we may every day perceive an increaſing poverty among our labourers, journeymen, and lower mechanicks; who muſt therefore migrate into other countries, where the means of living

are more eaſily earned. Whether the decreaſe of our lower people proceeds from this or other cauſes, the fact is, that the dearneſs of proviſions has been the complaint for ſeveral years paſt. As a remedy for this evil, ought not theſe idle hands to be employed? By encouraging Iriſh agriculture, we ſhall have more convenient ſupplies for our manufacturers than from America; and whilſt we are repairing the waſtes made by paſturage here, we ſhall be filling up the gap made in our numbers at home.

But our political objector is ſtill to be anſwered. And he argues from the remote ſources of ancient hiſtory. He tells you that the Roman conſtitution was impaired by the incorporation of the Italian States, and deſtroyed by the enfranchiſement of their other conqueſts. Now, though the empire did decline after the laſt of theſe æras, it does not follow that its declenſion proceeded from that cauſe, but from the uſe of foreign mercenaries.

Beſides, the union of the States in Italy, and out of it, are ſeparate queſtions; neither of which properly apply to the caſe in point,

point, as the learned muſt eaſily ſee. The empire became a body too unwieldy for the government of one head, and was overſet, not by foreign voters, but by foreign armies. Had Italy borne a larger proportion to its conqueſts, it would have been much ſafer, as it would have had more internal ſtrength to command obedience. The vicinity of Ireland makes me conſider it, in a political view, as part of Britain, the junction of which would increaſe the power of the latter to govern its foreign dependencies.

The giving the right of Roman citizens to foreigners, no doubt was ſufficient to overturn the balance of power in the little republic of Rome; but the republic of Rome, and the Roman empire are very different objects. When Rome and its conqueſts were under the government of one man, its ſecurity depended on the firm union of its European territories. The want of this union divided the eaſtern from the weſtern empire, and at length ſubdivided both into their original number of States.

If a parallel is to be drawn between Rome and Britain, as to a union with

their dependencies, we ſhould conſider Ireland in relation to Britain, as one of the Italian States in reſpect to Rome; and America as the African and Aſiatick territories. Yet I queſtion whether any juſt parallel can be drawn even this way; ſo different are the manners of the people, and the ſpirit of antient and modern government. Be that, however, as it may, it cannot be conceived that a member from each county in Ireland, and from three or four of its beſt towns, with twelve or fourteen Iriſh peers, could endanger the liberties of England. Nay it is evident, that if the univerſal happineſs of the people be the perfection of government, this meaſure ſeems abſolutely neceſſary to complete our conſtitution. For how can that aſſembly, whoſe deciſions regulate the whole, deliberate equitably on the intereſts of the ſeveral parts without information? And can information come with ſuch truth and propriety as from repreſentatives?

As to popular objections, they are as infinite as they are nugatory, and therefore I ſhall bid both them and you farewell.

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LETTER XXXVII.

Dublin.

THAT a political and commercial union of Great Britain and Ireland, would be mutually advantageous, I have endeavoured to ſhew. England, like an old merchant, by admitting a young one in partnerſhip, would not only increaſe her capital, but would be eaſed of much labour, to which ſhe is become unequal; and Ireland, as the new one, would not only get cuſtomers, but knowledge and ability to apply her capital to the beſt advantage.

Yet the objections againſt the meaſure are full as numerous in the meridian of Dublin, as in that of London. If a candidate for any county were ſuppoſed capable of favouring ſuch a deſtructive ſcheme, it would be ſufficient to defeat his election. It is hung up to the fearful multitude, as a bugbear, by ambitious men, who ſolemnly promiſe to uſe all their eloquence and intereſt againſt it. One would, however, think there could be nothing ſo formidable to

Ireland, in being inveſted with all the privileges of old England.

The people are induſtriouſly miſled in their opinions on this ſubject. Every corporate town in the kingdom has the ruling and intereſted party to ſound the alarm; for as they would all loſe the right of returning members to parliament, and of courſe their conſequence, they repreſent every plan of incorporation as pregnant with diſhonour and ruin. The firſt magiſtrate, aldermen, and burgeſſes, who ſhare the emoluments of the borough every eighth year, declaim loudly againſt it, at their city feaſts, and corporation dinners.

The capital in all countries takes the lead in faſhions of every ſort; and that it ſhould be the faſhion to talk againſt a union in Dublin, is not unnatural. Dublin is not like Cork, as you might ſuppoſe, a city ſupported entirely by commerce; it is very much upheld by being the winter's reſidence of people of faſhion, eſpecially during the ſeſſions of parliament. It would therefore be as popular to decry the waters at Bath, as to recommend a union in Dublin. The ſubject is, however, ſo little underſtood, that

that I ſhould not be amazed, if the whole body of woollen weavers,—the very perſons who would be the firſt and greateſt gainers by the ſcheme,—were to take up arms againſt the promoters of it. The news-papers are generally ſtuffed with inflammatory declamation againſt it; they lead the cry, and the reſt of the kingdom hark in, without looking farther, and thus confound the intereſt of Dublin with the intereſts of Ireland.

People accuſtomed to the pomp and pageantry of ſtate begin to value them, and become unwilling to part with them. There will be always ſome particularly fond of magnificence, parade, and ſhow; caſtle levees, caſtle balls, and battle-ax-guards. When the Lord Lieutenant goes to give the royal aſſent to their bills, the ſtreets are lined with foot ſoldiers from the Caſtle to the Parliament-houſe, and a ſquadron of horſe eſcorts him, with all the other inſignia of royalty. A lady with whom I was ſitting in a window, to view the laſt of theſe exhibitions, could not help aſking me in a ſort of exultation,—raiſed perhaps by the trumpet

trumpet and the drum,—Whether we had any thing like that in London?

But the Iriſh are not ſingular in their attachment to ſuch matters. It was provided by a clauſe, added to the articles of the union of Scotland, that their crown and other regalia ſhould remain at Holyrood-houſe. And ſuch was the popular prejudice againſt the union, that while the treaty was in negociation at Edinburgh, it became neceſſary to call in the army to protect the houſes and perſons of thoſe who were ſuppoſed to favour the meaſure. Yet every body knows that Scotland was the principal gainer by the bargain. Every prejudice, except that of religion, prevails here that did there, but upon a worſe foundation.

Let us, however, endeavour to anſwer the moſt weighty of thoſe objections raiſed by the Iriſh. They aſſert, that Ireland is already taxed higher than England, in proportion to her trade: one half of the national income being carried off by penſioners and abſentees. And that, as ſhe could not reap any immediate advantages from

from a free trade, ſhe would not be able to bear any additional revenue at preſent. By way of reply to the firſt of theſe objections, we muſt obſerve that Ireland is rather unequally, than heavily taxed; for reſident gentlemen pay but little, and abſentees pay nothing towards the expences of government. An equitable taxation, therefore, can only be expected from an incorporation with England.

To the ſecond objection it may be anſwered, that no tax, except upon land, ſhould be levied, till Ireland ſhall have felt the commercial advantages of a union. It ſhould be conſidered that the Iriſh parliament may at any time impoſe a land-tax, without ſtipulating for any compenſation, by enlargement of trade; and that the burden may be made to fall on the tenant alone; whereas, if the tax were laid by the Britiſh parliament, care would be taken that it ſhould fall on the landlord, as in England.

The drain from abſentees is the only plauſible argument that an Iriſhman, who means well to this country, can urge againſt a union. Yet the additional expenditure

diture from thence would not be ſo great as is apprehended. At preſent, almoſt all the great incomes are ſpent in England; men of ſmall eſtates muſt live where the comforts of life are attainable at a rate ſuitable to their rent-rolls. Abſenteeſhip would no otherwiſe affect Ireland, than it does the diſtant parts of England; which are now pretty much deſerted for the town reſidence. But if commerce ſhould once get footing, it would be here as in England; the abſence of the gentry would not be ſo much regretted.

In a country ſo poor as this, the employment given to labourers by reſident gentlemen, is a grand object; but if the country had the benefits of tillage and manufacture, it would ſcarcely be deemed an object at all. For ſuppoſe that a gentleman's park of five hundred, or a thouſand acres, were poſſeſſed by fifty, or a hundred families of induſtrious ſpinners and weavers, would not the community be profited? In one caſe ten or twenty idle ſervants are ſupported, in the other ſeveral hundreds of uſeful mechanicks. A gentleman of two

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or three thouſand pounds a year, will probably not ſpend half his income in his country reſidence; and of what is ſpent there, how ſmall a proportion is laid out on the products of Ireland? The butler wears Engliſh cloth, as well as the maſter and his ſons; and it is well if the lady of the houſe content herſelf with Engliſh manufactures; ſhe and her daughters are probably dreſſed in French ſilks. It is perfectly indifferent whether Engliſh woollen, or Iriſh linen, is worn in England or Ireland; ſo that in the article of dreſs, Ireland only avails itſelf of the liveries; and as to the table, ſhe only furniſhes the neceſſaries of life; all the reſt are foreign luxuries, tea, ſugar, ſpices, wines, &c. &c. From the neceſſaries of life, no great advantage is received by the neighbourhood; the ground, however, which produces them might, as I have ſhewn, be very uſefully employed. It is not here as in England, where they depend on the next market for their meat; here are no fleſh markets, except in their beſt towns; every reſident gentleman is obliged to kill his own beef and mutton.

Do not be ſurpriſed when I tell you there are ſo few markets; for where there are few buyers, there will be but few ſellers; nor ſuppoſe that if the gentry did reſide here there would be markets; there might be a butcher who would undertake to ſupply three or four gentlemen in a neighbourhood, but this would no more make a market, than the conſumption of their liveries would create the weaving of wool. Nothing but wealth diffuſed by manufactures, agriculture, and commerce, can produce a regular ſupply of proviſions in country towns. The demeſnes of the lords and ſquires, well peopled with induſtrious mechanicks, ſubſiſting by free trade, would more contribute to the markets, and other good national purpoſes, than the reſidence of them and all the abſentees ten times told.

It ſhould be conſidered that a mere circulation of caſh can ſcarcely be reckoned beneficial to a country, but ſuch a circulation as produces induſtry. Money, if it generates idleneſs, is an evil, not a good. The ſilver of Peru, and the gold of Mexico, have not made Spain rich, becauſe they did

did not make her induſtrious. An influx of money, from the reſidence of gentry, is ſeldom of important uſe; nay, I ſhould imagine that it frequently does harm; for it creates a certain number of retainers and publicans, who depend on that alone for their ſupport, which being withdrawn, they are reduced to helpleſs indigence. Accordingly, we in general find more beggary near the habitations of the great than elſewhere.

No town was ever enriched by a barrack; the money ſpent does not at all compenſate for the idleneſs and debauchery it produces among the lower people. A town may ſubſiſt, but can never grow wealthy by letting of lodgings. If the ſprings were to dry up, Bath would return to its original nothingneſs. It would not be ſo with Dublin, upon the event of a union, becauſe ſhe has other reſources than mere letting of lodgings: ſhe would continue to be a conſiderable trading city; and the ſeat of government, and of the courts of juſtice. At preſent the centre of national amuſements, it would ſtill take the lead, in all the politer arts. Other towns would improve,

prove, but it would not decline. I argue thus:

A free and unreſtrained exportation would ſo increaſe the demands for Dublin manufactures, that it would be the firſt place in the kingdom to feel the advantages of an open ſea. The intereſts of the comber, the ſpinner, the weaver, the dyer, the preſſer, the clothier, would more than counterbalance the loſſes of the milliner, the taylor, and the hair-dreſſer. The very trade of *poplins*, which are ſo univerſally prized, would become prodigious. Beſides, the ſilk manufacture, which is ſolely confined to Dublin, would ſoon flouriſh; and the city would become a ſchool, to which they would flock from all other parts of the kingdom for inſtruction in the principles of the mechanick and commercial arts. And there would be no danger of overſtocking the ſeveral branches with artiſans as at preſent.

There is one objection ſtill behind, which being the only one common both to the Engliſh and the Iriſh, deſerves particular notice. They generally agree, that as the linen manufacture meets with ſufficient encouragement,

couragement, it might ſuffice to employ all the idle hands in the kingdom. But this objection, though plauſible, can have but little weight with thoſe who underſtand the ſtate of the country. That buſineſs can never get footing, but where there is a plentiful ſupply of fuel; and though Ireland does in ſome places ſuperabound with peat, yet I am told that about half the kingdom is deſtitute of it. So that however diſagreeable the bogs of Ireland may appear, they are the prime ſources of its wealth, for without them the linen manufacture could not ſo much as exiſt.

The linen trade, though in a condition ſo thriving, as to export two millions value yearly, is by no means co-extended with its turf-bogs; and farther, it never can be carried, except where coal is in great abundance. It muſt be obſerved, that there are other requiſites beſide fuel, and flax, and ſpinners, and weavers; the laſt hand is to be put to it by the bleacher. The bleacher cannot work without water, and falls of water, which are rarely to be met with, except in hilly countries: near the one half of Ireland is ſaid to be level; conſequently,

the linen manufacture can never be thoroughly eſtabliſhed in above one half the kingdom: and therefore, without the freedom of working up her own wool, ſhe muſt remain, as it were, paralytic on one ſide.

But it would be well if one half were employed; for in diſtricts ſuſceptible of the buſineſs, it is ſtill in its infancy. Mr. Dobbs, a writer of this country, computes, that in the year 1731, not above five counties were embarked in making linens. Let us ſuppoſe that there are now eight, and even then it will be eſtabliſhed but over one-fourth of the whole.

From this view, one can ſcarce help upbraiding theſe people for their tardy progreſs in this trade. I have frequently done ſo from the impulſe of feeling, but now correct myſelf by conſidering how much has been done, and how difficult it is to eradicate old habits, and acquire new ones.

At the concluſion of laſt war, this kingdom was in a more flouriſhing condition than at preſent. The high rents raiſed ſuch a ſpirit of diſcontent, that ever ſince the

peace, ſo advantageous to America, they have been migrating thither, in ſuch numbers, that the price of lands is ſaid to have fallen near a third. The exports of linen too have decreaſed in the ſame proportion, the emigrants being moſtly weavers. For the two laſt years, indeed, the diſturbances in America having checked this roving diſpoſition, the trade has revived, and the rents have riſen. But how muſt both for ever languiſh, if upon the reſettlement of affairs, America ſhould improve her civil conſtitution?

This, and every other conſideration, ſhould make us think betimes of putting this country upon ſuch a footing, that it may turn out to our greateſt advantage, by letting every quarter of it exerciſe a trade beſt ſuited to its local circumſtances, and by preventing it from waſting its days in the ſombrous gloom of unjoyous indolence, and under all the preſſures of hopeleſs and unpitied poverty. And it ſhould be the policy of every Iriſh patriot, inſtead of oppoſing, to uſe his utmoſt endeavours to effect an incorporation of the two kingdoms.

It ſeems indeed rather a matter of ſurpriſe, that government has not long ago interpoſed to make it palatable to both nations. For, however prejudices may prevail on both ſides, right reaſon and ſelf-intereſt ſhould direct all parties to bring it about as ſoon as poſſible; that ſo valuable a part of the empire may become as famous for arts and induſtry, as it is now infamous for the want of them; and that thus loſing its evil habits, and its very name, it be no more Ireland, but Weſt England, or Little Britain, and that the ſtile of our Sovereign be *Britanniarum Rex.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dublin.

YOUR news-papers have thrown us all into a panick: They would make us believe that a ſort of plague is raging in London, as well as in Paris. The good people here expect that it will be their turn next; for, they ſay, they feel every malady which affects England; flattering themſelves at the ſame time, that it loſes much

much of its virulence in croſſing the channel.

But let them ſay what they will about the malignity of infection degenerating before it reaches them, I am perſuaded that this influenza, which they call the tail of an eaſtern plague, has already plumed many a hearſe in this weſtern iſle.

A book put into my hand, ſhews that the return of this diſorder, if not periodical, is at leaſt frequent; for it appeared no leſs than four times during the forty years preceding this publication. The faculty are much indebted to the labours of the induſtrious author, whoſe name is Rutty. He was the firſt who methodized a hiſtory of the mineral waters of Ireland; and who gave hiſtories of the weather, ſeaſons, and diſeaſes of Dublin; with a comparative view of the climate of Ireland, England, and other countries.

His obſervations are made on the forty years immediately preceding 1770, and he grafts them upon an eſtimate of the numbers which died in Dublin, of each diſorder, during the antecedent period of forty

years, which he took from Dr. Brian Robinſon, a name, like that of Helſham, celebrated in this country for phyſical and mathematical knowledge.

From the facts laid down in his comparative view, he infers that the general ſtate of the climate, and diſeaſes of Ireland, are pretty much the ſame as that of England,—with this difference, that neither heat nor cold are in ſuch extremes here as there; which he accounts for from the ſituation of Ireland being farther out in the ocean, and from its nearer approach to the vapours wafted upon the wings of the W. and S. W. eſpecially the former, which he ſhews, from the diaries, are more frequent here than in England.

From hence he deduces the ſalubrity of the climate of Ireland,—he ſhews alſo from the fact, that the inhabitants are as healthy, and extend the term of life as long as any other people. He confeſſes that this country has not unjuſtly acquired the appellation of *Matula Jovis*, from its redundant moiſture; yet he holds it to be an error, that a humid atmoſphere is inimical

to

to longevity. Though, says he, "we live in a conſtant *balneum vaporis*, yet the moiſture and temperate quality of the air is a great advantage to us. For it not only ſecures us from the pernicious effects of heat and drought, but it likewiſe defends us from the ill effects of exceſſive cold and dryneſs; all which are productive of more acute, and violently inflammatory diſorders than are found here; as appears from repeated obſervations. The watery vapours ſerve in ſome meaſure to correct the criſping and drying quality of E. N. and N. E. winds, and at the ſame time yield a conſtant fomentation to the fibres, and being imbibed by the cutaneous pores, dilute the blood."

In confirmation of this theory, he obſerves, that the malignity of all epidemic diſeaſes, which originate eaſtward, is mitigated here; there being ſomething in the ſtate of the air which reſiſts the propagation of diſeaſes, as well as of poiſonous animals; and that the plague, which did ſo often and ſo cruelly infeſt England, was wonderfully rare in Ireland.

He ſhews that the weather is more variable, and the changes more ſudden, than in other countries; yet he argues, that theſe changes are not ſo conſiderable, nor ſo prejudicial to health, as the daily changes in warmer climates. Fahrenheit's thermometer never varies in the year more than from twenty-ſeven to ſeventy-five degrees; whereas, in South Carolina, a difference of 30 degrees in twenty-four hours, has ſometimes been obſerved; the range of variation there being 83 degrees.

He lays down a table of the comparative heat of the ſeaſons in London and Dublin, eſtimated by that curious obſerver Dr. B. Robinſon.

London.	*Dublin.*
Winter, 1.00	1.45
Spring, 3.00	2.14
Summer, 5.00	4.68
Autumn, 3.00	3.80
12.00	12.07

From this greater warmth of air than is common in ſo northern a ſituation, he accounts for the perſpiration of the human body being greater in Ireland than in England,

land, and nearly as great in Cork as in Italy; as it appears to be from the following medium eſtimate for the years 1721, and 1744:

Dublin,	0.980
Cork,	1.472
England,	0.817
Italy,	1.480

From a review of the bills of mortality for forty years in Dublin, he ſhews that the number of perſons buried was remarkably greateſt in dry years. All which, he ſays, is agreeable to Wintringham's obſervations of the moiſt ſeaſons being more natural and healthful in England. From the concurring teſtimonies of the late Engliſh writers, compared with ſimilar obſervations made here, it appears, that the ſeaſons, wherein the *hygrometer* was moſt ſenſibly ſhortened, were remarkably free from all epidemic diſeaſes; and that ſtorms, the uſual concomitants of rain, are alſo found, in both places, to be attended with more health, and leſs ſickneſs, than calm weather; as diſſipating the vapours, which by ſtagnation might prove dangerous.

He

He does not deny but that exceſſive and long continued rains, and moiſture, are alſo unwholeſome; and he admits that three out of four, in a long ſeries of ſuch years, turn out epidemick and mortal; but then he argues, that they have this effect, not primarily, but conſequentially, as they corrupt and ſpoil the fruits of the earth.

As theſe concluſions are all drawn from experience, that great baffler of ſpeculation, they ſeem very ſatisfactory. And what wonderfully corroborates them is, that from the obſervations made on the watermen of London and Holland, it appears, that this claſs of men, though perpetually inhaling aqueous humours, are as remarkable for health and longevity as any other people in the countries to which they belong.

Thoſe bogs wherewith Ireland is in ſome places overgrown, are not injurious to health, as is commonly imagined: the watery exhalations from them are neither ſo abundant, nor ſo noxious, as thoſe from marſhes; which become prejudicial from the various animal and vegetable ſubſtances, which

which are left to putrify as ſoon as the waters are exhaled by the ſun. During the overflowing of the Nile, Egypt is comparatively healthy; when the waters ſubſide, putrefaction takes place, and the plague returns. Bogs are not, as one might ſuppoſe from their blackneſs, maſſes of putrefaction; but on the contrary, they are of ſuch a texture, as to reſiſt putrefaction above any other ſubſtance we know of. I have ſeen a ſhoe, all of one piece of leather, very neatly ſtitched, taken out of a bog ſome years ago, yet entirely freſh;—from the very faſhion of which there is ſcarce room to doubt that it had lain there ſome centuries. I have ſeen butter called *rouſkin*, —which had been hid in hollowed trunks of trees ſo long, that it was become hard, and almoſt friable, yet not devoid of unctuoſity. That the length of time it had been buried was very great, we learn from the depth of the bog, which was ten feet, that had grown over it. But the common phænomenon of timber-trees dug out of theſe bogs, not only ſound, but alſo ſo embalmed as afterwards to defy the injuries of time, demonſtrates the antiſeptic quality of them.

That

That pair of horns of the mooſe deer, which you ſee in the Britiſh Muſeum,—and by the way, I have here ſeen a pair much larger,—muſt have lain many centuries in a bog; for the Iriſh hiſtories do not recognize the exiſtence of the animal whereon they grew.

They tell me that human bodies have, in many places, been dug up, incruſted ſome feet high with this ſubſtance, and yet entire. A caſe in point is reported in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, No. 434, which is briefly this.—" Two perſons loſt in a great ſnow on the Moor of Derbyſhire, January 14th, 1674, and not being found until the 3d of May following, they then ſmelt ſo ſtrong, that the coroner ordered them to be buried on the ſpot.—They lay in the peat-moſs twenty-eight years nine months,—when ſome countrymen having obſerved the extraordinary quality of this kind of ſoil, in preſerving dead bodies from corruption, were curious enough to open the ground, to ſee if theſe perſons had been ſo preſerved, and found them no way altered; the colour of their ſkin being fair, and natural, and their fleſh ſoft as that of perſons

perſons newly dead. They were afterwards expoſed to ſight twenty years, though they were much changed in that time, by being ſo often uncovered. In the year 1716, Dr. Bourne of Cheſterfield was there, who gave this account of the ſtate they were then in, viz. the man perfect, his beard ſtrong, and about one-fourth of an inch long, the hair of his head ſhort, his ſkin hard, and of a tanned leather colour; he had on a broad cloth coat, which he tried to tear a ſkirt off, but could not. Dr. Balguy, who communicated this account, after enumerating other particulars, concludes by ſaying,—the thing is very remarkable, as there are no means, I believe, of preſerving dead bodies ſo well."

I have, in the above accounts, always alluded to the growth of theſe bogs, as a known thing. Their growth, however, is variable in different places, from the variety of conditions in the ſituation, ſoil, humidity, and quantity of vegetable food; in ſome places it is very rapid, in others very ſlow; and therefore their altitudes cannot afford any certain meaſure of time. I have been at ſome pains to learn their theory, and

I flat-

Lincoln, and Cambridgeſhires, the hundreds of Eſſex, and the wilds of Kent."

I have ſeen an eccleſiaſtical conſtitution of Canterbury, diſpenſing with the non-reſidence of the clergy, on account of the unwholeſome damps of that dioceſe. And I have it from a concurrence of teſtimonies, that the poor, who go over from this country yearly, to work at harveſt in England, are generally ſeized with agues; which are very infrequent in any part of Ireland. The reaſon of which I conceive to be, there are here no conſiderable tracts of level marſhy ground, the lands being generally diverſified with hill and dale, and ſuch of them as are flat are not ſwampy, but of a gravelly bibulous ſoil; ſo that after rain is over, there is ſcarce a veſtige of it to be ſeen in moſt places. What we call clay ground is moſt rare, as far as I have obſerved. And we have ſeen that winds purify the air, by keeping it in almoſt perpetual motion, and by removing thoſe noxious vapours that impregnate a ſtagnant atmoſphere. Winds are infrequent in flat countries, mountains being the ſource of rivers, and the parent of ſtorms.

Thoſe ſudden changes, and frequent winds, which render this climate ſo diſagreeable to our feelings, are nevertheleſs the agents which purge and refine the air. We make the ſame complaints of our own climate, but this is ſtill more mutable. The atmoſphere is generally clearer in cold weather than in hot, and it is obſervable, that the dryneſs of air is ſooner effected by the action of the wind, than of the ſun; for the ſun exhales vapour, but does not diſſipate it; whereas, if the winds raiſe moiſture, they alſo diſpel it. Accordingly, fogs are more rare in hilly than level countries. I never ſaw any thing like a fog, during my tour through the country parts of Ireland.

Humida ſolſtitia & hyemes orate ſerenas, was the precept of Virgil. Here he would have found both; where neither the ſcorching heats of Cancer drive men to the ſhade, nor the piercing colds of Capricorn compel them to the fire. But had the poet lived in Ireland, he would not have prayed for a wet Summer; for the hiſtory of this climate gives almoſt quotidian ſhowers, for two months after the ſun has paſſed the Sum-

mer tropic. This muſt retard vegetation, and by combining this cauſe with that of the greater heat of England in Spring and Summer, may we account for the ſeaſons being ſo much later here than there. For as to latitude, that can make no great difference, part of the county of Cork being more ſouthward than London, and no part of Ireland being ſo northerly as ſome parts of England. But if the Spring does not ſet in ſo early, the Autumn tarries proportionably later; if the trees do not bud ſo ſoon, the leaves ſtick on longer; in November, not October, is the fall of the leaf. The reaſon of all which is evident from *the table* of the different degrees of heat and cold in the two kingdoms, in the ſame ſeaſons; the ſuperior heat of Ireland in Autumn and Winter, being more than a counterbalance for the greater heat of England in Spring and Summer.

Upon the whole, from what I have read, heard, and ſeen, I muſt join iſſue with Cambrenſis, that "Nature has looked with a more favourable eye than uſual upon this kingdom of the Zephyrs." And if a ſpirit of induſtry could be infuſed into the people,

people, by a juſt policy, their country would not be inferior to any other on the globe, under the ſame parallel. Till within the laſt century, there being a perpetual warfare between the native and the laſt comer, it became the barbarous policy of the times to encourage, inſtead of reſtraining, the growth of bogs. Theſe ſtopped the progreſs of the Engliſh, and ſerved as fortreſſes for their own habitations. And by thus conſulting each his private ſafety, they abandoned that of the public. *Dum ſinguli pugnant univerſi vincuntur*, is the remark of Tacitus on the like conduct of the Britons; for they, as well as the Gauls and Germans, betook themſelves to their *paludes*, bogs, or fens, as a refuge to ſhelter themſelves from the conquering Romans.

Similar cauſes muſt ever produce ſimilar effects. Wherever a ſavage people are invaded and worſted, they will retire to their only faſtneſſes, bogs or mountains, and there prefer barbariſm and wretchedneſs, to civility and abundance. Such is the inborn love of liberty! Bogs are, however, in my eye, a certain badge of ſlavery. *Batavia* was the moſt marſhy, and boggy part

of Europe, till ſhe ſhook off the Spaniſh yoke; England, after all the Romans had done and taught, continued in many places in her original ſtate, till the alienation laws of Henry VII. Theſe diffuſed landed property, and created a yeomanry, who ſoon aſſerted that charter of equality, and conſequent independence, to which Nature had originally entitled them, and wherewith the ſpirit of their laws had now inveſted them. When each man could enjoy the fruit of his own labours, and tranſmit it to his ſon; when the poor and oppreſſed vaſſal became the thriving happy tenant; then, and not till then, England became what her and fancy's darling child deſcribes, "another Eden, a demiparadiſe." Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

Dublin.

IT would, I preſume, be difficult to aſſign any reaſon, *a priori*, for that property in the climate of Ireland ſo baneful to poiſonous animals. One might conjecture that the ſame temperature, which is unfriendly

friendly to the orange and the vine, may be the agent which kills the adder, the toad, and the mole. But this reaſoning would not apply to Crete; and Crete, they ſay, has the ſame property.

Cui Deus, & melior rerum naſcentium origo,
Jus commune dedit cum Creta, altrice tonantis,
Noxia ne noſtris diffundant ſibila in oris.

It would be equally difficult perhaps to determine, admitting the fact, whether, and how far, climate has any effect in mollifying the muſcular ſyſtem, and producing that pliability of limbs, and activity of body, which has characterized the Iriſh nation *. It ſeems, however, not unphiloſophical to ſuppoſe, that, as the operations of the intellect depend ſo intimately on the texture of the brain, the ſame organization which generates agility of body, may conduce to a correſponding vivacity of mind.

* Atque uno verbo dicam ſive Iernes fœcunditatem, ſive maris & portuum opportunitatem, ſive incolas reſpicias qui bellicoſi ſunt, ingenioſi, corporum lineamentis conſpicui, *mirifica carnis mollitie, & propter muſculorum teneritatem agilitate incredibili*; a multis dotibus ita fælix eſt inſula ut non male dixerit Gyraldus, *naturam hoc Zephyri regnum benigniori oculo reſpexiſſe.* Cambden.

But be this theory applicable to the Iriſh or not, it muſt be admitted that there was a time, when they poſſeſſed a greater ſhare of learning than any other nation in the weſt. This we muſt allow, if we give any credit to hiſtory; I do not mean that written by the Iriſh themſelves, but that ſupported by the concurring teſtimony of foreign writers. Bede ſpeaks of Ireland, as the *great mart of literature*, to which they reſorted from all parts of Europe. Camden ſays, "it abounded with men of ſplendid genius in the ages when literature was rejected every where elſe; that it is frequently related by our writers, in praiſe of a perſon's education, *Amandatus eſt ad diſciplinam in Hiberniam. Et in Sulgeni vita qui ante ſexcentos annos floruit legitur*,

Exemplo patrum commotus amore legendi
Ivit ad Hibernos, ſophia mirabili claros.

It was not therefore without ſufficient reaſon that the younger Scaliger ſays, "Du temps de Charlemagne & 200 ans apres *omnes fere docti* etoient d' Irlande."

As Ireland got the appellation of *Sacra*, from its ante-venefic property, ſo it got that

of *Sancta*, from its being the nurſing mother of many learned and pious men. Now they affect to call it *Inſula ſacro-ſancta*. According to Camden and o hers, *Luxieu Abbey* in Burgundy, *Roby* in Italy, *Witzburg* in Frankland, *St. Gall* in Switzerland, *Malmſbury* and *Lindisfern* in England, and *Jona*, or *Hy*, in Scotland, were founded by Iriſh Monks. Bede relates, that Oſwald, the Anglo-Saxon king, applied to Ireland for learned men to inſtruct his people in the principles of chriſtianity. And Rapin has this remarkable obſervation:—"It is ſurpriſingly ſtrange that the converſion of the Engliſh ſhould be aſcribed to *Auſtin*, rather than to *Aidin*, to *Finian*, to *Colman*, to *Cedd*, to *Diumna*, to *Furſeus*, and other *Iriſh* or * *Scots* Monks, who undoubtedly laboured much more than he. But here lies the caſe; theſe laſt had not their orders from Rome, and therefore muſt not be allowed any ſhare in the glory of this work."

* Rapin makes the names *Scots* and *Iriſh* ſynonymous, for the reaſons we have ſhewn in our letter from Kildare, where theſe very Monks have been proved to be Scots of Ireland.

Ireland did not become abſolutely *popiſh*, till after the Engliſh got poſſeſſion of it; and thence may we diſcern the reaſon why the Pope was ſo liberal in his gift of it to Henry II.

John Scotus Erigena * was the firſt who wrote againſt tranſubſtantiation, and the whole ſpirit of the church of Ireland militated againſt the encroachments of papal tyranny, till a temporal dominion made them bow the neck to a ſpiritual yoke. I have ſeen a folio volume in five books by him, intitled *De diviſione naturæ*, written in a ſtyle that would not be deſpiſed at this day. He muſt be diſtinguiſhed from *Duns Scotus*, who figured in the 13th century; and for the honour of whoſe birth, theſe three nations have contended as eagerly as the ſeven cities did about that of Homer.

If you wiſh to ſee ſpecimens of Iriſh compoſition in the middle ages, I would refer you to Uſher's *Sylloge epiſtolarum Hibernicarum*, which will abundantly gratify your curioſity, and perhaps reward your pains. The poems of *Columb-cil*, may

* Sirnamed *Erigena*, from the place of his birth being Ireland.

perhaps

perhaps ſavour of monkiſh quaintneſs, but his proſe is replete with ſound ſenſe, clothed in good Latin. He was of the blood royal of Ireland, the apoſtle of the Picts, and founder of the Abbey of Hy.

Virgilius, ſirnamed *Solivagus*, a native of Ireland, and biſhop of Saltzburg, muſt have been a man of more than ordinary erudition, for the eighth century; he ventured to aſſert the heretical doctrine of the *Antipodes*, and of other planets beſides the earth: which his infallible holineſs thus interprets, —if Virgil maintains that there is another world, another ſun, another moon, and that this earth is round, ſo that there is another ſky oppoſite to our ſky, and other men with their feet oppoſite to our feet, *Anathema eſto*. Galileo was not the firſt philoſopher whom the court of Rome threw into darkneſs, for attempting to enlighten the world.

The firſt profeſſors in the Univerſity of Paris were from Ireland, and they tell you, that our Alfred brought profeſſors to his newly-founded College of Oxford, from the ſame country. At this day, the patron ſaints of ſeveral nations on the continent, are acknowledged to be Iriſh. *Armagh* is

ſaid

ſaid to have had ſeveral thouſands of ſtudents at the ſame time; and there were other ſeats of learning not leſs famous.

Liſmore, long ſince the muſes darling ſeat,
Of piety and learning the retreat,
Her *alma mater* ſhone as bright at noon,
As Oxford, Cambridge, or the great Sorbonne.
Time ſhifts the ſcene,—no longer now ſhe boaſts
Her churches, colleges, and learned hoſts;
Nature, propitious to the favourite ſoil,
Reſtored her loſſes by the birth of *Boyle*.
Centred in him, her antient glory ſhone,
Who made all arts and ſciences his own.

LETTER XL.

Dublin.

HAVING ſomewhat prepared the way, I come at length to hazard thoſe conjectures I promiſed, by way of anſwer to Spencer's queſtion; *how comes it then that they are ſo unlearned ſtill, being ſo old ſcholars?*

The fond advocates for the honour of Ireland would perſuade us, that ſhe has enjoyed a degree of illumination equal to any other country on the face of the earth; while David Hume ſays, that "the Iriſh, from

from the beginning of time, had been buried in the moſt profound ignorance,—and that the incurſions of the Danes and Normans, which had ſpread barbariſm in other parts of Europe, tended rather to improve them."

Neither of theſe repreſentations are juſt; that is panegyrick, this invective. The monkiſh illumination of Ireland is not of a kind to be compared with that of countries, whoſe antient brightneſs is ſtill reflected in their auguſt remains of the fine arts; yet it is ſufficient to prove that Mr. Hume's caricature is like the illuſions of perſpective, which vaniſh on the ſpectator's nearer approach.

Learning, which dawned in the remoteſt eaſt, has hitherto moved weſtward, like the great luminary of day; we may ſtill mark its progreſs from the Indies, through Chaldea, Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, Sicily, Italy, Gaul, and Britain. It would be anticipating the ordinary courſe of human knowledge, to ſuppoſe that Ireland has paſſed her zenith; it ſhould rather encourage her ſons, that ſhe has not yet come to her meridian.

We have not *data* to prove that Ireland, when moſt famed for learning, was a very civilized nation. Her ſcholars, being ſhut up in cloiſters, and ſequeſtered from the world, were not the fitteſt inſtruments to ſoften manners, and refine the arts of civil life. It is the genius of monaſtic, and indeed of every other ſuperſtition, to narrow, inſtead of enlarging, the mind, and to leave large ſpaces of *terra incognita* in the map of human knowledge. But the influence of the political conſtitution was even worſe than that of the eccleſiaſtical, as may be ſeen from the ſlighteſt ſketch of it.

Each province of Ireland had an elective king, under whom were ſeveral tributary *kinglings*, and over all ruled the monarch, eligible only from the four provincial kings. At the election of any monarch, king, or chief, it was cuſtomary to appoint a chieftain, next in dignity, as his ſucceſſor, without much reſpect to primogeniture. Him they called *Thaniſt*, and the cuſtom *Thaniſtry*. In the choice of a Thaniſt, the brother was commonly preferred to the ſon of the deceaſed, and even the next couſin was choſen rather than either, if

thought more worthy. The only fixed rule was, that the election ſhould be confined to the ſame kindred or *ſept*. The ſpirit and intention of which was plainly this,—to preclude from the ſucceſſion, perſons inſufficient to lead them to battle; and to prevent the alienation of inheritance to ſtrangers, who might have ſtepped in, during a minority, or an adult imbecillity, and wreſted it from the lineal heir. But however well calculated it might have been to curb deſpotiſm, and preſerve the martial dignity of family, it was very defective in all the attributes of an equal government and peaceful eſtabliſhment: it breathed nothing but intrigue and cabal, diſcord and turbulence, violence and blood. The fact juſtifies this account, for the hiſtory of Ireland preſents little elſe than ſcenes of civil war, or the ſanguinary concuſſions of domeſtic faction. The following Laconick epiſtles diſplay the true ſpirit of thoſe times:

O'Nial to O'Donnel.——
Pay me your tribute, or if you don't——
O'Nial.

O'Donnel to O'Nial.——
I owe you no tribute, and if I did——
O'Donnel.

The

The government of Scotland was originally formed upon the model of that of Ireland. And however it may have been improved latterly, by ceaſing to be elective, we find that Harrington, whoſe purport was to render monarchy odious, ſelects that of Scotland as a ſpecimen of the worſt form of kingly government that ever exiſted; ſcarcely one out of three of its kings dying a natural death.

Under ſuch turbulent ſyſtems, it is evident that the arts of peace could make but little progreſs. Some, however, they did make in Ireland, before the ravages of the Danes, and the invaſion of the Engliſh; but none, that I can hear of, in Scotland, at the ſame period. Nay, if the Iriſh were diſpoſed to recriminate, they might challenge Mr. Hume to produce a writer of modern Scotland, *i. e. Scotia minor*, before the fifteenth century, equal to the writers of Ireland in the ſixth and ſeventh.

I am aware that ſome of my hoſpitable friends in Ireland may not be ſatisfied with this mode of defence. They are not pleaſed with *Spencer* for aſking the queſtion, and they may be ſtill leſs ſo with me for my anſwer.

anſwer. I ſhall, however, ſay with him, *I ſtand not in fear of any undeſerved diſlikes.* But it ſhould plead ſome indulgence, for him at leaſt, that if he expoſes evil cuſtoms, it is but in order to reform them; and that he ſpares neither the men nor manners of his own country, "which, he admits, was what Ireland is now, rude and barbarous, every corner having a Robin-Hood in it, for it is even the other day ſince England grew civil."

But are we certain that Spencer would aſk the ſame queſtion ſtill, if he were to reviſit the earth? For certain it is that the face of things is much altered ſince his time; order and government have ſucceeded anarchy and confuſion; ſchools have been opened; a univerſity has been founded; and many natives of Ireland have adorned the republic of letters.

On the other hand, it muſt be conſidered that there have been two civil wars ſince Spencer's time;—that if ſchools have been opened, theſe are but few in number, and ſo expenſive as to be above the common pitch;—that if a univerſity has been endowed, it admits but of a ſmall number of ſtudents, compared to the whole kingdom;

kingdom;—that of the two millions and a half of ſouls in Ireland, four to one at leaſt are Papiſts, who, precluded from all conſtitutional advantages, have no temptation to literature, even if they had acceſs to it;—and that, according to the bookſellers of Dublin, 500 copies of any work, except of a novel or political pamphlet, overſtocks the market.

From all which it is not neceſſary to decide, whether Spencer's queſtion might ſtill be aſked. It will be more agreeable to my inclination to combine theſe with other circumſtances, in order to vindicate the genius of the nation; and to ſhew, from the fact, that ſince his time ſhe has produced literate men, not diſproportioned to her numbers and advantages, taken together.

In this whole kingdom, there are but 2293 pariſhes. In the dioceſe of Lincoln, there are near 1400, beſide perpetual curacies; but there are ſaid to be more clergy in that ſingle dioceſe than in all Ireland, owing to the union of livings here. In one county where there are ſeventy-ſix pariſhes, it is aſſerted, there are but fourteen churches.

That

The diſproportion between the numbers in the other two learned profeſſions, I ſhould conceive, muſt be greater ſtill, in conſequence of the general poverty and deſolation of this country.

In the univerſities of Oxford and Cambridge, there are, beſides halls, forty colleges, ſome of which have a number of ſtudents, equal to the college of Dublin. In our univerſities, there are between eight and nine hundred fellows and profeſſors, whereas the ſum total of thoſe in T. C. D. is, as we have ſeen, but twenty-two; fourteen of which have full employment in the inſtruction of pupils; the whole care of undergraduates devolving upon the junior fellows.

In Scotland there are four univerſities, each of which have as many profeſſors, as that of Dublin. But it is not ſo much their numbers, as their different œconomy, which has produced effects ſo widely different. Their foundations, originally narrow, they have widened by induſtry, and what was wanting in royal favour, they have ſupplied by care and attention; the very ſubſiſtence of their profeſſors depend-

ing upon a diſplay of ſuperior excellence in their ſeveral lines. Edinburgh has been, for ſome years, the firſt ſeminary in the Britiſh dominions, for all the branches of phyſick. Glaſgow has been the firſt ſchool of ethicks, from the ingenious *Hutcheſon*, to the ſagacious *Reid*. Scarce a year paſſes that the world is not either amuſed or inſtructed by ſome literary production of Scotland. And if theſe do not all bear equally the ſtamp of genius, few of them are without erudition, and none devoid of marks of induſtry and application.

I am not ignorant that the eminence of Scotch profeſſors may be attributed to another cauſe, than the conſtitution of their univerſities, ſeeing that their eminence is novel, though their relation to thoſe learned bodies has been always the ſame. It will be argued, that writing of books is now become a trade, and that a poor nation will uſe its diligence to ſupply a wealthy one, become too indolent to ſtock its own market.

Upon this principle it may be aſked, Why does not the ſame cauſe operate in Ireland? And it muſt be anſwered, that though

though the nation is comparatively poor, the literate part of it is rich. After admiſſion, the fellows riſe gradually to all offices and emoluments, merely by ſeniority: and it is ſcarcely to be expected, that men, who have a certainty of ample preferment, without any toilſome effort, ſhould forego that cheerful ſociety, which a great city ſo amply furniſhes, for the precarious proſpect of future fame, and the certain return of preſent cenſure,

——————Quod non deſit habentem
Quæ poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem quam ſcribere?

The primary intention, however, of an univerſity, is not ſo much to write herſelf, as to form writers. And for this purpoſe, the plan of education here, for the firſt four years, is well calculated; the examination of undergraduates being an admirable inſtitution. But then inſtruction goes no farther than the rudiments. One teaches logick in the hall this year, Greek the next, aſtronomy the third, and morality perhaps the fourth. All which muſt, in the ordinary courſe of things, be but ſuperficially

known, and imperfectly taught. Such a conſtitution ſeems not only unfriendly, but hoſtile to excellence; and I cannot help thinking, if the Scotch univerſities were ſimilar in this reſpect, that their profeſſors would not, at this day, vie with her better endowed neighbours.

I have granted that the univerſity of Dublin is well calculated for conveying general inſtruction, and I will add, perhaps better than any other; but I am perſuaded that ſhe is by no means framed for ſupporting, augmenting, or extending the character of national literature. I do not ſpeak thus, becauſe the fact argues for me, but I ſay ſo, becauſe the reaſon of the thing evinces, that, without a miracle, the fact cannot be otherwiſe. And ſure no Iriſh gentleman can take it amiſs that I ſhould labour to wipe off a national reproach, at the expence of ſtatutes drawn up by Archbiſhop Laud.

But here the national prejudice recoils upon us, that a fellow of T. C. D. muſt, from the neceſſary qualifications for admiſſion, be a man of profound erudition, and fully adequate to ſupport the dignity of

of literature. I ſhall moſt readily grant, that the young men who get fellowſhips, may be as diligent as induſtry itſelf, and that they have read a very general courſe; yet how is it poſſible, that in a year or two after taking a batchelor's degree (that is at five or ſix years ſtanding), they can make themſelves maſters of the whole circle of arts, ſciences, and claſſicks, viz. Logick, Mathematicks, Aſtronomy, Phyſicks, Ethicks, Chronology, Hiſtory, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. The attention thus diſtracted by all, if collected on one, would render a boy, juſt come from ſchool, but competently ſkilled even in that. The memory may be loaded with words, when the underſtanding is not ſtored with ideas.

The buſineſs of anſwering for a fellowſhip, is ſaid to be ſo mechanical, that ſome tutors, who have a particular intereſt at heart, are at the pains to ſet down the rolls of queſtions aſked by each particular examiner, and that then they prepare their pupils accordingly. A youth of five years ſtanding, thus aſſiſted, may anſwer better than one of learning and abilities much ſuperior, without that advantage. Newton would appear in a more unfavourable light

here, than he did when examined at Cambridge.

To avoid this evil, from the courſes of each examiner becoming known, they ſometimes interchange courſes, and the *Fellow* who examined Mathematicks laſt year, will examine Morality the next. And from this veering of the courſes, it is as difficult to conceive, how they can examine with ability, as that they ſhould be anſwered with judgment. The whole is an unnatural taſk impoſed on the examiner, and a mere effort of memory in the examined.

But let us recapitulate what we have ſaid. We have ſhewn that there are more clergy in one dioceſe of England, than in all Ireland; which are not ſuppoſed to be 1200, while the numbers in all England are 12,000 at leaſt,—that the diſproportion is ſtill greater in the law and phyſick lines,—that the numbers of fellows in T. C. D. are but twenty-two,—that the number of fellows and profeſſors in our two univerſities are between eight and nine hundred,—and that the general numbers in England are three for one in Ireland. From all which it follows, that the advantages of England over Ireland, in the attainment of learned

learned excellence, is *cæteris paribus* merely in point of numbers, in a ratio made up of theſe ſeveral proportions.

There is one diſadvantage ſtill behind, under which Ireland labours, which outweighs all the reſt, and that is her provincial government, which as effectually repreſſes her literary as commercial efforts. *Habet ſubjectos tanquam ſuos, viles ut alienos*, is not peculiar to any people, or to any time; it is a ſpirit reſulting from certain relations. Here, however, it removes all that might rouſe ardor, or excite emulation. If any riſe above the common level, it is through mere dint of genius, without the temptation of reward, or the allurement of approbation. Swift was outrageous, that the Iriſh,—whoſe loyalty he taxes as a foible,—ſhould be generally ſet aſide, or that their pittance ſhould be,

The leavings of a church diſtreſt,
A hungry vicarage at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior poſt,
Worth forty pounds a year at moſt.

Preferment of all ſorts runs here in a channel very different from that of merit;

which indeed is becoming pretty much the caſe in England. But in a country ſuch as ours is, and Rome was, abilities will neceſſarily emerge, and ſignalize themſelves, till the very inſtant that blind corruption ſhall become the *Sampſon* of the conſtitution.

Many favourable circumſtances muſt concur, before any individual can conſpicuouſly emerge. A genius ſeldom ſtands alone. He may be a ſtar of the firſt magnitude, but ſtill he is one of a conſtellation. The colliſion of different ſentiments ſtrikes out the rival ſparks of wit. Hence we may remark particular æras of illumination, from before the Auguſtan, down to the preſent age.

It fares with nations as with individuals. There muſt be ſome happy tide of events to ſwell one nation above the level of its neighbours, either in arts or arms, eſpecially in the former. In a great nation, the genius of individuals will participate of the national greatneſs; it will in ſome meaſure be buoyed above itſelf. Whereas in a ſubordinate one, it will be depreſſed to the low level of the national fate. If Edmund

Burke

Burke had exerted his talents to the utmoſt in his native country, he would never have been compared to the orators of antiquity. And if Dr. Johnſon had ſpent his life in the ſame place, we ſhould not now look up to him, as the *Coloſſus* of literature. Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

Dublin,

AFTER reviewing the many, and almoſt unſurmountable obſtacles to literary eminence in Ireland, it is rather to be wondered, that ſhe has produced ſo many, than ſo few writers of diſtinction. *Uſher* was a ſcholar, ſecond to none theſe iſlands can boaſt of, unleſs we except Selden. In mere ſcience, the *Biographia Britannica* furniſhes not a fourth comparable to Bacon, Newton, and *Boyle**.

Berkeley, biſhop of Cloyne, was a writer of very ſuperior talents. He has been called the Iriſh Plato. His *minute philoſopher* is among the ſtandards of the Engliſh language. His *eſſay on viſion* has extended the boundaries of ſcience; and however

* See Page 394.

whimſical

whimſical his *treatiſe on the principles of human knowledge* may appear, it is unanſwerable, except on the principles of common ſenſe. I cannot help admiring his *Siris*, however it may have been ridiculed for *beginning* with the properties of Tar, and *ending* with thoſe of the Godhead.

The advocates for Newton's principles, affect to decry his ſcientifick abilities, becauſe he would perſuade infidels in religion not to ſwallow the doctrine of fluxions, as an article of *faith*. So high a reſpect have I for the genius of Sir Iſaac Newton, that it approaches towards veneration. My ſubmiſſion, however, to his authority, is not ſo reſigned as that of the Pythagoreans to their maſter, whoſe *ipſe dixit* was not to be controverted. The paſſion people have *to account for every thing*, diſpoſes them to a ready acquieſcence in ſome general principle, which for every *why* ſhall give a *wherefore*. The hypotheſes of Thales, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, Democritus, &c. have prevailed in their turns. Ariſtotle pulled down the fanciful fabricks raiſed by his predeceſſors. Lord Verulam roſe againſt this tyrant of the ſchools. At length all were ſwallowed up in the *vortices* of

of Des Cartes. Now the ſyſtem of that great man is exploded as a *philoſophical* romance. And may not the day come, when the *principles* of a ſtill greater ſhall be called a *mathematical* romance? I cannot help thinking it far beyond the pitch of human underſtanding to reach the cauſe, ſecond to the firſt, which moves the planets in their orbs; and therefore will venture to aſk,—Why ſhould it be aſſumed, that in quantities infinitely ſmall, an arch, its chord, and tangent, ſhall be conſidered as equals?

The relation of lines to each other is unalterable, however the dimenſion of thoſe lines may be altered; no matter whether the arch be ſaid to be naſcent or evaneſcent, ſtill it bears the ſame proportion to its chord as if extended to a great circle of the heavens. Quantity is ſtill quantity, call it infiniteſimal, or what you will, and muſt conſequently be ſubject to its laws, relations, and proportions. But an arch can never be related to its chord, in the proportion of equality, for that would impugn the principle, that a right line is the ſhorteſt that can be drawn between any

two

two points. Yet upon this foundation is the whole ſyſtem of the mathematical philoſophy built, as may be ſeen from Newton's own words; *iſdem poſitis dico quod ultima ratio arcus, chordæ, & tangentis ad invicem eſt ratio æqualitatis.* Lem. VII. Princ. l. 1.

I have placed this matter in a light ſomewhat different from the *Analyſt*; and for my pains, you among the reſt will call me *Scioliſt*. But I am contented, ſince they have called him a Pſeudo-mathematician. Let him, however, be right or wrong in his ſpeculative opinions, he was certainly an ingenious man, and according to Pope, a good one too,

Even in a Biſhop he can ſpy deſert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benſon given,
To *Berkeley* every virtue under Heaven.

King, Archbiſhop of Dublin, was a leſs fanciful, but a more conſiſtent philoſopher than Berkeley. His book upon the *origin of evil* is a maſterpiece. He was a man of wit, and of a ſarcaſtic vein. Between him and Swift, a ſtrict intimacy always ſubſiſted, and in their familiar letters we find him frequently

frequently preſſing Swift to turn his pen to grave ſubjects, and reminding him that his talents were not ſuited to ſuch important trifles, as ſometimes engaged them.

It is related of him, that when Boulter was raiſed over his head, to the primacy of Ireland, under the pretext that *he* was too old, he was ſo piqued, that he neglected to pay the uſual complimentary viſit. But, as he was ſo reſpectable a perſonage, the Primate, diſpenſing with *etiquette*, went to ſee him. King received him with great courteſy, except in not getting up to meet his grace, humorouſly excuſing himſelf by ſaying, that he was *grown too old to riſe*. He was the ſon of a poor miller in the county of Tyrone.

Dr. *Dodwell*, the famous Camden profeſſor of hiſtory in the univerſity of Oxford, was of this country, and bred in T. C. D. He was a man of univerſal erudition, but of an enthuſiaſtick turn of mind. It was his opinion that the ſoul of man was naturally mortal, but that it received its principle of immortality at baptiſm. The dogma now maintained by Dr. Prieſtley, is not unlike this on the philoſophical ſide, however

however different it may be on the theological.

Leſlie of Glaſlough was a man of great reading, prodigious memory, and voluminous compoſition. His *ſhort and eaſy method with the Deiſts*, is eſteemed one of the beſt pieces extant on the ſubject. An odd ſtory is recorded of a diſputation held by this gentleman, with a titular biſhop of Clogher, in the reign of James II. who had given a challenge to all the proteſtant clergy. The iſſue of which was, that both ſides claimed the victory; for a Mr. Stewart, who had been a Papiſt, turned Proteſtant, and one who had been a Proteſtant turned Papiſt.

Toland was a writer of oppoſite principles. A popiſh prieſt originally, he became a Deiſt in religion, and a Republican in politicks. His ſcholarſhip has been arraigned by his antagoniſts, but he is commended by Mr. Locke as a man of parts and learning.

Clayton, biſhop of Clogher, wrote an *eſſay on ſpirit*, an analyſis of the works of Lord Bolingbroke, and other books. He was a diſciple of Dr. Clarke, to whom

they ſay, he owed his preferment. His eſſay was anſwered by Dr. M'Donnel, once fellow of the college of Dublin, and a celebrated preacher.

Iriſh writers upon controverſy have been numerous, but they are chiefly to be found in the popiſh church, and in popiſh countries. Peter Walſh is a name well known. Burnet ſays, "He was a learned and an able man, much practiſed in the intrigues and methods of the Jeſuits, yet honeſt, and in points of controverſy almoſt a Proteſtant." This, however, is an uncouth track, nor is the proſpect much brightened in exploring the regions of antiquity. Yet Ireland has her Camden in Ware; and the *Ogygia* of Flaherty ſeems learned. He would ſynchronize the kings and tranſactions of Ireland, with thoſe of the other parts of the world, down from the deluge. The conſequence is, that great part of his book is almoſt as applicable to any other country as to Ireland.

There are other writers of ſome note in the ſame line, *viz.* Lynch, author of *Cambrenſis Everſus*, M'Mahon of the *Jus Armacanum*, Peter Lombard, Mr. Harris, Dr. Raymond, Mr.

Mr. Simon, Luke Wadding, Cuſack, White, Stanihurſt, and the Abbé Geoghegan, who wrote the hiſtory of Ireland in French. The fabulous Keating is well known to every body. It was reſerved for Dr. Leland to give the form of hiſtory to the tranſactions of Ireland, ſince it became dependant on the crown of England.

I mentioned to you in a former letter, Mr. Molyneux, the friend of Mr. Locke, and champion for the independence of his native country. I now ſpeak of him as a philoſopher and mathematician, for he was reckoned among the firſt of that ſcientifick age. His Dioptricks are highly commended by Dr. Halley. As his character ſeems to me well drawn upon his monument in St. Audeon's church, I ſhall give you an extract from it.

Familiæ eruditæ famam
Per univerſam Rempublicam litterariam
Latius ſparſit.
Abditis Matheſeos penetratis
Geometriam, Aſtronomiam, Dioptricam, Algebramque
Multis auxit inventis.
Philoſophiæ veræ ac utilis incrementa
Studiis & impenſis ſtrenue promovit.
Patriæ

Patriæ jura quæ putavit, noto tibi, viator, libello
Propugnavit.
Nec moribus minus quam ſcientia inſignis
Tam ſupra plebem vixit quam ſapuit.

Dr. Helſham publiſhed an elegant and learned *courſe of lectures*, upon the ſeveral branches of phyſics and mechanics. Dr. Brian Robinſon wrote *an eſſay* upon that ethereal fluid, to which Newton alludes in his queries: and alſo a *treatiſe on the animal œconomy*, in which he appears happily to have applied his great mathematical knowledge to the extenſion of medical ſcience. You know every thing relative to Sir Hans Sloane, more remarkable for his muſeum than his genius. Yet upon theſe principally muſt we reſt the national character in the line of natural philoſophy. Nor can I hear of any other mathematician of this country, except Mr. Ronayne, author of a *Treatiſe of Algebra*, and the preſent Dean of Armagh; who from a conſideration of the *Cone*, has immediately deduced the properties of the *Sections*. His demonſtrations are perſpicuous and well arranged. He has alſo publiſhed thoſe ingenious *philoſophical eſſays*,

which I have heard you ſpeak ſo well of. In this claſs, however, we may arrange the works of Dr. Macbride, who has ſo ſucceſsfully applied the theory of *fixed air* to practice, in the cure of the ſea-ſcurvy.

Dr. Sullivan's *treatiſe on the feudal law, and conſtitution of England,* is making its way in the good opinion of the world; notwithſtanding this avenue to fame had been pre-occupied by Dr. Blackſtone's Commentaries.

Mr. Hutcheſon is the principal ethick writer of this country. Whilſt a teacher of an academy in Dublin, he wrote his books on the *origin of our ideas of beauty, and on the paſſions.* Theſe raiſed his reputation ſo high, that he was invited to accept the *moral chair* in the univerſity of Glaſgow; which he filled with ſuch celebrity, as to lay the foundation for that fame which Glaſgow now enjoys as an Ethick ſchool. He it was who firſt uſed the term *moral ſenſe*, for that principle which approves the Το Καλον of Plato, and the *pulchrum et honeſtum* of Cicero.

Two of the ableſt divines of this country were diſſenters from the eſtabliſhed church, Mr.

Mr. Abernethy and Dr. Leland. The ſermons of the former upon the *attributes*, are held to be one of the beſt ſyſtems of natural theology. They are taught and recommended in ſeveral Univerſities, and tranſlated into French. The Author was founder of a ſect called, *The New Light*; whoſe diſtinguiſhing tenets are *Arianiſm* in doctrine, and *independence* in diſcipline. Abernethy was endowed with great powers of ſpeech. His admirers ſay, that he united the preciſion of Clarke, the abundance of Barrow, and the perſpicuity of Tillotſon. He was deputed by the Diſſenters of Ulſter to addreſs the Duke of Ormond, in a tour he made when Lord Lieutenant; and his grace was afterwards heard to ſay, that, of all the men who ever approached him on like occaſions, he was moſt pleaſed with "the young man of Antrim."

Dr. Leland's *View of Deiſtical Writers*, and other works, are well known. Of principles different from Abernethy, he was an *independent* in diſcipline, but an *Athanaſian* in doctrine. He is ſometimes confounded with the Author of the Hiſtory

of Ireland, whoſe *Lectures upon Oratory*, in T. C. D.—wherein he overthrows ſome opinions of Dr. Warburton,—and his defence of them againſt Dr. Hurd, have obtained him a very high rank among the writers of Ireland.

Dr. Duchal wrote *Preſumptive Arguments* in favour of Revelation, and ſeveral volumes of ſermons, which have been well received. And Mr. Boyce, another diſſenting Miniſter, publiſhed ſermons *on the Four laſt Things*, which I have heard commended. He was father to Boyce the Poet, author of a *Pantheon*, and other works.

You cannot expect a large catalogue of eminent preachers in the eſtabliſhed church of Ireland, for the reaſons I have already given; yet I muſt ſay, that the Dublin pulpits are juſt as well filled as thoſe of London. The Writers who have done the nation moſt honour in the divinity line are, Synge, Story, Brown, Delany, Lawſon, Orr, and Skelton.

Biſhop Synge is ſaid to have been a man of great parts and learning, he was author of the *Religion of a Gentleman*. Story, Biſhop

Biſhop of Kilmore, publiſhed only ſome *occaſional* ſermons, but in his *Treatiſe on the Prieſthood*, deep erudition and Chriſtian moderation are equally conſpicuous.

Brown, Biſhop of Cork, publiſhed ſome volumes of ſermons; he is however more celebrated for his delivery than his compoſition. It is related of him, that when he preached before Queen Anne upon the text, *no man ever ſpoke like this man*, the Queen applied thoſe words to the Preacher. They have another anecdote of him: Being a violent *tory*, he wrote a book to prove, that drinking memories was a ſpecies of idolatry, in order to aboliſh a cuſtom then prevalent among the *whigs* of Ireland, of drinking the *glorious* memory of King William. But inſtead of cooling, he only inflamed their rage for the toaſt, to which they afterwards tacked, *and a f—t for the Biſhop of Cork.*

Delany's Sermons on the Social Duties are excellent. He was not however free from enthuſiaſm: He wrote a book to prove, that eating of blood was a crime equal to a breach of the decalogue. Lord Bolingbroke remarks, that he always argues as if

he were preaching before an *Iriſh* congregation. Yet I have heard one of the beſt judges on our ſide the water ſay, that his *Introduction to Revelation examined with candour*, was one of the fineſt pieces of declamation in the Engliſh language.

Dr. Lawſon was a moſt celebrated preacher. His ſermons, which, by the bye, were publiſhed contrary to his directions on his death-bed, are elegant compoſitions. His lectures upon Oratory, which he delivered in Trinity College Dublin, he gave to the world his ſelf; they ſhew a nice claſſical taſte, a fine poetical vein, and a thorough knowledge of the art of preaching.

Mr. Orr publiſhed a *volume of ſermons*, which procured him the friendſhip of Hoadly, biſhop of Wincheſter; they diſcover a free and original caſt of thought, and are compoſed in a manly, nervous ſtyle. The preſent biſhop of Clogher, has the honour of promoting him to an Archdeaconry, when he governed the ſee of Ferns. And to the ſame excellent prelate Mr. Skelton owes his preferment.

This

This gentleman, though ungraduated, but as Batchelor, by any of the univerſities, is the living glory of the Iriſh church. He has publiſhed five volumes, moſtly in defence of revelation, which, though ably written, ſhed but a ſecondary luſtre on the character of this excellent perſon, to whom I have had the happineſs of being introduced. His learning is almoſt univerſal, and his language uncommonly fluent and vigorous; nature formed him a poet, but a biſhop prematurely ordained him a divine; and no ſooner did he aſſume this function, than his feeling heart was penetrated by the niceſt ſenſe of duty. He reſigned himſelf wholly to the ſervice of his maſter. Such a ſervant could not long eſcape notice; he became eminent; he was followed in London as a preacher. He dedicated two volumes of ſermons to the citizens of that metropolis, at a time when he languiſhed upon a curacy of forty pounds a year. But then he was as rich as he is now; for he knows no uſe of money but to relieve diſtreſs. In one of thoſe ſeaſons of calamity, which neglect of tillage in this country renders ſo frequent, he ſold

his books, his only worldly goods, and the only worldly goods wherein he took delight, to buy bread for the poor.

He is now advancing towards ſeventy; yet he preſerves an uncommon ſhare of vivacity. If he ſometimes deſcends into the ludicrous, his flaſhes of wit and humour keep the *table in a roar*. His powers of deſcription are beyond what I could have conceived; he has a ſtock of imagination ſufficient to ſet up ten modern tragic poets. Had he been educated and lived in England, a ſtage little enough for his great abilities, he would have long ſince obtained the firſt nitch in the temple of fame; now he is known only in Ireland, and by a few inquiſitive men elſewhere.

The chief miſcellaneous Iriſh writers of the preſent century, that I hear of, are, Parnell, the very *delicia muſarum*, of whoſe poetry, above all others, it may be ſaid *decies repetita placebit*—Burke, *on the ſublime, &c.*—Lord Moleſworth—LordOrrery—Lord Clare—Mr. and Mrs. Millar—Dr. Arbuckle, writer of *Hibernicus's Letters, &c.*—Molloy, author of a periodical paper in London, called *Common Senſe, &c.*—Ogle,

Ogle, who modernized *Chaucer's Tales* ——Dr. Dunkin, author of a quarto collection of humorous poems, ſome of which are in three languages, Greek, Latin, and Engliſh—Wood, who publiſhed *Ruins of Palmyra and Balbeck*, and an *Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Homer*—Sterne, biſhop of Clogher, author of a book *de viſitatione infirmorum*—Sterne, author of *Triſtram Shandy*, &c.—Webb, who inquired into the *beauties of painting*—Pilkington, who publiſhed *a Dictionary of Painters*—Cunningham, author of ſeveral poetical pieces—Starrat, who wrote on the *doctrine of projectiles*, and ſome of the ſongs in Allan Ramſay's collection—Canning, writer of *an epiſtle from Lord Ruſſel to Lord Cavendiſh*, &c.——Derrick, of letters and poems—Dr. Clancy, author of the *Templum Veneris*, &c.—Buſh, of *Socrates*—— Johnſton, author of *Chryſal*—Brooke, of the *Farmers Letters*, *Fool of Quality*—the learned Mr. Maclaine, now of the Hague—Dr. Sheridan, in whoſe family genius ſeems as hereditary as the name. To theſe, I might add, a liſt of female writers, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Pilkington, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Davies, Mrs.

Mrs. Griffith, &c.—Nor ſhould we forget the truly comical G. A. Stevens. There are ſeveral other living writers, who are not *publici juris*, as their works are anonymous; ſuch as the author of *Longſword Earl of Saliſbury*, *Polite Philoſopher*, &c.

As Swift was a writer, *cujus gloriæ neque profuit quiſquam laudando, nec vituperando obfuit*, I ſhould only have mentioned his name, had I not ſeen a letter of his *, never publiſhed, which entirely acquits him of that breach of hoſpitality, laid to his charge from ſome paſſages in his *Hamilton's Bawn*. The letter was written to that Dr. *Jenny*, repreſented in the poem as looking ſo like a *ninny*; the purport of it is to acquaint the Doctor (then rector of Armagh, in the neighbourhood of which he ſpent the Summer), how he paſſed his time. Among other amuſements, he mentions that of writing this very poem, the motives which excited him to it, and the effects it produced. And ſo far was it from giving umbrage to the lady, or jealouſy to the knight, that every addition he made at

* Now in the poſſeſſion of Lord Dartrey.

night came up with the bread and butter, as part of the entertainment next morning, and all parties expreſſed the utmoſt ſatiſfaction. One of the miſrepreſentations of this affair, among others, gave occaſion to the following epigram, written by the curate of Lord Orrery's own town of Caledon.

A ſore diſeaſe this ſcribbling itch is!
His lordſhip, in his Pliny vein,
Turns Madam Pilkington in breeches,
And now attacks our patriot Dean.

What! Libel his friend when laid in ground:
Nay, good Sir, you may ſpare your hints,
His parallel, at laſt, is found,
For what he writes, George Faulkner prints.

Had Swift provok'd to this behaviour,
Yet after death reſentment cools,
Sure his laſt act beſpoke his favour;
He built an hoſpital for—Fools.

This alludes to St. Patrick's Hoſpital for lunaticks and idiots, for the founding of which Swift bequeathed his fortune—or to uſe his own words:

He left the little wealth he had,
To build a houſe for fools and mad,
And ſhew'd, by one ſatiric touch,
No nation wanted it ſo much.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

Dublin.

IF Ireland ſhould ſtill appear deficient in mere ſcholarſhip, a review of thoſe impediments I have pointed out may, perhaps, contribute to vindicate her genius, however it may have been aſperſed of late: and it muſt be confeſſed, that ſome of our countrymen are too apt to fling national reproaches. Swift, ſhrunk from a court-favourite into the head of a chapter, became eaſily irritated againſt the ruling men and manners here, and led the way in abuſing the place. Pope, ſeeing the Dean's humour, took up, in his Dunciad, what fell from him, and complimented the man at the expence of his country:

From thy *Bœotia* now her power retires.

He has been followed by all the witlings ſince. *Smart*, whoſe greateſt praiſe, you know, aroſe from a prize or two he obtained at Cambridge, for his verſes on the attributes, paid a viſit to Ireland, againſt which,

which, from a domeſtic cauſe, he conceived ſuch a reſentment, that his vengeance dictated a poem called, *The Temple of Dulneſs*, wherein he graphically lays down the College of Dublin.

Yet it has been remarked to me, that in another poem, where he is painting the terrors of the Britiſh fleet, and its Captains as Demi-Gods, he unfortunately ſelects Warren, a native of the county of Meath, as the glory of the Engliſh Admirals. The gentleman who mentioned this to me, pointing at a countryman * of ours who is here at preſent, could not help uſing theſe words to me, though he has a very high reſpect for our nation. "No ſooner (ſays he) do ſome Engliſhmen ſet foot on Iriſh ground, than they aſſume a ſelf-created importance, very unſuitable to their real conſequence at home. Fraught with *plebeian* prejudices, they look at every thing through a falſe medium, make faults where they do not find them, and then applaud their own ſagacity. Not without reaſon biaſſed

* Who has ſince wrote his *Tour in Ireland.*

towards

towards their own country, ſome think themſelves as much ſuperior to any individual Iriſhman, as England is ſuperior to Ireland. A man of this caſt *puts the whole nation into his own perſon, and ſo gives the matter out.*"

But let us turn into the field of imagination, which is certainly the walk of Iriſh genius. Poetry, as we have ſeen, had an early eſtabliſhment here. But the ſame cauſes, which have been inauſpicious to learning in general, have prevented the ſongs of the Bards from being collected. It were to be wiſhed that theſe, as well as the antient Iriſh manuſcripts in T. C. D. and elſewhere, were printed and tranſlated, while there yet remains a *ſcholar* to undertake and ſuperintend the work. For in another century the Iriſh language, like that of Cornwall, will probably be extinct. *Leibnitz* * was of opinion, that the knowledge of it was a neceſſary introduction to Celtic literature.

* Ad perficiendam vel certe promovendam literaturam Celticam, diligentius linguæ Hibernicæ ſtudium adjungendum.

This

This country is certainly indebted to Mr. Macpherſon for his animated exhibition of the ſpirit of Oſſian, one of the oldeſt bards of Ireland, in his Fingal and Temora; and for that honourable teſtimony he has given in favour of their genius, however he may depreciate the *Fiona*, or poems which treat of the exploits of *Finn*, the ſon of Comhal. "On other ſubjects, ſays he, the Bards of Ireland have diſplayed a genius worthy of any age or nation. It was *alone in matters of antiquity* that they were monſtrous in their fables. Their love ſonnets, and their elegies, on the death of perſons worthy and renowned, abound with ſuch a beautiful ſimplicity of ſentiment, and wild harmony of numbers, that they make an atonement for their errors in every other ſpecies of poetry."

Spencer, after deſcribing the abuſes to which their poetry was turned by their bards, in dignifying vice, inſtead of adorning virtue, puts this queſtion in his dialogue: "Have they any art in their compoſitions? or be they any thing witty or well favoured, as poems ought to be? And

And he anſwers, Yea, truly. I have cauſed divers of them to be tranſlated unto me, that I might underſtand them: and ſurely they ſavoured of ſweet wit and good invention, but ſkilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet, were they ſprinkled with ſome pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comelineſs to them."

Mr. Macpherſon was, however, much better qualified to decide on this ſubject, as he not only underſtood the originals, but as he had ſeen the poems of Ireland written in its beſt times. Thoſe which Spencer deſcribes were, I ſuppoſe, like one I have ſeen, written in latter times by O'Gnive the poet of O'Nial; a ſpecimen of which may not prove unworthy your peruſal.

"Oh! wretched condition of our dear countrymen! Thin remains of a once happy people; wallowing in blood, and drenched in ſlaughter! vain ſtruggle for liberty! Ye are the hapleſs crew of a veſſel, long tempeſt-toſt, and finally caſt away. What! are we not wrecked on our

our own ſhore? Are we not the priſoners of the Saxon * race? Is not our ſentence paſſed? Is not our very exciſion fore-doomed? How are we fallen from the antient glories of our native land! Our power is degraded into weakneſs, our beauty into deformity, our freedom into ſlavery, our ſongs of triumph into doleful elegies. Our forefathers would not know—or, if they knew, they would diſclaim their ſons. Turn not thy eyes, immortal *Gallum*, on thy recreant ſons!—*Nial of the nine hoſtages*, look not down upon us, leſt thou bluſh for thy captive Gadhelians!—*Conn of the hundred battles*, ſleep in thy graſs-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories! Propitious night, ſhroud us in thy dunneſt cloud!—let not the ſun ſhed his reproachful light on our ignominy! Whence this fatal transformation? From your tame ſubmiſſion to *ſtrangers*,—from your mean ſubſervience to the *Saxon* laws. Since you departed from the equity of the *Brehons*,

* It muſt be obſerved that the Iriſh, as well as the Welch, to this day, call the Engliſh *Saxons*, and England *Saxony*.

clouds of evil have burſt upon you,——deluges of miſery have overwhelmed you. The purpoſes of Heaven are changed,——your ſporting lawns are paled in,——your ſun-gilt hills are diſfigured with ramparts, and frightful with towers.—The laws of nature are violated,—that land, once the theatre of virtue and honour, is metamorphoſed into another *Saxony*. Slaves! we no longer know our own country, and our country diſowns us,—we are both equally diſtorted,—we ſee but two monſters, a *Saxon* denizen, and an *Iriſh* alien. Hapleſs land! Ye beſieged of Troy, without a Hector to defend you! Ye Iſraelites of Egypt, without a Moſes to conduct you! —But thy decrees, O Lord! are juſt. Unleſs the children of *Eber-Scot* the Scythian, repoſe all their truſt in thee, New Saxony muſt, like a Phœnix, riſe out of the aſhes of Old Ireland."

This poem muſt have been the production of the fifteenth, or beginning of the ſixteenth century: and it ſhews that the many laws made to ſuppreſs the Bards had not damped their ſpirit, however they might have weakened their influence. After

ter the forfeiture of O'Nial, under James I. poetry took another turn; for, even ſo far back as his reign, we find this country furniſhing pieces for the ſtage. And it muſt be owned that ſhe has, at every period ſince, diſcovered a ſtrong propenſity, if not capacity, for the drama. She has not only embelliſhed it with ſeveral favourite ſtock plays, but ſhe has brought forth ſome of the firſt-rate actors, Wilks, Quin, Sheridan, Barry, Moſſop, Macklin, Havard, O'Brien, Woffington, Clive, Fitzhenry, &c. and ſhe now produces a catalogue of ſcenick writers, ſome of whom *ſunt clari hodie & qui olim nominabuntur*; but as it depends upon futurity to allot them their reſpective nitches in the Temple of Fame, I ſhall only give an alphabetical liſt of ſuch as occur to me: Brooke, Bickerſtaff, Dobbs, Griffith, Howard, Jephſon, Kelly, Murphy, Macklin, O'Hara, the Sheridans, Weſt, &c.

Of her late Writers in this line are ſome, whoſe names are not yet forgotten, and others, whoſe works ſhall laſt as long as the Engliſh ſtage ſhall hold the mirrour up to nature: Earl of Orrery; N.

Tate; Concannen; John Kelly, author of the *Married Philoſopher*, &c.; Dr. Madden, of *Themiſtocles*, &c.; Jones, of *The Earl of Eſſex*, &c.; Morgan, of *Philoclea*; Hartſon, of *The Counteſs of Saliſbury*, &c.; A. Phillips; Mrs. Centlivre; Sir R. Steel; Farquhar; and Southerne.

Nor muſt we, Denham, e'er forget thy ſtrain,
Whilſt Cooper's hill commands the neighb'ring plain.

When the *Sophy* came out, it was ſaid by Waller, of the Author, "That he broke out like the Iriſh rebellion, three-ſcore thouſand ſtrong, when nobody in the leaſt expected it." Southerne may, perhaps, be placed immediately after Shakeſpeare and Otway. A late French writer gives him a very diſtinguiſhed place among the Engliſh tragic Poets. He ſelects *Oroonoko* as the moſt ſtriking example of that truth, in painting pathetic ſcenes of deep diſtreſs, in which he owns it is difficult to diſpute precedence with the Engliſh. The ſame author ſays, the *Conſcious Lovers* is the beſt comedy in our language. It may be queſtioned whether we have any plays, except of Shakeſpeare, more abounding with

with true humour than thoſe of *Farquhar*. I know that his humour has been called *low*, but time ſeems adding to his reputation what it is detracting from that of Congreve.

It would perhaps be injurious to the memory of Dr. Goldſmith, to draw his poetical character from his theatrical pieces, though they are replete with the true *vis comica*. His fame muſt be founded upon his Traveller, Deſerted Village, and Vicar of Wakefield. But his ſhade may reſt in peace; his tomb is to be inſcribed by the * Author of the Rambler, which is more honourable to the Bard than if his aſhes had been depoſited in the cemetery of Kings.

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Phyſici, Hiſtorici,
qui nullum fere ſcribendi genus
non tetigit,
nullum quod tetigit non ornavit;
Sive riſus eſſent movendi,
Sive lacrimæ,

* Dr. Johnſon has honoured the Publiſher with a copy, though the epitaph is not yet finiſhed, the identical ſpot where Goldſmith was born being not yet aſcertained.

Affectuum poteris, at lenis, dominator;
ingenio ſublimis, vividus, verſatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venuſtus;
hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
*** in Hibernia natus
Eblanæ literis inſtitutus,
Londini obiit MDCCLXXIV.

LETTER XLIII.

Dublin.

THE imitative arts are, at beſt, plants of a ſlow growth; they require not only a genial ſoil, but the careful cultivation of opulence and peace. The cauſes which I have ſhewn to be inimical to letters, are hoſtile to them. Poetry and Muſic may arrive at a certain degree of perfection amidſt tumult and commotion, but Painting requires ſecurity and fixed eſtabliſhment. The implements of poetry are few, and always at hand, and the exerciſe of them is not altogether incompatible with any ſtate of a mind diſpoſed that way. Public calamity, and private miſery, whilſt they furniſh

niſh the fitteſt poetical ſubjects, kindle, at the ſame time, indignation, revenge, anguiſh, deſpair, and other paſſions, which ſometimes prove the ſtrongeſt incentives to the poetic *furor*.

It is far otherwiſe with the *arts of deſign*. Thoſe pictures which exiſt in the mind of a man of genius, and which may be ſoon ſketched and coloured in words, require a very laborious, extenſive, and uninterrupted practice of imitation, before they can be embodied on the canvaſs. It ſhould not therefore be wondered at, that thoſe efforts of ingenuity which we, perhaps, too highly prize in other countries, have but lately diſcovered themſelves in Ireland. Yet I have ſeen ſome very good portraits here. Thoſe of *Latham* are admirable, far ſuperior to thoſe of Mr. Jervaiſe; who was of this country, and whoſe celebrity he principally owes to the partiality of Mr. Pope. There is a good picture by *Bindon* in the Poor-houſe. The preſent Mr. *Hunter* has done ſome capital portraits, and Mr. and Mrs. *Trotter* have both great merit in that way.

But Landſkip is the line in which all the painters of Ireland ſet out, and in which ſome of them have arrived at the greateſt eminence. You know the works of *Barret*. There is a *Roberts* at preſent, a very young man, whoſe works are fine. Mr. *Fiſher* too, *Aſhford*, and others, deſerve great praiſe. I have ſeen a picture by *Butts*; whoſe fame here is above that of all others, though his death was premature. If I were to aſſign a reaſon for this general excellence of Iriſh artiſts in Landſkip, I ſhould aſcribe it to the beautiful face of the country, which abounds with ſcenery the moſt *picturesque*.

The higheſt branches of painting can never flouriſh, except where the patronage of the opulent concurs with other favourable circumſtances. This country is too indigent for ſufficient encouragement. Till within a very few years, England herſelf could not boaſt of many eminent artiſts. Her progreſs, however, within the laſt twenty years has been rapid, beyond the example of other places, and former times. She has already evinced the futility of their ſpeculations, who attribute to *climate* an omnifick

omnifick influence upon the fine arts. What would the Abbé du Bos now ſay, if he heard his own countrymen admit, that London has at this day more capital painters than Paris? Though the latter had no leſs than 6100 artiſts * and ſtudents in deſign, A. D. 1771.

Public eſtabliſhments for cultivating the polite arts in the different nations of Europe, are not very antient: the oldeſt of the kind being that by the Duke of Milan, under the guidance of Leonardo da Vinci; which was diſſolved, on the duke's being made priſoner, long before the academy of Florence was founded in the year 1562. St. Luke's at Rome was eſtabliſhed by Gregory XIII. and, nearly at the ſame time, the celebrated ſchool of Carraches was opened at Bologna. The royal academy of Paris was founded in 1648. Junius, in

* L' Academie Royale, Eleves - - 200
L' Acad. de S. Luc - - - 150
Ecole aux Gobelins - - 50
Ecole gratuite ſous l'inſpection de Lieutenant Police 1500
Ecole grat. des freres dans les paroiſſes - 1200
Il y outre cela 600 artiſtes donnant lecon pour de l' argent, conter a chacun 4 eleves - } 3000
6100

his

his book *de pictura veterum*, publiſhed ten years before this period, occaſionally mentions an academy at *Arundel-houſe* in London, in which were expoſed to public view, a capital collection of drawings, &c. belonging to the noblemen of that title. The royal academy in London was not founded until 1768. So that the earlieſt public eſtabliſhment in England is that of the Society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, inſtituted in 1753; which was poſterior by ſome years, to a ſimilar inſtitution in Ireland, under the name of the *Dublin Society*.

This truly patriotic body, with a view of advancing the polite arts, erected an academy, furniſhed with living models, and caſts from the antique ſtatues, under the direction of Mr. *Weſt*, who was not only the beſt draftſman of his time in this country, but perhaps in Europe. In this ſchool a conſiderable number of painters have been bred, ſome of whom have obtained a conſiderable degree of reputation both in Rome and London. But, whether it was that Mr. Weſt, though ſuperlatively qualified as far as he went, being neither a painter

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nor a ſculptor, but a mere draftſman, and conſequently limited in his views, *drawing* and the *clear-obſcure* were cultivated as an end, and not as the means to ſomething ſtill greater, and far beyond ſuch narrow boundaries—Or, whether it was that the Dublin Society wanted either the knowledge, or ability, to ſtrike out ways of employing thoſe they had formed, and thereby of advancing the arts to that perfection they are capable of—I ſay, from whichever of theſe, or from what other cauſe ſoever, it has ſo happened, that moſt of thoſe bred here have gone over to England; where, from want of patrons or friends intereſted in their ſucceſs, many of them have been unavoidably driven into the inferior walks of art; in which, however, they are outdone by none. Dixon has brought mezzotintos to a degree of perfection, unexpected in that ſpecies of engraving. And there have been many others eminent in the ſame line; Brooke, Burke, Chambers, Fiſher, Frye, Gwymm, Houſton, M'Ardell, Purcell, Spooner, Watſon, &c.

The genius of Ireland then has not been dormant of late, and if the Dublin Society

has been unſucceſsful in forming, or rather finiſhing, the moſt eminent characters in this line; ſhe has, however, multiplied inferior artiſts, and refined the taſte of thoſe employed in manufactures; both which tend vaſtly to ſoften manners, and humanize ſociety.

Notwithſtanding ſuch inſtitutions, if properly managed, might, as I conceive, be converted to the moſt exalted purpoſes; yet if we examine the effects produced by thoſe of a ſimilar kind, we ſhall find, that, if that of Dublin has failed, it has failed in common with thoſe on the continent, where a concurrence of more favourable circumſtances, than could poſſibly meet in a dependent country, might have afforded a better proſpect of ſucceſs. Out of that multitude of artiſts inſtructed by the munificence of the grand monarch, not one has yet ariſen comparable to Le Brun, Le Sœur, or Pouffin. And, as if in mockery of human wiſdom, all the great maſters of Italy were formed, either before, or independent of, the ſeveral academies in that country; ſo that the higheſt attainments in the arts are not to be expected from a multitude of novices.

This

This very country furniſhes a ſtriking example of this aſſertion. Mr. Barry never had a maſter, as I am informed. Nay, he obtained a firſt premium from the Dublin Society for hiſtory painting, when a boy, before he had ever ſeen a picture of the kind. His *Inquiry into the obſtruction of the arts, &c.* firſt led me to his name. There it was eaſily ſeen that his penetration had ſounded the very bottom of his art. I was ſurpriſed that an artiſt of ſuch learning had not arreſted the attention of the Public; and ſtill more ſo, when, on examining his works, I found them conceived in the grandeſt ſtyle, and executed in the beſt manner; his drawings of the *nud* being correct to the utmoſt truth of nature. However imprudently this riſing genius may have invited the attacks of criticiſm, by his ſtrictures on eſtabliſhed characters, he muſt be allowed a place among the firſt artiſts of the preſent age; and perhaps the next will wonder how this could have been ſo long blind to his merit.

The hiſtory of the arts furniſhes abundance of other examples of maſters being formed almoſt *magiſtra natura*, in countries

tries where there was *not a deficiency of models* for imitation. When we conſider this, together with the natural propenſity of all children to drawing; and beſides, the almoſt innumerable difficulties that are to be ſurmounted before perfection can be attained, and that nothing can carry the artiſt ſucceſsfully on, but a peculiar caſt of thought, and uncommon vigour of mind, the energy of which nothing can baffle, it is eaſily ſeen how preferable it would be to fix the prize at the end, rather than at the beginning of the race. The public patronage would, in England at leaſt, be more advantageouſly, and leſs expenſively employed, in contriving means for calling out the abilities, for great exertion, of thoſe characters which are already formed. Might not the age and nation derive credit from employing the firſt artiſts of England in painting St. Paul's, and other churches which want decoration? This enlightened age is far enough removed from fanaticiſm, to charge ſuch ornaments with the weakneſs of ſuperſtition. But leſt you ſhould ſay to me *ne ſutor ultra crepidam*, I ſhall bid you good night,

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LETTER XLIV.

Dublin.

THE antiquarians of this country contend, that Ireland is pointed out by Diodorus Siculus under the name of BEAEPION, *i. e.* the Erin of the God Beal. He deſcribed it as being about the bigneſs of Sicily, and being over-againſt the Celtæ, as fruitful and pleaſant, abounding with large groves, and round temples, wherein the Prieſts, or Druids, ſung to their harps the praiſes of Apollo. He reports, that the God uſed to converſe with the natives, and that in nineteen years they could bring the moon ſo near as to diſcover her mountains and vallies. From whence they would infer it to have been intimated, that the Iriſh were acquainted with the cycles of both ſun and moon, and that they had made ſome progreſs in aſtronomy by the help of glaſſes. Be this, however, as it may, there is a concurrence of ſo many circumſtances in this paſſage applicable to Ireland, that it amounts to an exact deſcription.

ſcription. The name *Erin*, the ſituation, the ſize of the iſland, the Druids with their harps, the harp ſacred to Apollo, and at this very day the enſign armorial of the kingdom.

But it is not neceſſary to recur to dubious authorities for proof that the Iriſh were, in a very early period, addicted to muſic. The fact is ſupported by the moſt unexceptionable evidence; a ſketch of which I cannot refrain from giving you, though I muſt confeſs that I never ſo much as learned the gamut. I ſhall not therefore pretend to write as a muſician, but as an antiquarian; and you will allow me to be, like ſome other antiquarians, very fond of what I do not underſtand.

We have already ſeen that the Druids, Bards, *Muſicians*, &c. of Ireland had portions of land aſſigned them for their maintenance. It may be well ſuppoſed that the muſicians had this legal eſtabliſhment, not only as they were officers of the court, but as they were miniſters in the public worſhip of the Gods. The high honours and emoluments, attendant on this art, muſt naturally have produced eminence in

many of its numerous profeſſors. Accordingly, Cambrenſis, who ſcarcely allows the Iriſh any other good quality, confeſſes their tranſcendency in muſic. He ſtrains his ſtyle to ſuch a pitch, in order to expreſs this peculiar excellence, that it is almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate him. *In muſicis ſolum, &c.* "I can only praiſe their excellence in inſtrumental muſic, in which they are ſkilled incomparably above any other nation I have ſeen.—Their inſtruments are the harp, the pipe, and the timbrel." Polydore Virgil holds the ſame language, *Hiberni ſunt muſicæ peritiſſimi.* And the Welch chronicles affirm, that "Griffith Ap-Conan, King of North Wales, being of Iriſh lineage by his mother, and alſo born in Ireland, carried with him from thence divers cunning muſicians into Wales, who deviſed, in a manner, all the inſtrumental muſic uſed there. Which appears as well by the books written in the ſame, as alſo by the names of the tunes and meaſures uſed among them to this day."

The *Cognoſcenti*, I think, allow that Ireland is a ſchool of muſic. *Ellen-a-Roon*

has always been eſteemed as one of the fineſt melodies of any country; *Langolee* and *Kin-du-Deelas* are of the ſame caſt. Paſquali uſed to play the firſt of theſe with variations; which, they ſay, only weakened its original force. Though nothing can be more lively than their common jig tunes, their fineſt airs are of a plaintive turn, and ſuppoſed to have been thoſe ſet to the elegies for renowned warriors, or to the ſighs of complaining lovers. Of the latter ſort are thoſe I have named, as is evident from the titles *; and in the ſame line is that charming melody, *Molly-a-Steer*; for which Mr. Ogle, knight of the ſhire for the county of Wexford, has written ſome beautiful ſtanzas.

They talk of a wonderful maſter they had of late, called *Carolan*, who, like Homer, was blind, and like him, went about ſinging and playing his rhapſodies. His poetry was in Iriſh, and not much praiſed, but his muſic is celebrated. From an early diſappointment in love he is ſaid to have attuned his harp to the elegiac

* *Kin-du-Deelas*, the lovely laſs with the raven locks.

ſtrain.

ſtrain. I have hear'd one of theſe compoſitions played, and to me the ſounds were as expreſſive of ſuch a ſituation of mind, as the words of a love-ſick elegy. The hiſtory of one of his famous compoſitions, called * *Tiarna-Mayo*,—which was ſomewhat in the dirge ſtyle,—is ſaid to be this: The muſician had offended Lord Mayo by ſome witty ſarcaſms, of which he is reported to have been very liberal, and was forbid his houſe. After ſome time he prevailed to be heard, and he ſang this *palinode* in concert with his harp at dinner, with which, Orpheus-like, he ſo charmed the powers of reſentment, that he was preſently reſtored to his Lordſhip's favour. I have heard divers others of his tunes called *Planxties*, which are in the convivial ſtrain, and evidently calculated to inſpire good humour, and heighten the jollity of the feſtive hour. They go by the names of thoſe gentlemen, for whoſe entertainments they were compoſed, as Planxty-Connor, Planxty-Johnſton, Planxty-Jones, &c. The laſt of theſe has been

* *Lord Mayo.*

dignified by better words than thoſe of the Bard, by Mr. Dawſon, late Baron of the Exchequer, and is now called *Bumper Squire Jones.*

They tell me, that in his latter days he never compoſed without the inſpiration of whiſkey, of which, at that critical hour, he always took care to have a bottle beſide him.

Ennius ipſe pater, nunquam niſi potus, ad arma
Proſiluit dicenda———

His ear was ſo exquiſite, and his memory ſo tenacious, that he has been known to play off, at firſt hearing, ſome of the moſt difficult pieces of Italian muſic, to the aſtoniſhment of Geminiani.

The name of Mr. Poeckridge ought not to be loſt to the lovers of harmony, as he has enriched the art by the invention of the *muſical glaſſes*, now improved into the *harmonica*; an inſtrument, if not of the greateſt force, yet certainly of the ſweeteſt tones in the compaſs of melody. He was born to a good eſtate in the county of Monaghan, but more attached to muſic than

than œconomy, he, like many other men of genius, outlived the poſſeſſion of it, and was obliged, in his old age, to make out a precarious ſubſiſtence by the exerciſe of his art: he loſt his life but a few years ſince, in an accidental fire in Cornhill.

From what has been now obſerved relative to the diſtinguiſhed excellence of the Iriſh muſicians, particularly in ancient times, compared with what has been proved, in former letters, that *Ireland* was the old *Scotia*, it will not, I flatter myſelf, be difficult to trace the origin of what is now called, and juſtly enough, the *Scots* muſic. We have ſeen that there is proof poſitive, from their own chronicles, that the Welch received their inſtrumental muſic from Ireland, let us now ſee whether there be not proof preſumptive, the ſtrongeſt which the nature of the thing is capable of, that the Britiſh Scots borrowed their muſic alſo from the ſame quarter.

It is in vain to ſay, as is generally ſaid, that David Rizzio was author of the Scots muſic. There is an internal evidence againſt ſuch a ſuppoſition: the wild and paſtoral ſingularity of the Scots melodies is

incompatible with the grave and learned compoſitions of Italy. And there is an external evidence ſtill more ſtrong; Rizzio was Secretary, not Muſician, to the Queen of Scotland. His father had been a muſician by profeſſion, but we do not find that he was one himſelf. That he might, however, have played, improved, and collected the Scots airs, is very probable; but that a young diſſipated Italian,—buſied in the intrigues of a court, and attendance on a Queen ſo fair, and ſo condeſcending as Mary,—could in a few years have diſſeminated ſuch multifarious compoſitions through a nation, which deſpiſed his manners, and hated his perſon, is utterly incredible.

Nor can this invention be aſcribed to the Abbey of Melroſs. For where is the likelihood that a ſet of cloiſtered monks ſhould either invent or propagate a national muſic? The moſt that could be expected from ſuch a lazy tribe would have been a *jubilate* on the nativity of their founder, or ſome aſcetick of their order. For what have ſuch places ever produced, but meagre annals of the church, ſuperſtitious lives of fictitious

fictitious ſaints, or ſome wretched Latin rhimes? Monaſteries have, to be ſure, been the conſervators of literature, but rarely the inventors of any thing laudable.

Nor is it to be believed, what is ſtill more credible, that James the Firſt of Scotland was the author of the Scots tunes, though Buchanan does ſay, "that he excelled in muſic more than became a King," and though Taſſoni relates that he compoſed ſacred hymns, in which he was imitated by a prince of Venoſa. As well might we ſuppoſe, that his deſcendant, James the Sixth, was author of the literature of England, becauſe he was a very learned clerk, and wrote the *Baſilikon Doron.*

The honour then of inventing the Scots muſic muſt be given to this country, the antient *Scotia*, ſo renowned for muſic in old times; from whence, as we have incontrovertibly proved, the preſent *Scotia* derived her name, her extraction, her language, her poetry, &c. I have ſaid *incontrovertibly*; but what will not be controverted, as well as advanced? Mr. Guthrie, the geographer, among other excellencies of his native country, would perſuade us that it

was of old famous for cookery, for this reaſon, that minced collops is a *Scotch* diſh. The learned writer, however, muſt have forgot that Macbeth had ſaid, when he found that Fleance was fled and Banquo ſtill alive,

We have *ſcotched* the ſnake, not killed him.

The word *ſcotch* is, to this day, in univerſal uſe in Ireland for that operation of mincing or bruiſing their flax, whereby they ſeparate the pith from the ſtalk; and for which, I am told, they have *ſcotching* mills. We may, therefore, venture to reſtore that ſavoury diſh of *ſcotch'd collops* to Old England, and the *Scots* tunes, as well as the ſongs of *Oſſian*, to Old Ireland. But farewel! I hope ſtill to eat my Chriſtmas pye with you, &c.

LETTER XLV.

Dublin.

IN a former letter I have hinted, that I ſhortened my tour weſtward on purpoſe to hear the ſpeeches in Parliament. But, this

this being a very quiet ſeſſion, I have had very little to ſay upon that ſubject. In the ordinary courſe of buſineſs, there are but few queſtions debated in this aſſembly, of ſufficient importance to dignify eloquence. It is not enough, that ſpeakers have fluency of ſpeech, preciſion of intellect, and fertility of imagination; they muſt alſo have an argument, in ſome degree, commenſurate to their abilities. The extent of the ſubject is apt to enlarge the powers of the ſpeaker, and even ſtretch them beyond their natural limits. On the contrary, a narrow ſubject, though capable of ornament, refutes grandeur, and without ſublimity, *ſpeaking* is not oratory. Twopence a gallon, more or leſs, upon ale or ſpirits, can neither awaken ardour, nor rouſe attention. The charter of a corporation is of more moment, yet a debate upon it can only animate thoſe who are intereſted. Whereas a great national queſtion will call forth all the energies of the ſpeaker, and agitate every feeling of the hearer.

I have frequently attended the houſe, and had but once an opportunity of hearing any great exertions. This was upon the affair

of

of ſupply, which naturally brought on the queſtion of the preſent ſtate of the nation. And it was amazing, how differently that ſtate was repreſented by the different parties. On one ſide of the houſe, it was held forth as the moſt flouriſhing of any country under Heaven, and that nothing was wanting to make the people the moſt happy in the univerſe, but a contented reſignation to the preſent meaſures of adminiſtration. On the other ſide, you might have heard it repreſented as the moſt injured nation on the earth, deſpiſed as an alien, inſulted by penſions, oppreſſed by taxes, and fettered in commerce. So feelingly did Mr. Ogle paint the miſeries of the common people, that their cries almoſt tingled in my ears.

Mr. Flood ſpoke, for the firſt time, on the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion; but he confined himſelf to calculation, and affected rather to demonſtrate than perſuade. But there was no ſpark of that flame remaining, wherewith he is ſaid to have ſet the galleries in a blaze, whenever he ſpoke; and when he was ſo mighty a favourite, that they preferred him to their Burkes, and their Barres. It would, to be ſure, have been

been extremely embarraſſing for him, to have played the orator in behalf of meaſures, which, for a ſeries of years, he had employed every art of rhetoric to ſtamp with infamy.

Mr. H. H——n has a mellifluous voice, and pleaſing elocution. His exordium gave me hopes of great matters, but his oratory is of that wordy, oſtentatious kind, which muſt ſometimes diſappoint your expectations. He is here called *Prancer* *, from ſome ſimilitude they find in him to a horſe in the manage, curvetting at the height of his mettle, without making any progreſs forward.

Mr. Scott, the ſolicitor-general, is one of the moſt powerful ſupporters of government. He does not affect making long ſpeeches, though one of the ableſt advocates of the bar; his talent lies in promptitude of reply, in dilution of objections, and in turning the arguments of his adverſaries againſt themſelves.

Mr. Huſſey is a fine ſpeaker, his expreſſion is clear, his language flowing, his

* See page 115.

action

action graceful, and his manner perſuaſive. Mr. Yelverton is vehement and forcible. But the greateſt pleaſure I received, was from a very young man, a Mr. Daly, whoſe ſentiments were ſuch as became a country gentleman, and whoſe manner was vaſtly engaging. He was clear, he was manly, he was copious. His invective againſt the Secretary was ſo keen, and ſo poignant, that Demoſthenes, at his age, would not have been aſhamed of it. He lifted up his voice, he ſaid, in behalf of his oppreſſed country, which he had juſt heard repreſented in ſuch an opulent condition. I who had ſo recently ſeen the ſcenes he ſo pathetically bewailed, could not help going along with him in every thing he ſaid, that was not perſonal. Yet, what was advanced by the friends of adminiſtration, was in ſome degree true; the kingdom being certainly, upon the whole, in a progreſſive ſtate of improvement. What muſt it then have been, if things are ſo much mended?

Among other good ſtories of a late member, Mr. Harwood, they tell you a reply he made to a ſpeech of the late Dr. Andrews, a very eloquent and ingenious man; who had

had been at ſome pains to collect all that could ſpeciouſly be ſaid in favour of the opulent ſtate of the kingdom, its export of proviſions from the ſouth, of linen from the north, the magnificence of the capital, and the ſumptuous entertainments every where given, &c. &c. The old barriſter is repreſented as riſing up ſlowly, and ſtanding up for ſome time, ſhifting his cloak from ſhoulder to ſhoulder, without articulating a word but—*Mr. Speaker*,—and at length meaſuring out, in *teigueiſh* accents, a laboured panegyric upon his honourable friend's powers of ſpeech. He congratulated the houſe upon ſuch a ſenator, the univerſity upon ſuch a preſident, and the kingdom upon ſuch an advocate, who had proved it, all at once, to be ſo very rich, from being of late ſo very poor.—"As to myſelf, ſays he, it would be the utmoſt ingratitude if I did not return the gentleman my particular thanks for the pleaſure he made me feel during his very *long*, yet very *ſhort* oration; for he perſuaded me that every halfpenny in my pocket was turned into a guinea; nor am I convinced that the thing may not be ſo ſtill; wherefore

fore let me examine,"—then pulling ſome money out of his pocket, he turned round to the houſe, and concluded with theſe words:—"Ah! no, my dear friends, I find I was deceived, for the halfpence are but halfpence ſtill."

There is, as you know, a volume of the ſpeeches, delivered in one ſeſſion only, collected by Sir James Caldwell; which certainly does credit to the recollection of that ingenious baronet; yet they do not allow here that it reflects any honour on the nation. For they ſay that juſtice is not done to any of the ſpeakers, except thoſe of the middle claſs; the third claſs being made to ſpeak too well, but the firſt not well enough. We, however, thought that, upon the whole, it placed Iriſh oratory in a very favourable point of view.

It is on all hands agreed that the dignity of the long robe has always been ſupported here with great credit. The opinion of the Attorney-general is reckoned almoſt infallible; and they talk of old Malone as a prodigy, but he is now paſt ſeventy, and ſeldom ſpeaks in the houſe, though his powers are not diminiſhed at the bar.

The firſt-rate lawyers look down upon a ſeat on the 'bench. A ſeat in parliament is a ſufficient paſſport to a puiſny Judge's place; and till of late, all the chief Judge's were Engliſh; now adminiſtration rewards parliamentary ſervices with thoſe offices. The only Engliſh judge at preſent is the lord Chancellor, and he gives univerſal ſatisfaction. Buſineſs is almoſt entirely conducted by *lawyers* in the houſe of commons; and in the houſe of lords very little is done, but merely paſſing of bills.

It is remarked, that whatever faſhion prevails in London, it is generally followed in Dublin. No ſooner were your medical wigs laid aſide, than an attempt was made to do the like here. But in vain! the faculty were not yet ripe enough for this *capital* improvement in the practice of phyſic. A conſultation of the whole college was held upon it, and it was carried by the authority of the ſeniors, rather than a majority of the fellows, in favour of the preſcriptive honours of the head.

Old Malone has given another inſtance of the clearneſs of his head, by diſencumbering

bering it of this load of barbariſm. And a more venerable figure my eyes never beheld, than this great lawyer in his ſilver locks. But nobody durſt follow his example, though he is the prince of his profeſſion. The Iriſh judges, however, do not wear ſuch immenſe volumes upon the breaſt as thoſe of England. I am perſuaded that ſuch tortuous wreaths, of horſe tails, and goats beards, do not inſpire that reverence which they might once perhaps have done; they give the perſon rather a burleſque air, and take off from that venerable aſpect which their natural locks gave to Coke and Verulam.

But let me not waſte my paper, and your patience, with ſuch trivial reflections, which, however I may make them, I only give you as the laſt ſtrokes of that ſketch I have attempted of the preſent ſtate of Ireland; which ſtate reflects, as a mirror, the true ſpirit of its political conſtitution. And having now touched upon almoſt every ſubject worthy the attention of an Engliſhman, it is full time that we cloſe our correſpondence, which has been protracted

to

to an uncommon length; eſpecially as the *utilitas juvandi* has all along been preferred to the *gratiæ placendi.*

If rejecting the common *ſentimental* aids, I have been ſometimes dull, and often tedious, you are partly to blame, for you tell me I have made you ſee ſome things in a new light, and expreſs a wiſh that I had ſaid more even upon *turf-bogs. Laudari a laudato viro* is, you muſt confeſs, an animating conſideration. I do not know how I may have communicated my ideas relative to this country, but I know they are very different from what they were when I ſaw you laſt; and I am perſuaded, that in England we know leſs of Ireland, than of the more remote parts of the empire. We look upon it as a ſpot over-run with lakes and bogs, where nothing is worth notice but a Giant's-cauſeway, a Killarney, a Dargle, or a Salmon-leap. If ſuch objects had fallen in my way, I ſhould only have conſidered them as not unworthy obſervation: As a citizen of the world, *altiora peto.* I look upon Ireland as one of the moſt important political objects which an Engliſhman can behold, who at once wiſhes

the aggrandiſement of the Britiſh empire, and the happineſs of human nature at large. We frequently ſquander much blood and treaſure in the extenſion of territory, while we neglect to improve, to the beſt advantage, that territory we poſſeſs; as individuals purchaſe new eſtates, without taking care to cultivate their old ones. Farewell, my dear Watkinſon, till I ſee you; and again farewell.

APPEN-

APPENDIX.

An Account of ſome antique Curioſities found in a ſmall Bog near Cullen.

HORNS large enough to have a circle of about three feet diameter deſcribed on each palm.

1731, A brazen veſſel containing two gallons and an half, which had four legs, a broad bumped bottom, growing narrow to the neck, and from thence wider towards the brim, and weighed nineteen pounds.

1732, A poor woman, taking up a black ſlimy ſtuff, which lies very deep, to dye wool, found three pieces of bright metal of equal ſize, and in ſhape of heaters uſed for ſmoothing, which, weighing ſeven pounds and an half, ſhe ſold as braſs. Same year, a labourer found a piece of gold, like the fruſtum of a ſpheroid, leſs than half a ſmall egg, which weighed three ounces four pennyweight ſeven grains.

1738, Seven arrows of braſs, about five inches long each, two inches of which formed a

ſocket of three fourths of an inch diameter, in each of which was a ſhaft of rotten wood, about nine inches long—from the ſocket to the point they were two-edged and tapered; on either ſide was a beard, one inch and an half long from the point.—Thirteen ſpears of the ſame metal, ten inches long, four of which formed a ſocket of about one inch and three fourths in diameter, at the entrance of the handle near the ſocket the blades were broad, but gradually grew accute to the point; the handles of each ſeemed ſound and of quartered aſh, about ſix feet, but on taking them they ſoon mouldered away; they all weighed ſix pounds and an half.

1739, A boy found a circular plate of beaten gold, about eight inches in diameter, lapped up in a triangular form, wherein were incloſed three ingots of gold, weighing about a pound.

1742, A thin plate of gold, in the form of an ellipſis, the tranſverſe diameter about two inches and a quarter, and the conjugate leſs than an inch; weight eighteen pennyweight fifteen grains.

1744, A golden cup in almoſt the form of a wine glaſs, the handle of which was hollow, and about one inch and an half long, of the thickneſs of a gooſe quill; it was chaſed, and contained about a thimblefull; the bottom was flat and about the breadth of a ſix-pence,

weight

weight twenty-one pennyweight twelve grains. A tube of four inches long, and as thick as the ſtem of a tobacco-pipe, which weighed one ounce ſeven pennyweight twenty grains.

1745, A quadrangular veſſel of bright yellow metal, each ſide of which about ten inches long at the brim, and from the brim to the bottom eight inches; five inches from the brim was entirely flat, the remainder was ſemiglobular; on either ſide was an handle, like thoſe on common metal pots. This the poor woman who found it ſold to a tinker for a ſhilling. *N. B. The common Iriſh, at this day, have a veſſel, not unlike this, of ſolid timber, excavated, which they call a* Mather; *the only difference is, that the mather is not ſo wide, and all the ſides are flat, and the mouth is ſomewhat wider than the bottom. In a cabbin where I entered with Mr. Baker, they offered us cream in a mather to drink.*

1748, A braſs weapon, two feet ſeven inches long, which was two-edged from the hilt to the point. Theſe edges very much reſembled the fin which proceeds out of both ſides of an eel, from the navel to the top of the tail. It ſeemed to have been caſt in that form and never whetted. It was one inch and three-fourths broad near the hilt, from which, for four inches, it was diminiſhed to an inch and a

quarter. From thence to the middle it increaſed an inch and an half; and from thence it grew narrower to the termination in an acute point. The blade was near half an inch thick; the part taken for the hilt was about five inches, near an inch broad in the middle, but leſs toward the blade and the pommel; in it were ſix rivets, each of which was about three-fourths of an inch long, and on one of them hung a thin piece of gold, which weighed twelve pennyweight nine grains.

1747, A girl found a thin plate of gold rolled up, which extended, was fourteen inches long, and about a quarter broad—another of the ſame kind, in a ſod of turf, as ſhe made the fire.

1749, A plate of gold, round, and ten inches in diameter. There was a gold wire inlaid round the rim, and about three inches towards the centre there was gold twiſt ſowed in and out, and by it another plate of four inches diameter was faſtened within—for the larger had a hole in the middle wherein the leſſer was concentrically fitted. Three tubes like gooſe quills ſplit open.

1750, A ſmall plate of gold, in the form of an equilateral triangle, of one inch and three-fourths each ſide. The finder ſold it to a pedlar without weighing for 2l. 12s.—And his

his wife found, the ſame year, in a ſod of turf, a piece of gold which weighed eleven pennyweight ſixteen grains—a ring like a ring-dial, one ounce three pennyweight twelve grains.

1751, Such another weapon as that found in 1748, on the rivets of which was a plate of gold which covered one ſide; at the end of which was a thing like the pommel of a ſmall ſword, with three links of a chain hanging out of it: all the gold together weighed three ounces three pennyweight eleven grains.

A plate of gold five inches broad at one end, and four on the other, and almoſt ſix long, beautifully chaſed and engraved. The goldſmith, to whom it was ſold, ſaid he ſuppoſed it to have been part of a crown. It weighed one ounce twenty pennyweight ſixteen grains.

A piece of hollow gold in form of the *mucro* of a ſcabbard of a ſmall ſword, which weighed one ounce twenty-three pennyweight ſeventeen grains.

A weapon of the ſame form of that deſcribed in 1748, but that the metal of this was more refined. A goldſmith upon trial found there was gold in it. Cloſe to the hilt on the thick part was engraved an oblong ſquare, about one inch and an half long, inlaid with pewter and copper.

A ſmall

A ſmall hollow cylindrical piece of braſs, two inches and an half long, and about three-fourths of an inch diameter, open at one end; the other end reſembled a *finder*, uſed by coopers in cleaving twigs.

A gold veſſel in the form of our chalice, but with a handle naturally curved. The cup was cracked and bulged, but opened to its full capacity would contain almoſt a pint. The bottom was not found. The cap and handle were chaſed and engraved, and weighed ten ounces twelve pennyweight twenty-three grains.

Two thin leaves of gold, folded in each other like the hats of babies, each about three inches in diameter; the crown of one of them was in the form of a cone and ſmooth. John Damer, Eſq; of Shronehill, gave for them their weight in coin, *viz.* one guinea and an half.

A piece of gold almoſt in form of a large ſcollop ſhell. Mr. Damer gave for this alſo its weight in coin, *viz.* fourteen guineas and an half.

Two pieces of gold, one like a man's thumb and hollow, the other an oblong ſquare, about three inches long and one broad, both weighed three ounces nine pennyweight twenty-one grains, and about two grains of gold wire. A lump

lump of coarſe braſs of about a pound weight, which ſeemed to have remained in the ladle after caſting. A piece of gold two inches long, as thick as a child's finger, and that ſeemed to have been cut off a larger piece, on the edge of an anvil; it weighed one ounce ſeven grains.

Something in the form of a bow, about ſix inches long, of black heavy wood, but gritty like a ſtone: on either end was a thin plate of gold which entirely covered about half an inch of it, through which paſſed a ſmall ſcrew which faſtened the plate, and from which appended a little gold chain. The plates and chain were (without being weighed) ſold for two guineas. The wood is in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Damer.

1753, Twenty-two of the braſs ſwords, pretty much as before deſcribed, ſome of which were an inch more, and ſome ſo much leſs than two feet—and three only fourteen inches.

Fig. 1. Plate facing laſt page, repreſents a very extraordinary piece of plated gold, which Thomas Foreſyth, Eſq; ſhewed me: it was found by his ſervant, cutting turf in a bog in the county of Tyrone. The creſcent, if completed, would form a circle of about eight inches and a half diameter;—the diſtance between the horn or extremities of the creſcent is two inches;—the diameter of the hollow five inches;—the greateſt breadth of the plate, three inches;—at the end of the horns were two plates, cutting the other at right angles, each of which was larger than a ſix pence, but leſs than a ſhilling. What uſe it had been applied to I pretend not to determine, but conjecture it to have been a ſort of gorget worn either by a Prieſt or a Judge. It was of ſo elaſtic a temper, that though the horns approached ſo near each other, it would open ſo as to receive a neck of moderate thickneſs.

Keating mentions a *miraculous collar*, called *Jadh Morain*, firſt worn by *Fearaidach Fionfachtah*, ſo called from his love of ſtrict juſtice, in the beginning of the firſt century. This collar, he tells us, was endowed with a moſt ſurpriſing property, for if it was tied about the neck of an unjuſt Judge, who intended to pronounce falſe ſentence, it would immediately *ſhrink*, and contract itſelf cloſe ſo

as

as almoſt to ſtop the breath; but if the Judge who wore it changed his reſolution, and reſolved to be juſt in his deciſion, it would inſtantly enlarge itſelf, and hang looſe about the neck. This *Jadh Morain* was likewiſe uſed to try the integrity of witneſſes in judicial affairs; and if it were put round the neck of a perſon who deſigned being a falſe witneſs, it continued cloſing, till it had either throttled him or extorted the truth. Such is the account of the *wonderful collar*, given by the father of Iriſh hiſtory! Whether that we have ſeen is one of them, I leave the reader to judge.

Fig. 2. is a repreſentation of a piece of gold now in the poſſeſſion of Sir Capel Molyneux. It is about three inches diameter. What the uſe of it was, I dare not ſo much as gueſs. It has been conjectured, yet without much warrant even from the ſhape, that it had been uſed as a *fibula* for the old Iriſh mantle; but the Rev. Mr. Archdall ſhewed me caſts in lead of ſeverals of them, which had been in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Pocock, Biſhop of Oſſory, ſome of which were ſo ſmall that the little cups or bell-like figures at the ends touched each other; and he had ſome without cups at all; which plainly proves that they never could have been intended for *fibulas*. Mr. Foreſyth told me he had ſeen one, found in his neighbourhood,

above twice the ſize; and a goldſmith aſſured me he had melted no leſs than four of them, ſome of which had been larger and ſome ſmaller than this one; and that he had heard of many more being ſold, by the perſons who found them, to other goldſmiths.

I muſt obſerve too, that Mr. Archdall ſhewed me a drawing of a plate of gold, in all reſpects like that repreſented Fig. 1. only that it had not the two little tranſverſe plates at the ends of the horns.

THE END.

UNIV. OF MICH.